THE WORKS

Of MONSIEUR

De La BRUYERE.

Charles Shaw's. 1806

In Two VOLUMES.

CONTAINING

I. The *Moral Characters* of *Theophraſtus*.
II. The *CHARACTERS*, or, The MANNERS of the Preſent Age.
III. Monſr. *Bruyere's* SPEECH upon his Admiſſion into the *French* Academy.
IV. An Account of the *Life* and *Writings* of Monſr. *Bruyere*. By Monſieur *Coſte*.

DIVINITY SCHOOL LIBRARY HARVARD UNIVERSITY

VOL. I.

The Sixth Edition.

Reviſed by the *Paris* Edition: With an Original Chapter, *Of the Manner of* Living *with* Great Men. Written after the Method of M. *Bruyere*,

By N. ROWE, Eſq;

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ADVERTISEMENT,

CONCERNING

This New EDITION of the Works of M. *de la Bruyere.*

THE *great and deſerved Reputation of the* AUTHOR, *as well as the undoubted Qualification of the ſeveral Tranſlators, make it unneceſſary to ſay any Thing in behalf either of the One or the Other. The Number of the* French *Editions, as well as* Engliſh, *is, to the Bookſeller at leaſt, a good Proof of Both: But waving the Vulgar Argument,* It Sold well, and therefore it was Good, *we may juſtly ſay in this Caſe,* It was Good, and therefore it Sold well. *It would be an Affront to Men of Senſe, to go about to diſplay M.* Bruyere's

Merit to them. It would be like telling 'em, according to his own Phraſe, upon the like Occaſion, that the River *Seine* runs through *Paris*; *that* there are Seven Days in the Week; *and the like important Stuff. We ſhall therefore confine our ſelves to ſhew wherein this preſent Edition excells all that went before.*

In the firſt Place then, we procured the laſt Engliſh *Edition to be compared* Verbatim *with the laſt* Paris *Edition,* (*which is the Ninth*) *and by this Means came to a Diſcovery of all the Supplemental Reflections, which were in that Edition, and never before* Engliſh'd: *And theſe we have got tranſlated and added to this preſent Edition; and that it might be as compleat as poſſible, we have not ſcrupled to tranſlate even thoſe Parts, which at firſt Sight may perhaps diſoblige ſome who have a juſt Veneration for the Memory of our Glorious Deliverer the Late King* WILLIAM: *But ſuch will be the readier to pardon this in our Author, when they conſider that in above Twenty Places of his Book, he bears as hard upon his own Monarch, tho not ſo expreſly.*

Next to theſe Supplemental Reflections of M. Bruyere's, *the Reader will find* (*what, likewiſe, was never before* Engliſh'd) *the Speech which the Author made to the* French *Academy, upon his Admiſſion into that Illuſtrious Society. And with this, We thought to have cloſed the Whole; but having Intelligence, that a Pedantic* Carthuſian

Fryar

ADVERTISEMENT.

Fryar of Rouen, *under the Name of M.* Vigneul-Marville, *but whoſe true Name is* Bonaventura Dargogne, *a* Spaniard, *had written a critical Piece, againſt the Perſon and Writings of M.* Bruyere; *as likewiſe that Monſieur* Coſte *had, by an ingenious Anſwer, effectually* unfrock'd *that* Carthuſian, *We procured that Piece of M.* Coſte's, *and got it* Engliſh'd *by the ſame Hand that did the* Speech *and Supplemental Reflections; and we doubt not but it will be very acceptable to the Reader, as well upon Account of the Gentleman who is the Author of it, as for the Sake of that Great Man whom he defends.*

A

DEFENCE

OF

M. *de la Bruyere,*

And of his Book, Intitul'd,

The Characters *or* Manners *of the Preſent Age,* &c.

IF what M. *de Vigneul-Marville* has lately publiſh'd in his *Melanges d'Hiſtoire & de Literature,* againſt the Perſon and Writings of M. *de la Bruyere,* had been of any real Weight, I ſhou'd not have attempted to refute it, for fear of doing a Prejudice to M. *de la Bruyere* by an inſufficient Apology. Many Authors have been ſo ſerv'd by their beſt Friends; witneſs he that wrote the Treatiſe *de la Delicateſſe,* who undertaking to defend the Reverend Father *Bouhours* againſt the famous *Cleanthe,* only furniſh'd the latter with a Subject for a new Triumph. Not that I am at all apprehenſive

of falling into the ſame Inconvenience by repelling the Objections of M. *de Vigneul-Marville*; for they are, moſt of 'em, ſo weak, that there needs no great ſhare of Penetration to deſtroy them, as I hope to make appear to all who ſhall give themſelves the trouble to read the following Sheets with that Attention which is neceſſary for the well underſtanding them.

Thoſe Objections, however, muſt have ſomething dazling in them, ſince the Judicious Author, who continues to give us the *Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres* after the Learned Mr. *Bayle*, ſpeaks thus: * *There is not much likelihood that M.* de Vigneul Marville *will diſpoſſeſs the Publick of the Eſteem they have conceiv'd for the CHARACTERS of M.* de la Bruyere: *The Reader however will not repent of his reading the Criticiſm which he makes upon that Author, towards the end of his Work*: I concluded from hence, that if his Criticiſm deſerv'd to be read, it was likewiſe worth while to refute it. And this is what determin'd me to Publiſh this ſmall Piece.

M. *de Vigneul-Marville* attacks the Perſon of M. *de la Bruyere*, as alſo the Work which he publiſh'd under the Title of *The Characters or Manners of the Preſent Age*. I ſhall follow him ſtep by ſtep, and begin as he does with the Perſon of M. *de la Bruyere*.

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* *In that for* January 1700. *p.* 92.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

Of the Perſon of M. de la Bruyere.

I. IN the firſt place, I ſincerely own I never ſaw M. *de la Bruyere*; I know him only by his Works: Nor does it appear that M. *de Vigneul-Marville* had any more particular Knowledge of him than my ſelf; at leaſt if we may judge by what he ſays of him in his Book. For 'tis upon the Deſcription which M. *de la Bruyere* makes of himſelf in his own Writings, that M. *de Vigneul-Marville* conceives it is eaſy to know him: and it is not ſeen that he any where adds new Lineaments to the different Characters which he pretends that Author has giv'n us of himſelf in his Work. If therefore I can make appear that M. *de Vigneul-Marville* has perverted the Senſe of M. *de la Bruyere* in every one of thoſe places where he fancies that That Illuſtrious Author has deſcrib'd himſelf, 'tis of no Importance I never ſaw M. *de la Bruyere*; nor have I at all the leſs Privilege to defend him againſt the falſe Accuſations of his Adverſary.

II. *The main Character of M.* de la Bruyere, ſays *M.* de Vigneul-Marville, *is that of a Gentleman to be lett, who hangs out a Sign at his Door, and gives notice to the preſent and future Ages of the Antiquity of his Family. And this he does with the Air of a* * Don Quixot, *and in a manner perfectly delicate and fine.* "I here de-

* Melanges d'Hiſtoire & de Literature, *Anno* 1700. *p.* 325.

" clare it openly, * *says he*, and desire all Men to " take notice of it, that none may be surpriz'd " hereafter: If ever any Great Man shall think " me worthy of his Care; if ever I happen to " make my Fortune, there is one *Geoffry de la Bruyere*, " whom all the Chronicles of *France* place among " the Men of the highest Rank, that follow'd " *Godfrey* of *Bouillon* to the Conquest of the *Holy* " *Land*; this *Geoffry* shall then be the Man from " whom I am descended in a direct Line.

M. *de Vigneul-Marville* finds in these Words a ridiculous and unexampled Vanity: But he had been more just to M. *de la Bruyere*, if he had seen therein an ingenious Satire upon such Men, who being by their own confession meanly born so long as they continue poor, yet fancy themselves well descended so soon as they happen to make a Fortune. 'Tis this idle Whim which M. *de la Bruyere* attacks so pleasantly in so many Passages of this Chapter. *An ordinary Fellow*, says he (a little before the Passage I just now quoted after M. *de Vigneul-Marville*,) *by often affirming he has seen some Prodigy, falsely persuades himself that he has seen it: Another, by concealing his Age, comes to believe at last that he's as young as he wou'd be thought: So the Man who, meanly Born, has got a habit of talking of his being descended from this Ancient Baron, or that Great Viscount, has the Pleasure to believe he is so descended, tho' there's nothing at all in it.*

M. *de la Bruyere*, who knew how much all Orders of Men are infected with this Distemper of hoisting themselves above their Condition, in their own Minds, but especially in the Minds of Others, returns to the Charge: *A good Gentleman*, says he, *strives to pass for a little Lord, and arrives to it. A Great*

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* *These are* M de la Bruyere's *own Words, in his Characters, Chap.* XIV. *entitul'd,* Of Certain Customs.

Lord

Lord can be ſatisfy'd with no leſs than the Title of a Prince; he changes his Coat of Arms, produces a new Genealogy, which d'Hoſier *never made for him, arrogates to himſelf ſo many Titles, has ſo many Diſputes about Rank and Precedency, that at laſt he really becomes a little Prince.*

And, laſtly, the more to expoſe the Ridiculouſneſs of their ill-grounded Pretenſions, M. *de la Bruyere* brings in himſelf as bewitch'd with this Paſſion, but in ſuch a manner as ſhews plainly he knows the whole Weakneſs of it, and that he only ſpeaks of himſelf that he might the more freely laugh at thoſe who are actually touch'd with this Evil. *If ever any Great Man,* ſays he, *ſhall think me worthy of his Care, if ever I happen to make my Fortune,* and ſo on, as before, *then ſhall this* Geoffry *be the Man from whom I am deſcended in a direct Line.*

There is not a Word in this whole Paſſage but diſcovers the Irony the Author had in his Mind when he wrote it. M. *de la Bruyere* does not ſay he *Now* pretends to be deſcended from that *Geoffry de la Bruyere,* whom all the Chronicles of *France* place among the Men of the higheſt Rank that follow'd *Godfry* of *Bouillon* in the Conqueſt of the *Holy Land.* But if ever he happen'd to make a Fortune, *then* this *Geoffry* is the Man from whom he is deſcended in a *direct Line:* He ſhou'd at *preſent* be puzzl'd to prove his Deſcent from that Great Lord: but *then* he wou'd no longer doubt it, but wou'd peremptorily aver it, and expect to be believ'd upon his own Word, as well as ſo many others who never pretended to Gentility till the Day they arrive to ſome great Fortune. If ſuch Chimerical Gentlemen had taken it in their Heads to create to themſelves theſe Illuſtrious Anceſtors at the time when they wore a Livery, or ſold Cloth by the Ell, or follow'd the Plow-tail, Every body wou'd have laugh'd at them. Mean while, as their Original cannot change with

their Fortune, and ſince they might with as good Grounds have bragg'd of their pretended Gentility, when they were Poor, as after they became Rich; M. *de la Bruyere*, who only brings them upon the Stage to expoſe them the more, declares beforehand, That, tho' he does not pretend to be deſcended *as yet* from one *Geoffry de la Bruyere*, whom all the Chronicles of *France* place among the Men of the higheſt Rank that follow'd *Godfrey* of *Bouillon* to the Conqueſt of the *Holy Land*, yet he will take care not to let ſlip ſo glorious a Diſtinction, if ever he ſhou'd happen to make his Fortune. *Then Geoffry* ſhall be the Man from whom he indiſputably derives his Pedigree; and this, not by any remote Alliance, but in a *direct Line*, for the one will be as eaſily prov'd as the other. Now I wou'd ask any Man, Whether the Author cou'd have more ſharply reprov'd the Folly of thoſe Upſtarts, who, content with their ordinary Original, while they live in a Condition ſuitable to it, on a ſudden erect themſelves into Men of Birth, ſo ſoon as they acquire an Eſtate? If a Man will take theſe Words of M. *de la Bruyere* literally, as M. *de Vigneul-Marville* does, I am ſure he may as well fancy that the Celebrated *Boileau* wrote without Genius or Conduct, under pretence that he ſays, in ſpeaking of himſelf,

* Cotin *and I by hazard only Write,*
And never had been Poets but for ſpite;
And Witty as we think our ſelves, had beſt
To Rhime no more, to be no more a Jeſt.

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* *Sat.* IX.

Nothing

Nothing is more uſual with certain Writers, than to apply to themſelves the Defects they wou'd reprove in others. Thus *Horace*, writing to one of his Friends, cenſures him ſeverely, while he makes as if he drew his own Picture. " If my Friend " ſhou'd ask you how I employ my ſelf, * *ſays he* " *to his Muſe*, You may tell him, that having my " Head fill'd with a Thouſand glorious Projects, I " lead a tedious diſagreeable Life: Not that a " Storm of Hail has ſpoil'd my Vines, or that my " Olive-trees have been deſtroy'd by the exceſſive " Heats: nor that the Murrain is got among my " Cattel; but that, being rather ſick in Mind than " Body, I will hear of no Remedies; nor read or " hearken to any thing that is likely to cure me: " that I can't bear the ſight of my moſt truſty Phyſicians: that I ſtorm at my Friends who are for " recovering me as ſoon as poſſible from the Illneſs that oppreſſes me: that I follow what will " hurt me, and fly from what is good for me: that " when I'm at *Rome*, my Head runs upon nothing " but *Tivoli*; and when I'm at *Tivoli*, nothing but " *Rome* will ſatisfy me.

I don't believe that any Man who has read *Horace*, and is ever ſo little acquainted with the Genius and Character of that famous Satyriſt, can fancy he deſign'd to give us his own true Picture in theſe Words. No, 'tis manifeſt he only preſents this Picture to his Friend, dextrouſly to engage him to conſider it as if it were drawn for another; ſo that upon diſcovering therein his own proper Features, he may, if he thinks fit, ſet about amending himſelf. 'Tis in this very View M. *de la Bruyere* declares to us, that he will not fail to deſcend in a direct Line from one *Geoffry de la Bruyere*, whom all

* *Epiſt.* VIII. *Lib.* I. Si quæret quid agam, &c.

the Chronicles of *France*, &c. *Suppoſing he ſhou'd happen to make a Fortune.*

And indeed if he had really believ'd he was deſcended from that *Geoffry de la Bruyere*, might he not have ſaid without ſhuffling, that, whether he ſhou'd make a Fortune or no, he cou'd boaſt of the Antiquity of his Family, ſince he cou'd trace his Pedigree up to that Great Lord who follow'd *Godfry* of *Bouillon* to the Conqueſt of the *Holy Land?*

If M. *de la Bruyere* had talk'd in this manner, M. *de Vigneul-Marville* might then perhaps have had ſome Reaſon to compare him to *Don Quixot*. But if this Doughty Critic had read the Reflection which immediately follows that which he ſo miſtakenly cenſures, he wou'd have ſeen that M. *de la Bruyere* too well knew wherein real Nobility conſiſted, to make an oſtentatious Shew of an Illuſtrious Pedigree, even tho' he might have been able to have prov'd it, inſtead of priding himſelf in a Gentility without proof, as his Cenſurer accuſes him. *If Gentility be a Virtue*, ſays that Great Man, *Whoever is not Virtuous, loſes his Title; and if 'tis not a Virtue, 'tis a Trifle. If 'tis a Happineſs to be nobly deſcended,* * ſays he in another place, *'tis no leſs to have ſo much Merit, that no body enquires whether we are ſo or no.* Is it likely that a Man who has ſuch *noble*, ſuch exalted Sentiments, ſhou'd be capable of falling into ſo fooliſh, ſo childiſh a Vanity as he is ſo confidently charg'd with by M. *de Vigneul-Marville?* Give me leave to quote one more Place of the *Characters* which manifeſts, that M. *de la Bruyere* judg'd of the *true* Value of things, without ſuffering himſelf to be impos'd upon by vain Appearances. † *Every Hour in itſelf, as it reſpects us in particular, is the only One we can call*

* Chap. II. *Of Perſonal Merit.*

† Chap. XIII. *Of the Faſhion; the laſt Paragraph.*

our

ur own. When once 'tis paſt, 'tis entirely loſt, Millions f Ages can't retrieve it. Days, Months, Years fly away, nd irrecoverably ſink in the Abyſs of Time. Time it ſelf hall be deſtroy'd. 'Tis but one Point in the Immenſe Space f Eternity, and it ſhall be raz'd out. There are ſeveral ight and frivolous Circumſtances of Time, which are nſtable, and paſs away, and which I call Faſhions, GRANDEUR, *Favour, Riches, Power, Authority, ndependance, Pleaſure, Joy and Superfluity. What will ecome of theſe* FASHIONS, *when Time it ſelf ſhall iſappear?* VIRTUE ALONE, THO' SO ITTLE IN FASHION, WILL BE ABLE TO SURVIVE TIME.

I very willingly tranſcrib'd this fine Paſſage here, ecauſe having read it a hundred Times with a new Pleaſure, I thought, that tho' Others might have ead it before, they wou'd not be diſpleas'd to ſee t again.

But to return to M. *de Vigneul-Marville:* If he id really believe that M. *de la Bruyere* vaunted of he Antiquity of his Family, like a Coxcomb and true *Don Quixot*; what Name does he himſelf de- erve for attempting to turn into Ridicule a Paſſage hat was written for no other End but to make a eſt of that ſenſeleſs Vanity which he aſcribes to M. *de la Bruyere?* And here I can't forbear won- ring at the fruitleſs Trouble ſo many learned Cri- ics give themſelves to explain certain Paſſages of Ancient Authors. It is viſible from the contrary Meanings which they apply to thoſe Paſſages, that hey lend to their Authors a great many Thoughts which never once enter'd into their Heads. Nay, when all the Critics agree as to the Senſe of ſome notty Paſſage in *Virgil, Horace*, &c. it is more than robable that they are oftentimes miſtaken: ſince ve do not underſtand ſome figurative Places, even of a Modern Author, who wrote in our own ongue, and liv'd in our own Time. M. *de la*

Bruyere

Bruyere has not been dead above five Years. His Book is written in *French*, and treats of nothing but Matters common to Civil Life. It is read by every Body in *France* and Foreign Countries, where it is printed as often as in *France*. And yet here a *Frenchman*, a Man of Letters, who endeavouring to criticize M. *de la Bruyere*, makes him ſpeak the very Contrary of what he really ſays:

Go, Doctor, after this, and rack your Brains,
Unravel Scripture, and grow lean with Pains.

This, however, ought not to diſcredit the Reading of good Books, nor to diſcourage therefrom Perſons who love to ſpend their Time in the moſt agreeable, as well as moſt profitable Manner they can. For, in ſhort, if we do not always underſtand an Author, 'tis ſometimes becauſe he is no intelligible: and then there's no great Loſs in not underſtanding him. It cannot be ſaid we have miſapply'd our Time, if in many other Places of his Book he makes us acquainted with Things that may do us any Good. In this Caſe we ſhou'd ſay as *Horace* did of a Good Poem, which had ſome Faults in it,

—— *Ubi plura nitent, &c.*

"* When I meet with a great many Beauties in a "Piece, I'm not offended with a few Faults which "might have eſcap'd the Author through Inadver"tency, or which the Impotence of human Nature "cou'd not ſo well provide againſt." Sometimes too, what is very clear in a Book, ſeems to us Obſcure, for want of reading with ſufficient Attention. There's no Man, I believe, who is Bookiſh

* *Art of Poetry.*

giv'n

iv'n, but happens now and then to catch himſelf
this Fault. The only Remedy is to diſtruſt our
lves, and to read a Paſſage over and over again,
efore we decide it to be obſcure, abſurd or imper-
nent. And if any Perſon is oblig'd to take theſe
recautions, thoſe more eſpecially ought, who ſet
p for public Cenſurers of other Men's Works. We
hou'd not read a Book on purpoſe to find Fault
ith it, but purely to underſtand it. We ſhou'd ſee
herein no more than what there preciſely is,
ithout diving into the Author's Intention beyond
hat he himſelf has diſcover'd to us. If M. *de*
igneul-Marville had read M. *de la Bruyere*'s Work in
his Frame of Mind, he wou'd not have found ſo
uch Matter for the Cenſure which he paſſes upon
is Perſon. This is what I flatter my ſelf I have
emonſtrated with regard to the firſt Reproach he
hrows on him of his *being a Gentleman to lett, of*
anging out a Sign at his Door, by giving notice to the
reſent and future Ages of the Antiquity of his Family.
Never, I ſay, was Accuſation worſe grounded. I
now not whether M. *de Vigneul-Marville* will con-
eſs it; but him excepted, I don't think any Body
an doubt it, after reading what I have urg'd upon
his Head. I ſay after reading what I have urg'd
pon this Head, becauſe I have ſeen ſome People
f very good Senſe, and among them ſome who
believe are not unknown to M. *de Vigneul-Marville*,
who have taken this Paſſage of M. *de la Bruyere*'s
Book in the ſame manner he has done. Accord-
ng to the ſtrict Laws of War I might have forborn
his Confeſſion: But I'm willing to let him ſee by
his, that 'tis not the Love of a vain Triumph
makes me enter the Liſts with him, but the ſole
Deſire of defending the Truth. I don't ſee how any
very ſound Judgment can be made of an Author
from what is ſaid of him in Converſation. A Man
reads a Book in a hurry, to amuſe himſelf, or to

refreſh

refreſh his Mind, which was tir'd by Multiplicity of Buſineſs. Some time after he goes into Company. The Diſcourſe falls upon ſome Places of that Book; he thinks he has retain'd the Senſe of them, tho' utterly forgot the Words. This Senſe diſpleaſes us. Others who diſlike it as much as We do, maintain that the Author meant no ſuch thing. This creates a Diſpute. Each defends his Opinion with Warmth, and no-body bethinks himſelf of conſulting the Words of the Author, which wou'd oftentimes reconcile all Parties, by ſhewing diſtinctly that what he ſaid, is very rational and perfectly different from what he is made to ſay by ſome of the Company, and ſometimes by all together. This is commonly the way of Criticizing upon Books in Company. The Method is ridiculous enough: but Cuſtom will needs have it excus'd. However, the World has not the ſame Indulgence for thoſe who make it their Buſineſs to Cenſure publickly other Men's Works. Men expect ſuch Critics ſhou'd be ſomewhat more circumſpect; and that before they make Reflections upon a Book, they read it again and again, till they are ſure they are Maſters of it. This is apparently what was not done by M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, at leaſt with reſpect to the firſt Paſſage which he ſo rudely falls upon in M. *de la Bruyere's* Book, ſince he has taken it quite wrong, as I believe I have prov'd. Let us ſee if he has had better luck in what follows.

III. *It is not enough for M.* de la Bruyere, * continues our Cenſor, *to have the Character of a Gentleman to be lett, he muſt likewiſe have that of a Miſanthrope ſo much in Faſhion. He deſcribes himſelf as ſuch, when ſpeaking of Opera's, he ſays enthuſiaſtically,*

* Page 326.

" I won-

* I wonder how 'tis poſſible that the Opera, with Muſic ſo perfect, and an Expence perfectly Royal, ſhou'd yet ſo ſucceſsfully tire me.

Pray do but obſerve a little, ſays M. *de Vigneul-Marville* upon this, *What Expence is requiſite, and what ains to be taken to have the Honour, I don't ſay to di-ert (for that's beyond Human Power) but to tire M.* de Bruyere. *Did the King lay out ſo many Millions Building* Verſailles *and* Marly, *purely to give this worthy Gentleman a fit of Yawning, and ſet him to Sleep? es I warrant ye.*

This is a wonderful fine Exclamation, but in-tructs us in nothing. Invectives are not Reaſons. The firſt Declamer of this Age has been more than nce told ſo. A Man that wou'd attack an Author o purpoſe, muſt provide himſelf with good Argu-nents, and expreſs them clearly, to the end that uch as ſhall ſee them, may be ſtruck with them. As for Rhetorical Figures, they may dazle the Mind, ut can't perſuade it. 'Tis a Fire of Straw, that oes out in a Moment. Methinks People ſhou'd n this reſpect be a little more cautious than they ſually are. Writers are not the only Perſons to vhom this Advice is directed. Thoſe who take pon them to inſtruct others by Public Harangues, ave at leaſt as much occaſion for it: for nothing s more common than to ſee thoſe Gentlemen eva-orating their Spirits in vain Declamations, with-ut minding to eſtabliſh upon ſolid Arguments vhat they undertook to prove. If therefore M. *de Vigneul-Marville* believes M. *de la Bruyere* was in the vrong to ſay he was tir'd with an Opera, he ought o have ſhewn by ſound Proofs, that nothing is

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* Chap I. *Of Polite Learning,* &c.

† *Mr.* Jurieu, *Preacher and Profeſſor in Theology at* Rotter-am.

more

more entertaining than an Opera; that nothing is more proper to divert a reasonable Man than this sort of Dramatic Poetry; and that no one can dis-relish it without having an ill-contriv'd cross-grain'd Make of Mind. After he had shewn this in a convincing manner, he might have made himself merry at the Expence of M. *de la Bruyere*. Then all had been fair; Ironies, Comparisons, Similies, Exclamations, Apostrophes, and all those other brilliant Turns call'd *Figures of Rhetoric*. That wou'd be Triumphing after Victory. And the By-stander instead of being offended at the Victor's applauding himself in such a Case, does sometimes take a Pleasure to heighten his Triumph with fresh Acclamations. The most Nice, who are not over-fond of such Flourishings, do at least excuse it, and hear it without being angry. But to do this before-hand is all wrong; nothing seems to them more puerile or more insupportable. Men are as much shock'd at it as to hear a Soldier singing *Te Deum* before he has seen his Enemy.

If indeed M. *de la Bruyere* had barely told the World that he was tir'd with the Opera, notwithstanding the Beauty of the Decorations and the Charms of the Music, M. *de Vigneul-Marville* might justly have made himself a little merry with him; ev'n tho' the Opera had seem'd to Him as insipid as it did to M. *de la Bruyere*. The Author of * *The Art of Thinking* finds fault with *Montagne, for affecting to entertain his Readers with nothing but his own Humours, Inclinations, Whims, Distempers, Virtues and Vices. This*, says he, *is of all Characters one of the most unbecoming in a Gentleman, and which proceeds from a Defect in Judgment as well as from a violent Love of one's self.* Every body allows the Solidity of this Censure:

* Part III. Chap III.

and

d if M. *de la Bruyere* had been guilty of the ſame eakneſs with M. *Montagne*, he had doubtleſs deſerv'd to have been reprov'd for it in the ſame manner. But he had too much Senſe to be guilty of hat Error. He wrote to inſtruct Mankind, and ot to amuſe them with a Recital of Things ſo frivolous, as wou'd have been the Hiſtory of what leaſes or diſpleaſes Him. He wonders that *an Opera ith Muſic ſo perfect, and an Expence truly Royal, ſhou'd t ſo ſucceſsfully tire him.* But he immediately gives ood Reaſons for its ſo doing; *There are*, ſays he, *me Places in an Opera which make us deſire more, and hers that diſpoſe us to wiſh it all over, according as we e pleas'd or offended with the Scenes, the Actions and e Things repreſented.*

If, I ſay, M. *de la Bruyere* had barely told us that he Opera had, in ſhort, ſucceſsfully tir'd him, he ad been liable to a juſt Cenſure: but not for the eaſon that a Man muſt be very ſqueamiſh for not eing delighted with a Spectacle, wherein the rince has beſtow'd ſo great an Expence. M. *de gneul-Marville* brings the King into the Quarrel ery impertinently. The King was not the Author of the Opera, and conſequently a Man may hink it tedious, without offending the Royal Authority. To argue thus, ſavours a little of *Cotin's* Humour, who wou'd make the Contemning his erſes paſs for a Crime againſt the State;

* *Qui mepriſe Cotin, n'eſtime point ſon Roy,*
Et n'a, ſelon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi.

Anglicè,

Who likes not Atterbury, Bincks, *and* Birch,
They ſwear is neither Friend to Queen nor Church.

* M. *Boileau.* Sat. IX.

Nay,

Nay, that Poet was more excuſable than M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, who is not perſonally intereſted in the Contempt a Man may have of Opera's; for I don't believe he ever concern'd himſelf in publiſhing any of his own making. "But, ſays M. *de* "*Vigneul-Marville*, ſhall ſo great an Expence be "made? ſhall ſuch Pains be taken for the repre- "ſenting that Spectacle? And after all this, ſhall "a Man come and ſay he's tir'd with it, and not "be treated as a Miſanthrope? Why not, if it is in reality a Spectacle proper in its Nature to produce that Effect? Tho' the Muſic be the moſt moving and moſt perfect in the World; tho' the Ears be agreeably flatter'd by delightful Conſorts; tho' the Eyes are charm'd with the Beauty of the Decorations, and inchanted by the wonderful playing of the Machines: yet all this does not hinder the Opera from being tireſome, if the Subject of it be ill manag'd, if there's nothing that touches and affects the Mind, and if the Verſification be harſh and dull. In this Caſe to deſpiſe an Opera, is a ſign of a good Taſte, and not the effect of a fantaſtical Reſolution to contemn what all the World admires. And, on the contrary, to eſteem an Opera with all theſe Faults, becauſe 'tis accompany'd with fine Muſic, and magnificent Decoration, is to admire a counterfeit Jewel, becauſe 'tis mingl'd with real ones; 'tis to take an Aſs for a fine *Spaniſh* Horſe, becauſe the Houſings are cover'd over with Gold and Precious Stones. But tho' an Aſs is ever ſo richly Harneſs'd, he's but an Aſs ſtill. So, if an Opera be a dull inſipid Poem, 'twill ſtill be ſo, in ſpite of the Muſic, Machines and Decorations that accompany it. And conſequently it muſt be examin'd in its ſelf, and independently of all theſe Additions, if we wou'd find out whether M. *de la Bruyere*'s Judgment of it be right, or only owing to the Oddneſs of his Taſte.

I know

I know not whether M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is of the ſame Opinion with that Marquis,

* *Who wonders at the General Taſte, and ſwears*
He to the Opera for the Verſe repairs.

But it is plain that M. *Boileau* does not give this Sentiment to his Wou'd-be-wit Marquis for any other Purpoſe, than to let us ſee the Extravagance and Oddneſs of his Taſte. Whence we may conclude, that according to M. *Boileau*, it is no very good Proof of *Miſanthropie* (Inhumanity) not to admire an Opera; but that, on the contrary, to go to an Opera to admire it, is to declare ones ſelf againſt the moſt general Taſte, and to make ones ſelf ridiculous by pretending to judge of what we don't underſtand.

But M. *de Vigneul-Marville* will perhaps ſay, that M. *Boileau*'s Authority is no Proof. I agree it. But he muſt likewiſe agree that his is none neither; and that, ſet one Authority againſt t'other, many People will, in a Point like this, follow that of a famous Poet, preferably to that of a † Doctor in Law. In truth, if that Doctor had produc'd ſome Reaſons in favour of Opera's, I ſhou'd have done wrong to have quoted thoſe Verſes of *Boileau*'s; for Reaſon ought ever to prevail over Authority: And as every Lover of Truth ought to eſtabliſh as a Law to himſelf, to embrace what he believes to be

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* M. Boileau. *Ep.* IX.

† *I give this Title to M.* Vigneul-Marville *only by way of Alluſion to what he tells us of himſelf in his Book, p.* 42. *viz. That he learnt the Civil Law of* Antonio Delcampo. *And accordingly, without examining here what his true Profeſſion is, 'tis at leaſt certain that he is not ſo good a Poet as M.* Boileau: *which ſufficiently authorizes the Argument I uſe in this place.*

grounded on Reaſon, however contrary it be to the Opinion of the greater Men, he ought not to be offended if others do ſo too. But I'm going to produce to M. *Vigneul-Marville* an Authority he will not dare to except againſt, or I'm deceiv'd, and which is back'd with very ſubſtantial Arguments. It is that of the Illuſtrious M. St. *Evremond*, who is no great Admirer of Opera's, and that too for much the ſame Reaſon with M. *de la Bruyere*. As he expreſſes his Mind more home, it belongs to M. *de Vigneul-Marville* to ſee whether M. St. *Evremond*, whom he owns for * *a celebrated Writer, who has giv'n to his Expreſſions all the Strength they were capable of within the Bounds of Reaſon*, has not departed from Reaſon here. If he believes that M. St. *Evremond* has been too free with Opera's, he muſt then put that Gentleman likewiſe in the Rank of *Miſanthropes, who are ſo much in faſhion*. And if he is not willing to affront him ſo highly for ſo ſmall a matter; let him ſeek for other Proofs of M. *de la Bruyere*'s *Miſanthropie*, or let him ingenuouſly own that he was ſomewhat too precipitate in charging him with that Vice. But let us ſee whether it be true that M. St. *Evremond* expreſſes himſelf with ſo much Warmth againſt Opera's, as to deſerve to be plac'd among the Miſanthropes of this Age, as well as M. *de la Bruyere*. *I have long, My Lord, had a Mind to give you my Thoughts concerning* Opera's, (ſays he to the Duke of *Buckingham*, to whom he Addreſſes his Diſcourſe;) *and I will now gratify that Deſire. I ſhall therefore begin with avowing freely to you, that I am no Admirer of thoſe Muſical Plays or Tragedies, which we ſee in our Time; I own indeed, that their Magnificence gives me ſome Pleaſure, that their Machines have*

* Melanges d'Hiſtoire de Literature, *p.* 335, &c.

ſome

ſomething ſurprizing, the Muſic in ſome places may be charming, and the whole together ſeems wonderful; but then you muſt grant me on the other hand, that theſe Wonders are extremely tedious; for where the Mind has ſo very little to do, the Senſes, after the firſt Pleaſure which the ſhort-liv'd Surprize affords, muſt languiſh and doze. The Eyes grow weary of being continually fix'd upon the glaring Objects. In the beginning of the Conſorts, the Audience obſerve the Juſtneſs of the Concords, and let none of the Varieties eſcape them, that join in the making up the Sweetneſs of the Harmony; ſoon after the Inſtruments ſtun us, and the Muſic ſeems no more to the Ears but a confuſed and undiſtinguiſhable Sound. But who can ſupport the dull Tediouſneſs of the Recitativo, *which has neither the Charm of Song, nor the agreeable Force of good Speaking? The Soul tired out with a long Attention to That in which we can find nothing affecting, retires into it ſelf to find ſome ſecret Emotion, by which it may be touch'd; and the Mind, having in vain expected Impreſſions from without, has Recourſe to empty Muſings, or grows diſcontented with it ſelf for being ſo uſeleſs to its own Satisfaction. In a word, the Fatigue is ſo great and ſo univerſal, that we only think how to get out; and all the Pleaſure the tired Spectator can propoſe to himſelf, is* THE HOPES OF A SPEEDY END TO THE SHOW.

The Reaſon why GENERALLY I SOON GROW WEARY AT AN OPERA *is, That I never yet ſaw any Opera, which did not appear to me* DESPICABLE, *both in the Diſpoſition of the Subject, and in the Verſes. Now 'tis in vain to charm the Ear, and flatter the Eye, if the Mind remain unſatisfy'd; My Soul being in better Intelligence with my Mind, than with my Senſes, ſtruggles againſt the Impreſſions it might receive, or at leaſt fails in giving an agreeable Conſent to them, without which even the moſt delightful Object can ne'er afford me any great Portion of Pleaſure.*

'Tis true, a Foolery *ſet off with Muſic, Dances, Machines and Decorations, is a pompous and magnificent* Foolery, *but yet it is ſtill a FOOLERY: 'Tis an ugly Ground to a beautiful Ornament, thro' which I yet diſcover the Ground with a great deal of Diſſatisfaction.*

What wou'd M. *de Vigneul-Marville* have ſaid, if M. *de la Bruyere* had expreſs'd himſelf ſo roughly? *A Foolery ſet off with Muſic, Dances, Machines, and Decorations, is a pompous and magnificent Foolery, but yetit is a Foolery.* To ſpeak thus of the Opera, a Royal Spectacle, *on which ſuch great Expences had been made, and ſo much Pains taken!*

* *Quis cœlum terris non miſceat, & mare cœlo?*

What Boldneſs! what Temerity! what Inſolence! this had been the leaſt he cou'd have ſaid; ſince he calls him *Miſanthrope* for daring to ſay *he knew not how the Opera with ſuch perfect Muſic and a truly Royal Magnificence cou'd ſo ſucceſsfully tire him.*

When M. *de Vigneul-Marville* has ſhewn us the Weakneſs of the Arguments made uſe of by M. *de* St. *Evremond* and M. *de la Bruyere*, to perſuade the World that an Opera was a very tedious Entertainment, he may then blame the Delicacy of M. St. *Evremond*, M. *de la Bruyere*, and of all thoſe who are tir'd with an Opera. But till then, he has no Pretenſion to laugh at them; unleſs he thinks his Authority a Rule for the reſt of Mankind to judge by. Tho' I have not the Honour to be acquainted with him, I'm confident he's too much of a Gentleman to arrogate to himſelf ſuch a Privilege which was never yet granted to any Man in the Republic of Letters.

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* Juvenal, *Sat.* 11.

IV. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* continuing to deſcribe M. *de la Bruyere*, tells us, that in another Place of his *Characters*, * *ſhifting the Part he had been acting, he aſſumes that of* Socrates, *and then brings in a Parcel of Fools of his own Invention, loading him with honourable Invectives. He diſturbs himſelf, and ſuppoſes they are throwing on him bloody Reproaches, and no body ſo much as thinks of the poor Man. For indeed, who, till now, ever ſaid of M.* de la Bruyere, *as of* Socrates, *that he was delirious, and a Fool with abundance of Wit,* &c. *M.* de la Bruyere *is M.* de la Bruyere, *as a Cat is a Cat, and that's all: Wiſe or otherwiſe, no body troubles himſelf about the Matter.* What Man after this would not believe that M. *de la Bruyere* compar'd himſelf without any Ceremony to the Wiſe *Socrates*, in ſome Place of his Book? It is, however, certain that in the Paſſage which M. *de Vigneul-Marville* had his Eye upon, the Author ſpeaks of no Body but *Socrates* from one End to t'other. This Critic had done well to have quoted the Place. I will do't for him, that the Reader may judge the better of the Solidity of his Remark. † *'Twas ſaid of* SOCRATES, *that he was delirious, and a Fool with Abundance of Wit; but thoſe* Greeks *who ſo freely characteriz'd that Great Man, not unjuſtly paſs for Fools themſelves. What whimſical Images,* ſay they, *does this Philoſopher repreſent to us! What ſtrange and particular Manners does he deſcribe! Whence had he, or how could he collect theſe extraordinary Ideas? What Colours, what Pencil did he make uſe of? They are all* Chimera's. *They were deceiv'd, they were Monſters, they were Vices, but all ſo painted to the Life, that the very Sight of them*

* Melanges, &c. p. 327.
† Chap. XII. of *Judgment.*

terrify'd. SOCRATES *was far from a Cynic, he ſpar'd their Perſons, but laſh'd their Manners which were bad.* This is all that is ſaid by M. *de la Bruyere* in the Place which puts M. *de Vigneul-Marville* into ſo ill a Humour with him. But 'tis plain that M. *de la Bruyere* ſpeaks only of *Socrates*, that what he ſays of him is true, and very remarkable. What harm is there in this? *Oh but*, ſay you, *who ſees not that 'tis all meant of M.* de la Bruyere *himſelf*? You ſee it: And that is as much as to ſay, that what was heretofore ſpoken of *Socrates* is applicable to M. *de la Bruyere*. If ſo, why are you thus angry at ſeeing it? *I don't ſee it*, ſay you again. *But 'tis* M. de la Bruyere *who in this Place would have me ſee it, with ſo much Vanity that I cannot bear it.* But there's no Relation between *Socrates* and M. *de la Bruyere*; why therefore do you ſay, That M. *de la Bruyere* meant himſelf, ſince he does not name himſelf? Why do you not rather apply the Compariſon to thoſe whom it really ſuits, *Moliere*, *Boileau*, and all ſuch who have given us real Portraits of the Vices and Irregularities of the Age? It is not lawful for a Cenſor to criticiſe any thing in a Book but what is contain'd in it, and which is viſible to the Reader. Otherwiſe, there would be no End of Criticiſms; and there are no Extravagances but might be found ev'n in the moſt judicious Writer.

I wou'd not be underſtood by what I've ſaid, as if M. *de la Bruyere* was not liable to have the ſame thing ſaid of him as was heretofore of *Socrates*. It is doubtleſs applicable to him, if it be true that he has painted to the Life the Vices of his Age, as well as thoſe great Maſters I juſt now named, and if there are ſome People who have thought his Characters *extravagant* and chimerical. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* tells us, that M. *de la Bruyere* caus'd this Reproach to be caſt on himſelf by *Fools of his*

own

own Invention, and form'd on purpoſe to do it. I don't ſee that M. *de la Bruyere* was under any great Neceſſity to be at the Pains of creating Fools on purpoſe for this. The real Fools of this Age have doubtleſs as fruitful an Imagination as thoſe of *Socrates*'s Time. Be that as it will, I know a witty Man who has lately caſt the ſame Reproach on M. *de la Bruyere*, as the *Fools he invented* did, if M. *de Vigneul-Marville* may be believ'd. This Man is M. *de Vigneul-Marville* himſelf, who ſays in *Pag.* 340. of his *Melanges*; M. de la Bruyere *is marvellous*, ſays M. *Menage, in hitting the Ridicule of Mankind, and in revealing it. He ſhould have ſaid, concealing it. For M.* de la Bruyere *by too much endeavouring to render Men ridiculous, makes* Sphinxes *and* Chimera's *which bear no Reſemblance.* If M. *de la Bruyere* had foreſeen this Criticiſm of M. *de Vigneul-Marville*'s, 'tis highly probable he would have ſav'd himſelf the Trouble of *creating Fools on purpoſe to abuſe him.*

V. Our Cenſor returns to the Onſet. * *In another Place,* ſays he, M. de la Bruyere *appears in a leſs auſtere and more agreeable Character: Not that of an uneaſy* Socrates, *or a* Miſanthrope *who hates all Mankind; but in the Character of an affable Philoſopher.* "† O thou important Man, and loaded with "Affairs, *crys he,* who in thy Turn ſtandeſt in "Need of my Aſſiſtance! Come, and welcome, "to the innermoſt Receſſes of my Cloſet; the "Philoſopher is acceſſible; I will not put you off "till To-morrow. You will find me turning o-"ver *Plato* on the Immortality of the Soul, or

* Page 327, *&c.*
† Chap. VI. *Of the Goods of Fortune.*

" with Pen in Hand, calculating the Diſtance of " *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, admiring the Works of the " Creator, and endeavouring, by acquiring a " perfect Knowledge of the Truth, to rectify my " Mind and become better. Enter then, all my " Doors are open; my Antichamber is not made " to tire you in waiting for me; come forward " till you find me, without the Ceremony of gi- " ving me Notice: You bring me ſomething more " precious than Silver or Gold, if 'tis an Oppor- " tunity to oblige you, *&c.*

Nothing can equal the Beauty of that Character, adds M. *de Vigneul-Marville.* Why then does he endeavour to diſfigure it, by breaking his nauſeous Jeſts upon M. *de la Bruyere*'s ordinary Lodging? *But then it muſt be granted*, ſays this judicious Critic, *that without ſuppoſing either an Antichamber or Cloſet, a Man might very eaſily have introduc'd himſelf to* M. de la Bruyere, *before he had an Apartment in the* Hotel de.... *There was but one Door to open, and but one Chamber next the Sky, divided in two by a ſlight Hanging.* What's all this to the Purpoſe? Becauſe M. *de la Bruyere* was but indifferently lodg'd, was he leſs commendable for being Civil, Affable, Complaiſant, and Officious? What wou'd M. *de Vigneul-Marville* have ſaid againſt *Socrates*, who had much more Reaſon to complain of Fortune than M. *de la Bruyere*: Wou'd he have laught at his Moderation, Humanity, Affability, Complaiſance,... under pretence that not having wherewithal to ſet up for a Man of Figure in *Athens*, 'twas no wonder he apply'd himſelf to get a Name by Methods ſuitable to his Condition? But M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is deceiv'd if he thinks that ſo ſoon as a Man of Learning begins to be ill at eaſe in the World, he becomes more ſupple, more civil, more obliging, and more affable; for we every Day meet

with

with Men of Learning more uncivil, haughty, rough, and untractable, than the moſt ſnappiſh Man of Buſineſs. *There are ſome good Qualities which are never perfect when they are acquir'd*, as the Duke *de la Rochefoucault* has obſerved. Of this Number is Kind-heartedneſs, Gentleneſs and Complaiſance. This Character which M. *de la Bruyere* gives his Philoſopher under his Name, or rather by making him ſpeak himſelf, is not a whit more his Character, than it ought to be that of every Man of Senſe, who has a well-turn'd generous Soul. Now He is the true Philoſopher, who, deſiring to live ſocially in the World, finds no Difficulty in comprehending, that the beſt Thing he can do, is to endeavour to gain the Friendſhip of Men by all manner of good Offices. His Advances are not loſt. He ſoon reaps the Fruit thereof with Intereſt. Which ſhews, by the way, that *inſtead of being frighten'd, or ev'n bluſhing at the Name of Philoſopher, there's no Man in the World who ought not to have a very ſtrong Tincture of Philoſophy.* For, as M. *de la Bruyere* ſays, (from whom I borrow this Reflection) *Philoſophy befits all the World: The Practice of it is uſeful to all Ages, all Sexes, and all Conditions.*

VI. This Fault committed here by M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, voluntarily or thro' Ignorance, of taking Hiſtorically and Literally what M. *de la Bruyere* meant of every ſtudious Man who takes care to cultivate his Reaſon, gives him a freſh Occaſion of declaiming upon what M. *de la Bruyere* ſays elſewhere, under the Perſon of *Antiſthenes*, to repreſent the lamentable Condition of many famous Authors, who, as *Boileau* ſays,

Are not a bit the Plumper for their Fame.

But

But if M. *de la Bruyere*'s Circumſtances in the World were none of the eaſieſt, as M. *de Vigneul-Marville* aſſures us, he is the more to be valu'd for having found Means to cultivate his Mind, and to work his Underſtanding to that Degree of Perfection which he did, in Spite of thoſe Diſtractions and Chagrins which are occaſion'd by the indiſpenſable Neceſſity of providing for the ordinary Calls of Life. 'Twas no other than what has happen'd to many celebrated Writers, who, to the Shame of their Age (of which they were the Ornament) have liv'd in an extreme Miſery.

M. *de Vigneul-Marville* himſelf gives us a pretty long Liſt of thoſe indigent Scholars; and inſtead of ſporting with their Misfortune, he ſeems touch'd with it, as appears from what he tells us of M. *du Ryer*. Why has he not the ſame Humanity for M. *de la Bruyere*? This *Critic* ſeems to inſult him thus, merely to have an *Occaſion* to tell us, that he was a forc'd Author. I know not what M. *de Vigneul-Marville* means by a *Forc'd Author*. But for my Part, I ſhould think thoſe *Writers* may be call'd ſo who compoſe nothing themſelves, thoſe Compilers of Trumpery, little Tales, and thread-bare Jeſts, and which any other has as much Right to tranſcribe as they; Authors made in haſte, who ſay nothing but what might have been ſaid better, whoſe Stile, full of Blunders and paultry proverbial Phraſes, has nothing in it that's exact, polite, lively and engaging; in a word, who are always ready to publiſh New Books with nothing New in them. I need not tell the Reader I mean thoſe Books which terminate in *Ana*, or which without being ſo terminated are perfectly like them. I know not whether ſuch Gentlemen who for ſome time have delug'd the Bookſellers Shops with theſe Sort of Performances, are all *Forc'd Authors*, as M.

Vigneul-Marville phraſes it; but one Thing I'm very ſure of, that nothing but extreme Want can excuſe them, from thus proſtituting their Reputation by ſuch boyiſh Compilations. *If the publiſhing a dull Book is pardonable in any, 'tis only in thoſe Wretches who write for Bread*, ſays *Moliere* in his Miſanthrope.

And ev'n this is no very good Excuſe, if we may believe Father *Tarteron*, who in his Preface to *Perſius* and *Juvenal* ſays pleaſantly, That *in Point of Printing, a Man ſhould never be preſs'd to it, for all the Reaſons in the World; no, not for the ſaving of his Life.* Becauſe the Public has with Indulgence receiv'd ſome * Sayings, which dropp'd from certain great Men in Converſation, and which have been publiſh'd after their Deaths; Now, forſooth, no Author can † die but there is preſently printed a Collection of the fine Things he had been heard to ſpeak during his Life: And ſome even take the Pains to maketheſe So rt of Collections || in their own proper and private Names, for fear no body ſhould think of performing this Devoir to them after their Deaths. 'Tis wiſely done of them: For elſe Who would have thought of putting to *their* Account ſo many beautiful Sentences of *Socrates*, *Ariſtippus*, *Protagoras*, *Antiſthenes*, — with which they fill thoſe Collections, but which might have been ſeen long before in *Diogenes Laertius*, in *Plutarch*, or to be ſure in the *Polyanthea?* Others, more cunning, change the Title. They know that nothing more eaſily impoſes on the Public

* Scaligeriana, Thuana, Perroniana, *&c.*

† Menagiana, Valeſiana, Fureteriana, Sorboniana, Arlequiniana, *&c.*

|| Chevræana.

than

than a ſpecious Title; and that a Book which lay mouldring in the Shops, has ſold to Admiration under a new Name. And therefore ſeeing that the Public begins to nauſeate Books that end in *Ana*, they take care to avoid that Termination in the Titles which they give to their Productions. But all this does not leſſen their *Ana*-ſhip; that is, they are precipitate Compoſitions, full of uncertain Facts, idle Stories, Deciſions ill grounded, or utterly deſtitute of Proof, and flat Jeſts, or ſuch as one has met with a hundred Times elſewhere. Such Authors as theſe may juſtly be call'd *Forc'd Authors*, but not ſuch who have the genuine penetrating Wit of M. *de la Bruyere*, and who write with ſo much Exactneſs, Vivacity, and Delicacy, as that Excellent Man does. Now if among this Sort of Compilers there are ſome who are not *forc'd* through Neceſſity to publiſh ſuch kind of Collections made in haſte, without Choice or Diſcretion, they are but the more blameable for that; and when they were preparing them for the Preſs, they ſhould have been told what the *Miſanthrope* ſays to *Orontes*, in Moliere, *Be rul'd by me, reſiſt the Temptation; Let the Public be depriv'd of theſe Amuſements: And whatever Sollicitations you may have, do not quit the Name you bear at Court, of a worthy Gentleman, in order to be dubb'd, by a covetous Printer, with that of a ridiculous wretched Author.*

But I muſt return to M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, for fear he ſhou'd think himſelf neglected.

VII. After having ſaid, tho' God knows upon what Grounds, that M. *de la Bruyere* was a *Forc'd Author*, he tells us, that *at length his Merit, illuſtrated by his Sufferings, has ſhone out to the World. Men have open'd their Eyes*, adds he; *Virtue has been own'd to be*

Virtue,

Virtue, and M. de la Bruyere *changing his Fortune, has likewiſe chang'd his Character. He is no longer a Amorous Author, humbling himſelf in his low Condition; He's above the World, and, approaching to the Sun, deſpiſes thoſe who deſpis'd him, and diſcovers their Shame by this Narration.* * "The World mutinys againſt a Man that begins to grow in Repute; thoſe he eſteems his Friends hardly pardon a growing Merit, or the firſt Report that ſeems to give him a Share of the Glory they poſſeſt; they hold out to Extremity, till the Prince has declar'd himſelf by Recompences: Then they immediately congratulate him, and from that Day he takes Place as a Man of Merit". *That is to ſay in plain Words,* continues our Cenſurer, *that the Acadamy was forc'd to admit* M. de la Bruyere, *and conſented to it, becauſe the Time foretold by M.* Peliſſon *was come, viz. That the Academy, through an unaccountable Policy, forbearing to make Advances and to go out and meet Great Men in order to introduce them into their Society, ſhou'd ſuffer themſelves to be ſway'd by Intereſt and Bribes, and wou'd in Spite of themſelves, grant That to Favour, which it refus'd to grant, out of Choice, to Capacity and Merit.* "† An admirable way of Arguing, this! Ah, M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, you're a deſperate Fencer at Criticiſm! How I pity poor M. *de la Bruyere* for having You to his Enemy!" Give me leave, Sir, to ſpeak to you in the Words of *Eliſa* to *Climene* in the *Critique de l'Ecole des femmes*; for you admirably well act the Part of that celebrated *Precieuſe*: || *You*, like her, *have a Penetration*,

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* *M.* de la Bruyere's *own Words.* Chap. XII. *Of Judgment.*

† *Theſe Words are taken out of* la Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes, *and apply'd to the preſent Subject.*

|| *Scene* II.

which

which others have not ; You are offended with the Shadow of Things, and can give a criminal Meaning to the moſt innocent Expreſſions. Forgive the Application. But barring Raillery, how comes this dangerous Critic to poiſon us with ſuch Innocent Words as thoſe which he quotes out of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book? Who reveal'd to him that thoſe Words muſt be underſtood of M. *de la Bruyere*, more than of any other Perſon who begins to grow in Repute in the World? Did M. *de la Bruyere* tell it him as a Secret? But how ſhou'd he do it, ſince in his Speech to the Academy he declares expreſly, and without Equivocation, that he made uſe of no Mediation to be admitted into that Body? *Your Voices alone*, ſays he to thoſe Gentlemen, *your Voices ever free and arbitrary, afford a Place in the* French *Academy: You have granted it me, Gentlemen, and with ſo good a Grace, ſo unanimous a Conſent, that I owe and will hold it by the ſole Tenure of your good Pleaſure: It was neither high Station, nor Credit, nor Riches, nor Authority, nor Favour, that cou'd Influence you. I am without all theſe Things. I want every Thing. A Book which for its Singularity met with ſome Succeſs, and the falſe and malicious Applications whereof might have done me a Prejudice in the Minds of Perſons leſs equitable and penetrating than your ſelves, was all the Mediation which I made uſe of, and which you accepted.* Can any Man believe that M. *de la Bruyere* wou'd have ſpoken in this manner, if he had been admitted into the Academy at the Recommendation of his Prince? Wou'd it not have been an unpardonable Boldneſs and Ingratitude? If M. *de Vigneul-Marville* had read M. *de la Bruyere*'s Speech, 'tis likely he wou'd not have pronounc'd ſo confidently, that he ow'd his Reception into the Academy, to the King's Favour. But I miſtake, he had read it, and ſaw that M. *de la Bruyere* declares plainly, *That he employ'd no Mediation*

tion to be admitted into the French *Academy, but only the Singularity of his Book.* These are M. *de Vigneul-Marville's* own Words, pag. 348. of his *Melanges d'Hiſtoire & de Literature.* But this terrible Cenſor does not yield for ſo ſmall a Matter. *As M.* de la Bruyere, adds he, *ſays the contrary in his CHARACTERS, and owns it was thro' the King's Favour, who declaring himſelf for him, made others do the like; I hold to that Expreſſion, which being the firſt that came into his Head, ought, according to the Rules, to be the beſt.* I believe it would puzzle M. *de Vigneul-Marville* to prove that the Paſſage in the CHARACTERS, where he ſaw thoſe Words, was not printed till after M. *de la Bruyere* was admitted into the *French* Academy. "Every Body riſes againſt a Man that "begins to grow in Repute: Thoſe he eſteems "his Friends, hardly pardon a growing Merit: "They hold out to Extremity till the Prince has "declar'd himſelf by Recompences". *That is to ſay, without a Figure*, if we will believe M. *de Vigneul-Marville, till the Academy was forc'd to receive M. de la Bruyere.* What a Fall is here! Good God, what an Explication! Wou'd not one ſay, that a Place in the Academy was as good as a Government of a Province? He does well to ſay *without a Figure*: For otherwiſe, who wou'd ever have taken it into his Head, that the Word *Recompence* meant a Place in the *French* Academy? But for whom does this ſevere Critic take us? Does he think himſelf the only Man who has read the *Hiſtory of the Academy*, whereby every body may ſee, That the Advantages, granted to the Members of that illuſtrious Society, are only *to be exempted from Watch and Ward, Guardianſhips, Executorſhips, and to enjoy the Benefit of appointing Commiſſaries to follow any Law-Suit they may have depending in the Provinces remote from* Paris? Theſe are ſuch inſignificant Things

that

that M. *Pelisson* is amaz'd they did not ask, besides these Privileges, an Exemption from Taxes, which in all Probability they might have obtain'd without Difficulty. But suppose the Place of an Academic were one of the most considerable in the Kingdom; where is M. *de la Bruyere* mention'd in the Passage quoted by M. *de Vigneul-Marville*? What is there There that can be apply'd to him more than to any other Man of Merit whom the King thinks fit to raise to some important Post? Is there no Man in *France* but M. *de la Bruyere*, whose shining Qualities have expos'd them to Envy, so soon as they have begun to break out to the World? If so, our Age is a great deal more reasonable than the preceding ones, which furnish us with so many Examples of an ill-natur'd Jealousy.

I have a little too much enlarg'd upon this Article: For, only proposing rhe Grounds of M. *de Vigneul-Marville's* Criticism, had been enough to demonstrate the Weakness of it. But I was desirous to shew by this Example, into what Inconveniences these passionate Censurers run themselves, who, at any rate, are for crying down such Persons or Writings as have not the good Fortune to please them. Blinded by this Prejudice, they take every thing by the wrong Handle, Censure at random the most innocent Expressions, boldly condemn the best Places of a Work without giving themselves the Trouble to understand them, and thereby expose themselves to the Censure of all the World.

* *Ceci s'adresse à vous*, &c.

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* Fables choisies de M. de la Fontaine, Lib. V. Fab. XVI.

" This

" This is addreſs'd to You, Spirits of the laſt Order, who, being good for nothing your ſelves, make it your principal Buſineſs to Bite others. You torment your ſelves to no manner of purpoſe. Do you think that your Teeth leave any Marks of their Rage upon ſo many excellent Works? No, No; They are, to You, Braſs, Steel, Diamond.

VIII. What our Cenſurer adds as a finiſhing Stroke to the pretended Character of M. *de la Bruyere*, cannot have more Solidity than what we have already confuted, ſince 'tis built on the ſame Foundation. *No Philoſopher*, ſays he, *was ever more humble in Appearance, nor more haughty in Reality than M.* de la Bruyere. *He gets aſtride his Great Horſe; and in proportion as he riſes, he ſpeaks with the greater Boldneſs and Confidence.* " People may refuſe to give " my Writings their juſt Recompence; but cannot leſſen their Reputation: Or if they ſhou'd, " What will hinder me from deſpiſing it? As M. *Vigneul-Marville* quotes theſe Words, they can't be apply'd to any but M. *de la Bruyere*. But, as I ſaid before, Who has reveal'd to this ſharp-ſighted Critic, that M. *de la Bruyere* meant himſelf, and not as well any other Philoſopher, who, laſhing the Vices of Mankind in order to their Amendment, has a Right to deſpiſe thoſe that make it their Study to run down his Works? A Man need only read the whole Paſſage to be convinc'd that it ought to be underſtood in this latter Senſe. 'Tis ſomewhat too long to be tranſcrib'd here. You will find it in the 12th Chap. Of *JUDGMENT*. But if our Cenſurer will at any Rate have theſe Words be applicable to M. *de la Bruyere* himſelf, I don't ſee that they contain any thing very extravagant, if they be taken in their true genuine Senſe. It is manifeſt,

by thoſe Perſons who go about to leſſen the Reputation of a Book, we are to underſtand thoſe envious People, who only act ſo out of mere Spite, as appears from the wretched Arguments they make uſe of to compaſs their Ends. Now what better Courſe can a Man take in this Caſe, than to contemn their vain Inſults? And conſequently, if M. *de la Bruyere* was ever expos'd to the Hatred of ſuch Men, why might he not ſay, "*You cannot leſſen the* "*Reputation of my Writings* by your flat Witticiſms, "or by the wrong and malicious Applications you "make of my Words? But if you ſhou'd for a "while impoſe on the Public by your Calumnies "and odious ill-grounded Reflexions, *Who ſhall hin-* "*der me from deſpiſing you?* You expect perhaps that "I ſhou'd give my ſelf the Trouble to Anſwer you. "But you're miſtaken. That wou'd be giving a "Weight to your empty Reaſonings. I rather "chuſe to look on 'em with Contempt, as they "deſerve." Allowing that M. *de la Bruyere* had expreſt himſelf in this manner, or that what he does ſay is capable of ſuch a Meaning, yet how does he deſerve Cenſure? Is it not certain, that upon many Occaſions 'tis a laudable Pride not to value the ineffectual Niblings of Envy? This was the Conduct obſerv'd by M. *Boileau*: And yet who blames that Great Man for chuſing rather to enrich the Public with New Pieces, than to waſte his Time in refuting all thoſe impertinent Criticiſms which were at firſt made on the Works he publiſh'd? And who does not wiſh that the famous M. *Arnaud* had employ'd himſelf to better Purpoſe than in arguing with his Adverſaries, in which he ſpent the beſt Part of his Life?

But to return to M. *Vigneul-Marville:* May we not truly ſay, that, if M. *de la Bruyere* had ſeen this odious Portrait which that dangerous Critic has made of his Perſon without any Appearance of Reaſon, he wou'd have made no other Reply than that, * *Thoſe who without knowing us, think evil of us, do Us no harm: 'Tis not Us they attack, 'tis the Phantom of their own Imagination?* For, as I have ſhewn, there is nothing in all this pretended Picture that is copy'd after Nature: The whole Piece being drawn at Random, and without any Reſemblance of the Original, which the Painter intended to repreſent.

But enough of *the Perſon of M.* de la Bruyere: Now let us ſee what our Critic finds amiſs in his *Writings.*

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* M. de la Bruyere's own *Words*, Ch. 12.

CHAP. II.

Of M. de la Bruyere's *Book, entitul'd,* The CHARACTERS: Or the *Manners* of the Preſent Age.

I. IF Averring were Proving, never was Book better criticiz'd than that of M. *de la Bruyere* has been by M. *de Vigneul-Marville.* But ſince every Man who ſets up for a Critic, becomes a Party in the Cauſe, his Evidence goes for nothing before the Tribunal of the Public. After ſuch a Man has declar'd that ſuch or ſuch an Author diſpleaſes him, 'tis no longer neceſſary that he ſhou'd tell us in different Places and in different Manners, that he condemns his Thoughts, Style or Expreſſions. We know it already. All that is expected from him is to demonſtrate clearly and ſolidly that ſuch or ſuch a Paſſage of the Book he pretends to animadvert upon, is worthy of Condemnation.

I know very well that ſeveral learned Men have contracted a Habit of Retailing their own private Opinions without ſupporting them by any Proof. But that was not the Way they got their Reputation by. On the contrary, 'twas a Fault they were always blam'd for by all Men of Senſe in the Republic of Literature. 'Tis likewiſe true, that many learned Men, who at this day write in *Latin*, are pretty forward to excuſe this Method, becauſe they not unwillingly imitate it: But Men of ſound Senſe can't away with it: And particularly theſe Magi-

Magiſterial Airs are not to be born in Workswritten in the Vulgar Tongue. An Example of this has been ſeen in *France* in M. *Dacier*'s Tranſlation of *Horace*. That Critic being willing to recommend his Author and the Notes with which (as Father *Tarteron* ſays pleaſantly) he has *block'd* him up, is eternally putting us in Mind that this is admirable, incomparable, inimitable .... and that ſuch a Paſſage is to be read thus, that no Body ever rightly explain'd That other Paſſage, that 'tis capable of no other Senſe, that it muſt be underſtood ſo and ſo, let all the Commentators, Ancient or Modern, ſay what they pleaſe, ... *&c.* But by theſe Maſterlike Deciſions, that learned Critic has expos'd himſelf to the Raillery of all the World: For, as Father *Tarteron* very well obſerves, *nothing diſobliges or ſhocks a Reader more than that Poſitive, Abſolute, and oftentimes Groundleſs Air of Authority, which is ſeen to tyrannize in certan Books.*

And indeed ſuch a Criticiſm, void of Proofs, is of no manner of uſe. What ſignifies it for me to know that ſuch a Thought or ſuch a Work diſpleaſes you, if I'm ignorant of the Reaſons for which you condemn it? For inſtance, I have been lately reading the *Voyage to the World of Deſcartes*, compos'd by Father *Daniel*; and was charm'd with the Simplicity of his Style, Purity of his Expreſſion, and more eſpecially the Solidity of his Arguments. But M. *de Vigneul-Marville* thinks fit to publiſh in Print that * the Author of that Book is *an inſipid Buffoon*. Am I oblig'd, upon ſight of this airy Deciſion, to ſurrender up my own Judgment, and embrace the Opinion of M. *de Vigneul-Marville*? I don't believe he himſelf will preſume to exact any ſuch thing of

* Melanges d'Hiſt. p. 152.

me. But if he did not think to inſtruct ſome-body by this Criticiſm, why did he make it? Why throw away his Time? The Author of the *Dialogues of the Dead* ſays wittily, *That as lazy as he is, he wou'd engage, were he well paid for't, to criticiſe all the Books that are written. Tho' it ſeems to be a pretty extenſive Employment,* adds he, *I'm certain I ſhou'd have Time enough to be idle.* But that Judicious Author wou'd have liked the Employment much better, if he had bethought himſelf of this other Method of Criticiſing, wherein a Man ſuppoſes what he pleaſes without troubling himſelf to prove it: A Method ſo ſhort and eaſy, that, in following it, the beſt Books may be anſwer'd without taking the Pains ſo much as to read them. 'Tis true, ſuch a Criticiſm is liable to this ſmall Inconvenience; that as it is eaſily made, ſo 'tis eaſily deſtroy'd. For there's no body but has a Right to hiſs at all ſuch naked, unſupported Deciſions, and to oppoſe to them others directly contrary: So that by Criticiſing in this manner, a Man is no forwarder at the Upſhot than the Marquis in the Play call'd the *Critick of the School of Women*; who being reſolv'd to run down that Piece, fancy'd he did Wonders by ſaying in the Tone of a Maſter, *He thought it execrable, to the laſt Degree execrable, what they call Execrable.* But he was ſoon giv'n to underſtand, that this Deciſion of his tended to juſt nothing at all, by being anſwer'd *And I, dear Marquis, think Your Judgment execrable.* Every poſitive Cenſurer, who expects to be believ'd upon an *ipſe dixi*, ought to be anſwer'd in the ſame manner: For if he takes the liberty to reject the Sentiment of another, without giving any Reaſon, every Man has a Right to reject his with the ſame Freedom.

If M. *de Vigneul-Marville* had thought of this, he had apply'd himſelf more than he has done, to prove particularly and rationally, that M. *de la Bruyere's* BOOK is full of falſe Thoughts, obſcurely and ill expreſt, inſtead of telling us in general, that, *if M.* de la Bruyere *had choſen a good Style, written with Purity, and made his Portraits more perfect, no Man cou'd have diſeſteem'd his Book without Injuſtice*; that, *he uſes forc'd Tranſpoſitions*; that, *he has no regular Stile*; that, *he writes at Random, employing far-fetch'd Expreſſions for very common Things*; and that, *when he means to ſpeak of more exalted Matters, he weakens them by vulgar Expreſſions, and makes the ſtrong and the weak grovel alike*; that, *he inceſſantly aims at a Sublime, which he does not underſtand, and which he ſometimes places in Things, ſometimes in Words, without ever catching that Point of Unity, which reconciles Words with Things, in which conſiſts the whole Secret and Fineſſe of this marvellous Art.* But to what Purpoſe ſerve all theſe looſe wild Aſſertions, if they are not ſubſtantially prov'd by inconteſtable Examples? *I much eſteem all the good Things which M.* de la Bruyere *has drawn from our good Authors*, continues our Critic, with the ſame Air of a Maſter, who expects to be believ'd on his Word; *but I don't eſteem the Manner of his introducing them. I rather wiſh he had giv'n them to us juſt as he found them, inſtead of darkening them as he does, with his Jargon. I commend the good Intention he had to reform the Manners of the preſent Age, by diſcovering its weak Sides; but I can by no means approve his ſeeking theſe weak Sides in his own Imagination, rather than in the Manners themſelves; and that by ſtraining every Thing he repreſents, he ſhou'd draw Pictures from his own Head, and not after the Life, as the Subject requires. I don't deſpiſe the Rules for well-writing, which M.* de la Bruyere *produces in his Characters; but then I can't endure to ſee him*

violate thoſe Rules which are founded on Good Senſe, to follow the Irregularities of a Capricious Genius. To conclude, I praiſe the Deſign of M. de la Bruyere : *It is a bold one, a very bold one, and ſuch as the Public might have receiv'd ſome Benefit from ; but I do not ſtick to ſay, that this Deſign is not executed in a Maſterly Manner, and that the Undertaker is not, by far, equal to the Greatneſs of the Enterprize.* A dreadful Charge ! but what do we learn from all this? No earthly Thing but that M. *de Vigneul-Marville* does not approve of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book ; ſo that all who eſteem'd this Book before they read this Criticiſm, may ſay to him, *This then is the Judgment You make of the CHARACTERS OF THE AGE ; Very well ; Now, Sir, we, on the other Hand, think Your Judgment utterly ridiculous and groundleſs.* We ſhould not, 'tis true, be e'er the wiſer for this Counter-Criticiſm neither, but M. *de Vigneul-Marville* wou'd have no juſt Cauſe to complain of it. For *he* has no more Reaſon to contradict theſe Gentlemen, than *they* have to ſlight his Criticiſm, which is not warranted by any Authority but his own. This is what M. *de Vigneul-Marville* ought to have guarded againſt, eſpecially ſince in moſt of the Things which he ſays againſt the *Characters of the Age*, he enters into Diſpute with M. *Menage*. For if he had Reaſon not to yield to the Authority of that Learned Man, ought not he to have ſuppos'd, that they who ſhou'd read his Criticiſm, wou'd no more value his Authority, than he does that of the *Menagiana* ? And this, by the way, ſhews very plainly the Uſefulneſs of thoſe naked Deciſions, which People take upon them to crowd into thoſe Books which end in *Ana* and other Works form'd on the ſame Model.

Theſe general Reflections might almoſt ſuffice to deſtroy what M. *Vigneul-Marville* has thought fit to publiſh againſt M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book ; for moſt

of

of his Remarks are either grounded upon his own bare Authority, which in this Caſe ought not to be reckon'd as any thing; or elſe upon the Suppoſition he makes *gratis* and without Proof, that the Book he pretends to criticize is a Senſeleſs Book. This is what we are now going to ſee, Article by Article. But as it is of ſmall Concern to the Public, to know that a Book can be refuted, unleſs this Refutation inſtructs them in ſomething, I ſhall endeavour to demonſtrate by Reaſon, the contrary of what M. *Vigneul-Marville* has barely advanc'd without Proof.

II. M. *de la Bruyere* concludes his Book with theſe Words: *If theſe Characters don't take, I ſhall wonder at it: And if they do take, I ſhall wonder at that too.* The Variety and Uncertainty of Men's Judgment is ſo great, that M. *de la Bruyere* might very well ſpeak thus of a Work, wherein he had endeavour'd to give a genuine Repreſentation of the Manners of his Age. For, believing on the one Hand, that he had faithfully executed his Deſign, (otherwiſe he ought not to have publiſh'd his Book) he might well wonder at the Miſcarriage of a Book, which contain'd nothing but Truths, almoſt as obvious to every body as to himſelf; and on the other Hand, conſidering the Fantaſticalneſs and extreme Difference of Human Judgments, he cou'd not but be ſurpriz'd, if thoſe Truths ſhou'd happen to be reliſh'd by the Generality of Readers. This I take to be the true Meaning of that Sentence which M. *de Vigneul-Marville* will have to be ambiguous. Be it ſo, or no, 'tis with this he begins the Cenſure he thought fit to paſs upon M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book. *If theſe Characters don't take*, ſays M. *de la Bruyere, I ſhall wonder at it: And if they do take, I*

ſhall

ſhall wonder at that too. For my Part, * ſays M. *Vigneul-Marville,* I ſhall wonder at it too. As much as to ſay, He does not much approve of thoſe Characters. With all my Heart. But if he was reſolv'd to let the Public know this, he ought, at the ſame time, to have diſcover'd to them his Reaſons for it, ſuppoſing modeſtly that the Public are not very ſollicitous to be inform'd about his Diſtaſtes; and this is what he has not done, as I think and hope to demonſtrate in the remaining Part of theſe few Sheets. *I however frankly confeſs,* adds M. *de Vigneul-Marville, that M.* de la Bruyere's *Book is of a Nature to incite the reading it. In all Ages Those who have written againſt the Manners of their Age, have met with Readers in great Numbers, and favourable Readers too, becauſe of the Inclination moſt People have for Satire, and the Pleaſure they feel in ſeeing their Neighbours Defects laid open, while their own are conceal'd even'n from themſelves. Tho'* Barclay's Euphormio *touches the Vices of the Courts of* Europe, *only in general, and but ſlightly, yet his Book has been greedily read and is ſo to this Day. The ſame may be ſaid of the* Ages, *the* Genius Sæculi, *and other the like Books. No wonder then if M.* de la Bruyere's *Characters have had ſuch a Run, and bore Nine Editions, ſince, entring into a Detail of the Vices of the preſent Age, he characteriſes All both of Court and City, who are tainted with any of thoſe Vices. The moſt malicious Curioſity catches at it, as it does at all thoſe Libels and Writings which ſuppoſe Keys for the underſtanding them. The City has a ſtrange itching to be inform'd of the Vices of the Court: The Courtiers on their Side love to caſt their Eyes down on the Vices of the Citizens, to make them*

* Pag. 331.

ves merry with them; and the Countrey is inconcei-bly greedy to hear the ſcandalous News of both Court d City.

So then 'tis ſolely to the Inclination moſt Men ve for Satire, that M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book is be-olden for that general Approbation it has met with *France*, where it has been printed *no leſs than Nine imes*, and will doubtleſs be ſtill printed-on for the me Reaſon. From this bleſſed way of arguing, wou'd follow, that the Satires of *Horace*, *Perſius*, *uvenal*, *Regnier*, *Boileau*, &c. neither were nor e eſteem'd upon any other Account, than for the leaſure moſt Men take in entertaining themſelves ith the Vices of Others. But with M. *de Vigneul-Marville*'s good leave, the Caſe is not ſo. Men dmire thoſe Authors, becauſe they are full of Wit, nd the ſeveral Portraits they draw of Human Er-ors, exact, their Raillery fine, ſolid, and agree-bly expreſt. .... And whenever they fall upon raiſing what is Praiſe-worthy, as they very often o, the Reader is as much affected by thoſe Elogi-ms, as with the Satirical Strokes with which their Vorks are interſpers'd.

Becauſe we every Day hear, from the Pulpit, eneral Maxims upon moſt Subjects, therefore ome Writers form themſelves upon the ſame Me-hod of Reaſoning, which teaches nothing. For commonly ſpeaking, if thoſe general Maxims be aken rigorouſly and in the full Extent of the Terms made uſe of to expreſs them, they are falſe: And if they are conſider'd in a looſe indefinite Senſe, they are of no Uſe, and ſay no more than what every body knows already. This is eaſily ſeen in the Point before us. 'Tis certain Men have Malice; every body agrees it. But can it from

from thence be concluded, that this Malice governs all their Judgments? No. If Men have Spitefulneſs, they have likewiſe good Senſe. If they laugh at the Picture of a Fool, a Miſer, a Coward, a Coxcomb, ... 'tis not always becauſe they love to be diverted at another's Expence, but becauſe there is repreſented to them an Idea of thoſe different Characters in lively and natural Colours, which never fails to pleaſe. A Proof of this is, that theſe Portraits divert them, tho' they have no Thoughts of applying them to any Original actually exiſting. For this Reaſon 'tis, Men love Comedy, wherein are ſeen Human Weakneſſes turn'd agreeably into Ridicule, without thinking on any Perſon in the World, in whom they have obſerv'd the leaſt Likeneſs. For Inſtance, when the Pit is diverted with ſeeing the Play of *Tartuffe*, no Man there ſets before his Eyes any one of his Acquaintance, whoſe Character reſembles an Hypocrite: But the Picture of that Raſcal pleaſes them, becauſe all its Features are well drawn, and admirably well ſuit the Character which the Poet deſign'd to give him. And this is the Reaſon why a Miſer is ſometimes diverted at the Repreſentation of a Miſer, of which he himſelf is the moſt perfect Original, and from whom oftentimes the Picture was drawn.

† *Each Man is nicely ſhown in this new Glaſs,*
And ſmiles to think he is not meant the Aſs:
A Miſer often laughs the firſt, to find
A faithful Draught of his own ſordid Mind:

† M Boileau. Art of Poetry Canto 3.

And

And Fops are with ſuch Care and Cunning Writ,
They like the Piece for which themſelves did ſit.

But ſuppoſing that innate Malice helps us to find a Pleaſure in theſe Sort of Shows, and in the reading of Satirical Books, yet this ſame Malice is not conſtantly and generally ſo great, as to blind the Judgment of the Majority of Men, and to make them reliſh all Sorts of Satire tho ever ſo impertinent. If that were ſo, there had been preſerv'd a thouſand ſtupid Libels full of Gall and Venom, which have been written in all Ages againſt the Greateſt Men. Never were ſo many Satires ſeen as in the time of the *League*. But what's become of them? They are for ever vaniſh'd, unleſs it be the famous *Catholicon* of *Spain*, from whoſe Value Time has not in the leaſt detracted. Whence ariſes this Diſtinction in Favour of that Piece? Is it from the Malice of Men, and their Love of Satire? No; But from the intrinſic Goodneſs of the Piece, *which*, as Father *Rapin* ſays, *ſurpaſſes every Thing that has been written in that Kind theſe laſt Ages. There is ſeen throughout that Work*, adds that Learned Jeſuit, *a certain Delicacy of Wit, which ſhines through the rude and groſs Cuſtoms of that Time: And the little Verſes of that Work are of a very fine and natural Character.* This, I ſay, is what has preſerv'd that Satire, and which made it ſo much eſteem'd the very Moment 'twas publiſh'd: For, as M. *de Vigneul-Marville* ſays in his very curious † Obſervations on that Piece, *the Moment 'twas publiſh'd, every Body was charm'd with it.*

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* *Pag.* 198. *of his* Melanges.

But

But without running ſo far back, how many Satirical Libels were publiſh'd in *France* againſt Cardinal *Mazarin*? *Nothing was then ſeen throughout the Town*, ſays the † Hiſtory of thoſe Times, *but Defamatory Libels, Ballads, Satirical Verſes, feign'd Stories, State Diſcourſes and political Debates, wherein* Mazarin *was repreſented in the moſt odious manner, and the Royal Family it ſelf not much favour'd.* Here was Matter enough for the Malignity of Men: And yet of it ſelf it was not ſufficient to give a Value to thoſe Libels, or prevent their falling into Oblivion.

It is true, the Malice, the Paſſion, and the Deſire of decrying the Perſons who are the Subject of a Satirical Work, may for a time keep up the Vogue of it. But if it is dull and impertinent, the World grows weary of it almoſt as ſoon as of fulſom Panegyric. A thouſand ridiculous Pamphlets which were produc'd during the * laſt War, at *Paris*, *London*, *Vienna*, the *Hague*, *Amſterdam*, and other Places, are a good Proof of this. Tho' bought up and read with Eagerneſs for ſome Months, they were thrown aſide in a ſhort time, to make way for others, which being no better than the reſt, ſoon underwent the ſame Diſgrace.

When therefore a Satire is generally eſteem'd, 'tis not enough to ſay, in order to damn it, that this general Eſteem proceeds only from the Inclination Men have to make themſelves merry with the Failings of others. This way of Arguing can't be admitted, till a Satire, which has had a Currency for ſome time, comes to ſink and be deſpis'd. Then indeed, after a Man has manifeſtly prov'd the Faults of it (which muſt be done) he

† Hiſtory of the Prince of Condé, p. 325.

* *Begun* 1688, *ended* 1697.

may

may ſay, that what kept up its Credit ſo long, notwithſtanding its Groſſneſs, was the ſpiteful Pleaſure Men took in diverting themſelves at the Coſt of thoſe whom it turn'd into Ridicule. And conſequently if M. *de Vigneul-Marville* does not like the *Characters of the Age*, tho' they are generally eſteem'd, he cannot (to juſtify his Diſlike) reaſonably ſay, that *'tis no wonder M.* de la Bruyere's *CHARACTERS have had ſuch a Run, and bore Nine Editions, ſince, entring into a Detail of the Vices of the preſent Age, he characterizes All, both of Court and City, who are tainted with any of thoſe Vices.* For if M. *de la Bruyere* has well executed his Deſign, his Work cannot but be valu'd, like *Boileau*'s Satires, and *Moliere*'s Comedies: And if he has executed it otherwiſe than well, 'tis Matter of Amazement that his Book has been ſo long and ſo generally eſteem'd. So that if M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is of Opinion, that M. *de la Bruyere* has miſrepreſented the Manners of his Age, he ſhou'd prove it by Reaſons drawn from the Work it ſelf, and not from the Malignity of Men, which of it ſelf is not ſufficient to make a witleſs Satire keep its Ground for any conſiderable time.

But what plainly diſcovers, that this Book of *Characters*, does not owe the Approbation it has met with, to the extraordinary Paſſion which the City has to be acquainted with the Vices of the Court, to the Pleaſure which the Court takes in entertaining it ſelf with the Failings of the City, nor to the inconceivable Greedineſs the Countrey has to be inform'd of the ſcandalous News of Either; is, that the firſt Editions of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book went preſently off, tho' it then contain'd very few of thoſe Characters which cou'd poſſibly be apply'd to particular Perſons.

Be-

Beſide, the Book is no leſs admir'd in foreign Countries than it is in *France*. It has perhaps been oftner printed at *Bruſſels* than *Paris*. *Holland* vends vaſt Numbers of them; and in *England* it is ſo univerſally liked, that I am inform'd there has been Six Editions ev'n of its Tranſlation. Have theſe People too a *ſtrange Itching*, as M. *de Vigneul-Marville* calls it, to be acquainted with the Vices of all thoſe of the *French* Nation who make any Figure at *Paris* or *Verſailles*? But how ſhou'd they come by that Curioſity towards Perſons whoſe very Names they are ignorant of? And how are they able to pick them out in the CHARACTERS OF THE AGE, wherein not only thoſe pretended Perſons are not nam'd, but the Characters which are giv'n them contain nothing but what thoſe Foreigners may as well apply to a thouſand other People, as to thoſe whom ſome Folks fancy the Author had in his Eye? An *Engliſhman*, for Example, opens M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book, and there meets with this Character: * Argira *pulls off her Glove to ſhew her white Hand; remembers very punctually to talk of her little Shoe, that ſhe may be ſuppos'd to have a little Foot; ſhe laughs at things pleaſant or ſerious to ſhew her fine Set of Teeth: If ſhe diſcovers her Ears, 'tis becauſe they're well made; and if ſhe does not dance, 'tis becauſe ſhe is not well ſatisfy'd with her Shape, which is ſomewhat too Square; She knows perfectly well what is for her Intereſt, one thing only excepted, ſhe is always talking, and wants Wit.* Muſt this *Engliſhman* needs apply himſelf to M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, (for he, it ſeems, is the only Perſon fit to be conſulted in this Caſe) to be inform'd what Perſon either of the Court or City M. *de la Bruyere* deſign'd to re-

* Chap. XI. *Of Man.*

pre-

preſent under the Name of *Argyra*? This is not neceſſary. He has no more to do than to caſt his Eyes round him, and he will find Perſons enough whom that Character fits. Which is ſufficient to make him ſenſible that M. *de la Bruyere* has well deſcrib'd in this Place the Weakneſs and Blindneſs of moſt People, who neglecting to look into their greateſt Defects, are very quick-ſighted to their leaſt good Qualities.

Beſides, by M. *de Vigneul-Marville*'s manner of Speaking of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book, one wou'd ſwear he never read it. For by maintaining, as he does, that the great Succeſs it meets with from the Public, proceeds merely from an ill-natur'd Pleaſure which Men take *in ſeeing their Neighbour's Faults laid open*; he ſeems to ſuppoſe it to be nothing but a Heap of Satyrical Portraits *of the whole Town*, as he expreſſes it. And yet nothing is leſs true than ſuch a Suppoſition. For the Book does not only, almoſt throughout, conſiſt of ſolid Reflexions, which ſolely reſpect the Virtues or Vices of Men, without any reference to any Perſon whatever, as will appear to every Man that will give himſelf the trouble to read it: But likewiſe moſt of the Draughts therein contain'd, can no more be apply'd to certain particular Perſons, than to a Thouſand others whom M. *de la Bruyere* never ſaw: And ſome others (not a few) contain the Elogium of Perſons the moſt diſtinguiſh'd for Virtue or Merit, that have appear'd in *France* towards the end of the XVIIth Century: Characters much more proper to excite the Envy of Men, than to awaken that *ill-natur'd Curioſity*, which, according to M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, makes them find ſo great a Pleaſure *in ſeeing their Neighbour's Failings detected, while their own are hid, even from themſelves*, that it gives them a Reliſh for very flat and ſenſeleſs Satires, ſuch as the *Characters of the Age*.

But ſince we are fall'n upon the Article of the Portraits which M. *de la Bruyere* has interſpers'd in his Book, we ſhall tranſport hither all that our Critic ſays of them elſewhere, that we may make the better Judgment thereof by ſeeing it all together.

III. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* begins to ſpeak of the Portraits which are ſpread throughout M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book, by attacking with the utmoſt Intrepidity the advantageous Judgment which was made of them by M. *Menage* in the Collection of Thoughts aſcrib'd to him after his Death, under the Title of *Menagiana*. " M. *de la Bruyere* is wonderful, ſays " M. *Menage*, in hitting the Ridicule of Men, and " in revealing it." *He ſhou'd rather have ſaid concealing it*, adds *M.* de Vigneul-Marville ; *for M.* de la Bruyere, *by over-ſtraining himſelf to render Men ridiculous, makes Chimera's and Sphinxes, which have no reſemblance. M.* Menage, *as fond as he is of his M.* de la Bruyere, *is forc'd to own that his Portraits are ſomewhat loaded. He is mealy-mouth'd, and dares not ſay, as he truly might, that his Portraits are too much loaded, and ſo unnatural, that moſt of them are without Originals to match with them. When a Man paints from his Fancy, he may load his Draughts, and give a looſe to his Imagination : But when he draws from the Life, he ſhou'd copy Nature as ſhe really is. M.* de la Bruyere, *beſides that he works rather in Water-colours than Oyl, and does not underſtand the different Tones, or the Union of Colours; and, generally ſpeaking, his Pictures are only ſketch'd out; has this further Misfortune, not knowing how to Deſign correctly, he ſpoils his Figures, and makes Monſters and Groteſco's of them.*

A pleaſant way of Criticizing this! He firſt begs the Queſtion, then repeats it a hundred Times and a hundred ſeveral Ways, without any Proof; and

after-

afterwards falls to Triumphing, as if he had knock'd down his Adverſary beyond recovery! The leaſt School-boy might have done as much. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* has a Grudge againſt the Portraits of M. *de la Bruyere*, and againſt M. *Menage*, who approves of them. He declares it loudly, he is not mealy-mouth'd: But, in ſhort, all that he ſays to baffle M. *Menage*, is, that he diſagrees with him in Opinion about the Portraits which are found in M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book. A pretty Buſineſs this, to trouble the Public with! According to M. *Menage*, *M.* de la Bruyere *is wonderful in hitting the Blind-ſide of Men, and in revealing it. Say rather in concealing it*, replies M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, gravely. *'Tis true*, continues M. *Menage*, *M.* de la Bruyere*'s Portraits are ſomewhat loaded; but yet they are natural.* Will M. *de Vigneul-Marville* allow this? By no means. Why then, ſay you, he will endeavour to refute it by ſenſible Examples or irrefragable Arguments. No ſuch Matter. He will content himſelf with oppoſing to M. *Menage* a quite contrary Deciſion. *M.* de la Bruyere*'s Portraits*, ſays he, *are not only too much loaded, but ſo unnatural, that moſt of them are without Originals to match with them.* And becauſe ſome Folks are uſed to aſſign the Victory to him who ſpeaks moſt and laſt, M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, who is reſolv'd to make the Experiment, ſays over and over in different Words, that M. *de la Bruyere*'s Portraits are ill contriv'd, that they are *Sketch'd*, *Murder'd*, that they are Monſters and *Groteſcoes*; thus cunningly borrowing the Terms of Art which few People underſtand, the better to blind his Readers, by ſhewing them that he underſtands theſe Matters, and can ſpeak of them *knowingly*. And indeed, too many are apt to be impos'd upon by thoſe Doctorial Airs. They fancy that one who ſpeaks in ſuch a poſitive Manner, muſt have good Reaſons for

what he advances. And yet it is no very certain Conſequence: For, on the contrary, thoſe who are furniſh'd with good Reaſons, haſten to lay them down ingeniouſly without waſting their Time in fruitleſs Words. But let us for a Moment ſuppoſe that M. *de Vigneul-Marville* does not condemn M. *de la Bruyere*'s Portraits without a Reaſon: Why does he not make that appear to others, which he ſees ſo plainly himſelf? Does he imagine all the World have the ſame Sentiments he has? That wou'd be having a good Opinion of Mankind. But why then did he ſquander his Ink and Paper in Publiſhing to us what he ſuppos'd was known to every body before he took the pains to write it down in his *Melanges d'Hiſtoire & de Literature*? And if he believ'd (as is moſt likely) that ſome People might be blinded in this particular, either through their own Malignity, as he has already told us, or by the Authority of the *Menagiana*, as he will by and by * tell us; Why does he hide from us the good Reaſons which he has to condemn M. *de la Bruyere*'s Portraits, and which might ſerve to diſabuſe thoſe who admire them? "Oh, you'll ſay, M. *de Vigneul-Marville*'s Deſign was to baffle the *Menagiana*, "and his Authority is ſufficient for that; it ought "certainly to prevail againſt a Collection that is "not own'd, which at beſt is but a Poſthumous "Work, and which conſequently wants that Exactneſs of Expreſſion, and that Cloſeneſs of Reaſoning, which, generally ſpeaking, are only to "be met with in ſuch Writings as have been view'd "and review'd, and to which the Author has put "the laſt Hand." Well, be it ſo, let the *Melanges*

* M Menage *ſays he p.* 348. *of his* Melanges, *has mightily ſet off* M de la Bruyere's *Characters.*

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l'Hiſtoire & de Literature carry it againſt the *Menagiana.*

But did not M. *de Vigneul-Marville* in his Conſcience know, before he wrote his Book, that M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book was approv'd of in *France* and Foreign Countries, that it was printed and reprinted before the Death of M. *Menage?* Why then does he content himſelf with telling us gravely, that the Portraits which are found in that Book are not natural, that they are *sketch'd* and *murder'd*, that they are Groteſcks and Monſters? Does he think that upon ſo formal a Determination, all who approv'd of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book, will renounce their Opinion to embrace his, and rather chuſe to take his Word than truſt their own Judgment? Or does he give all theſe Deciſions for Proofs? I take him to be a Man of too much Senſe to be guilty of ſuch an Error: 'Tis his Buſineſs to inform us whether he does ſo or not. But, in the mean time I'm afraid ſome People will be apt to ſuſpect he had nothing better to ſay, and that he has plainly ſhewn by his Example; that if M. *de la Bruyere does not always Deſign correctly*, yet he has pretty well Painted thoſe poſitive Cenſurers, who believe they are diſpens'd with for giving a Reaſon for what they advance. The Portrait is this: I know not whether it *be in Water-colours or Oyl*, M. *de Vigneul-Marville* ſhall judge of that himſelf. *To SAY MODESTLY, that ſuch a Thing is good or bad, and* (N. B.) *to give a Reaſon why it is ſo, requires a Man to be a Maſter of good Senſe and Language; 'tis no eaſy Matter. The ſhorteſt way is to declare in a poſitive Tone, either that it is execrable or wonderful.*

And here I ſhall obſerve (if I may be permitted to leave M. *de la Bruyere*'s Cenſurer for a Moment) that nothing is more Sage than the Advice which

a Learned *Roman* gave to the Orators of his Time, * *To look out for Things worthy the Attention of Learned and Senſible Men, before they caſt about for Words and Language to dreſs them in.* 'Tis evident that Authors are yet more oblig'd to follow this Advice than they who ſpeak in Public; for whereas the latter may impoſe upon People by an agreeable Outſide, by a charming Voice, handſome Geſture, lively and Pathetic Pronunciation, which raviſh and enchant the Mind, by inceſſantly preſenting to it new Thoughts, which holding it continually in Suſpence, amuſe and bubble the Hearer, without giving him time to examine them; the other, on the contrary, cannot expect to fix his Reader's Attention, but by laying before him ſuch Thoughts as are noble, ſolid, exact, profound, and tending to one and the ſame End. Theſe are not Sounds which are loſt in Air, and preſently forgotten: They are Words which remain continually in Sight, which are compar'd, examin'd ſedately and in cool Blood, and whoſe Coherence or Inconſiſtence is eaſily ſeen. But as among our popular Orators, commonly call'd *Preachers*, there are ſome who wou'd be hard put to't if they were not to mount the Pulpit till they had furniſh'd themſelves with Things capable of moving intelligent and clear-ſighted Men, it being cuſtomary with moſt of them to palm upon us whatever comes uppermoſt, at random and without any Preparation; ſo likewiſe many a *Book-maker* wou'd be reduc'd to ſilence, if he were oblig'd not to take Pen in Hand till he had furniſh'd himſelf with Thoughts

* Volo prius habeat Orator rem de quâ dicat, dignam auribus eruditis, quàm cogitet quibus verbis quidq; dicat aut quomodo. M. Tull. Cic. ad M. Brutum Orator. cap. 34.

fit for the Entertainment of Men of Senſe. And whence ſhou'd they have ſuch rational Thoughts, ſince they very often venture upon writing on Subjects which they do not underſtand themſelves. † *Such a one ſtarts up on a ſudden, takes Pen, Ink and Paper, and without ever having had a Thought of it before, ſays to himſelf,* I will write a Book, *tho' he has no other Talent for Writing but the Want of Fifty Piſtoles. . . . . He will write and get it printed too: And becauſe he muſt not ſend blank Paper to the Preſs, he blots and ſcribbles a Quire or two with ſuch Stuff as this; That the River* Seine *runs through the City of* Paris; *That there are Seven Days in the Week; That it rains, and is bad Weather, or ſome Things of the like Importance.* There are ſome who hire themſelves out to the Bookſellers, to work Taskwork upon any Subject whatever, either in Verſe or Proſe: And 'tis oftentimes the Bookſeller himſelf who furniſhes them with a Title, to which they undertake to ſubjoin with all ſpeed a certain Number of Words, which, when they fill up ſo many Pages, do at laſt amount to what they call a *Book.* Hence it comes we have ſo many New Books at *Paris*, wherein are ſeen nothing but Diſorder and Confuſion from the Beginning to the End; lax and indeterminate Thoughts, trivial Reflections, falſe Reaſonings, bold unmaintainable Aſſertions, Facts uncertain, ill expreſs'd, and cram'd with ridiculous Circumſtances, *&c.* But, by what I hear, 'tis not only in *France* that the Bookſellers have Authors in their Pay, but thoſe likewiſe of *England* and *Holland* have them in pretty good Numbers, and no leſs Fruitful in Literary Trifles. Too ſure a Proof of the Decay

† *M.* Bruyere's *Words*, Ch. XV.

of polite Learning in *Europe*! For in ſhort, ſuch Books ſpoil the Taſte of the Public, by habituating it to dull and inſipid Things, as is very well obſerv'd by M. *de la Bruyere* in the Sequel of the Paſſage I juſt now quoted.

But to return to M. *de Vigneul-Marville*. He's in the wrong to reflect upon M. *de la Bruyere*'s Portraits without giving any Reaſon for all the hard things he ſays of them: But, however, that does not hinder their being true, I confeſs. Let us therefore ſee whether they be or no. All that he finds amiſs in them is reducible to this, *That they are too much loaded and ſo unnatural, that the greateſt Part of them are without any Original to match with them.*

IV. The greateſt Part of theſe Portraits do not, it is true, hit any body, provided M. *Vigneul-Marville* means by this, that they do not ſo agree with any certain Perſons as not to be applicable to any other. But they cannot for this Reaſon be condemn'd, ſince they were not made to repreſent certain particular Perſons, excluſive of all others. This is what M. *de la Bruyere* tells us himſelf, in the Preface he put before his Speech to the Royal Academy. *I did indeed paint after Nature, but I did not always mean to paint Mr. ſuch a one, or Mrs. ſuch a one; I did not hire my ſelf out to the Public to draw nothing but true Portraits, and ſuch as were perfectly like, for fear they ſhou'd ſometimes be known, and not ſeem feign'd or imaginary: Nay, I was more difficult and went farther; I took one Feature from this Side, and another Feature from that, and from theſe ſame Features which might poſſibly concur in one and the ſame Perſon, I drew ſome Portraits that were natural and probable.*

And conſequently, theſe Portraits not hitting any Perſon in particular, is ſo far from being a Fault, 'tis rather one of their greateſt Perfections, ſince

ſince they only repreſent what the Painter intended they ſhou'd. For Example, M. *de la Bruyere* has a mind to preſent us with the Character of a *Fop*, who minds nothing but Dreſs, makes it his prime Concern, and thinks he was born for no other Purpoſe. *Iphis*, ſays he, *ſees at Church a new-faſhion'd Shooe, he looks upon his own, and bluſhes, and can no longer believe himſelf dreſt: He came to Maſs only to ſhew himſelf, but now he hides himſelf: He is held by the Foot in his Chamber all the reſt of the Day: He has a ſoft Hand, and maintains it in* Italian *Paſte: He is ſure to laugh often, to ſhew his White Teeth: He ſets his Mouth in order, and is in a perpetual Smile: He looks upon his Legs, he views himſelf in the Glaſs, and no body can have ſo good an Opinion of another, as he has of himſelf: He has acquir'd a delicate clear Voice, and 'tis happy for him that he liſps: He has a turn of his Head, and a ſort of Sweetneſs in his Eyes, which he never forgets to make uſe of, as Graces to ſet himſelf off: His Gate is ſoft and the prettieſt he is able to contrive: He ſometimes makes uſe of a little Red, but 'tis very ſeldom, he does not make a Cuſtom of it.* Nothing is more exact than this Character. There's not a Stroke in all this Satire but carries an Edge. And yet it can't be ſaid with any Appearance of Reaſon, that this Portrait repreſents any one Perſon ſo as to ſuit no other. For if it were ſo, *Iphis* muſt in his ſingle ſelf have all the Qualities aſcrib'd to him by M. *de la Bruyere*, and no other can have them: And conſequently this whole Picture muſt be conſider'd as an Enumeration of hiſtorical Facts, which wou'd be to the laſt Degree abſurd: For how ſhou'd M. *de la Bruyere* come to know that *Iphis* ſaw at Church a new-faſhion'd Shoe, that he bluſh'd at it, and went and hid himſelf in his Chamber, till his Shoemaker had made him a new Pair like thoſe he ſaw....? But tho' this *Iphis* did never exiſt, yet the Portrait

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M. *de la Bruyere* makes of him is nevertheleſs natural, becauſe it carries along with it a Veriſimilitude, and is very ſuitable to thoſe Effeminate Men who are ſo in love with themſelves, that they mind nothing but Dreſs; and there is no Neceſſity to ſuppoſe they reſemble this imaginary *Iphis* in every Reſpect, that they have All white Teeth, little Mouths, handſome Legs, *&c.*

Beſides, whether M. *de la Bruyere* did or did not think of certain particular Perſons when he drew theſe Portraits, no Man can juſtly ſay that he intended to characterize ſuch or ſuch a Perſon in particular, ſince he does not draw any private Perſon in Colours peculiar to him alone, *viz.* From any notorious Accident of his Life, or ſomething which he did or ſaid at ſuch a Time and in ſuch a Place, and which has been nois'd about in the World. This is what is well prov'd by *l'Abbe de Villiers* in his admirable *Treatiſe of Satire*: *When,* ſays he, *an Author who only propoſes to laſh Vice in general, makes uſe of Fictitious Names to repreſent more ſenſibly the general Diſorders which he attacks, or the better to enliven the Subject he treats of, it ought not to be imputed to him for a Crime, provided he ſays nothing that deſcribes any one perſonally. This Conduct was obſerv'd by ſeveral of the Ancient Writers, whoſe Example we were of Opinion might ſafely be follow'd, and whom we have likewiſe endeavoured to vindicate in the Eclarciſſements which we added to the* Poem of Friendſhip, *by ſhewing that no Author can rightfully be accus'd of ſtriking at any one, when in the Picture he draws of Vice under an imaginary Character, he repreſents nothing but the very Vice he attacks.* All this perfecty agrees with moſt of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Portraits, as that Judicious Writer takes a Pleaſure in confeſſing. *When an Author has taken theſe Precautions,* adds he, *there is no Handle for demanding of him a Key to the Names he makes uſe of:*

of: But if People will obſtinately perſiſt in their Demand, he may anſwer that the only Key to his Work is, the vicious corrupt Man, *ſince that was the ſole Original he drew from. Thus, he cannot be made reſponſible for thoſe Keys which every body forges at Pleaſure, and which are ſpread abroad in the World upon ſuch Occaſions. The Author being no otherwiſe acceſſary to them, than by giving a general Deſcription of Vice; the only Perſons who are juſtly to be charg'd with Calumny, are they who inſiſting that a Moral Work is a Satire, will likewiſe have it that there is a Key to it, and are at great Pains to make one which they give out for the true one. This is what has lately happen'd with Reſpect to the Book entituled,* The Manners of the Age; *but the Author of it has ſufficiently expos'd this way of proceeding in the laſt Edition of his Book.*

M. *de Vigneul-Marville* ſhould have read thoſe Reflexions and anſwer'd 'em, before he had run down M. *de la Bruyere*'s Portraits as unnatural, as *Sphinxes and Chimeras*, under pretext that the greateſt Part of them agree with no Body at all, *i. e.* with no certain Perſon diſtinguiſh'd therein by particular Touches, which cannot poſſibly agree with any other. In this Senſe, it is true, moſt of them are nothing but *Chimera's*. But what Colour of Juſtice has any Man for alledging they are Portraitures of certain particular Perſons, when there's nothing ſeen in 'em which marks thoſe Perſons, more than a thouſand others beſide? 'Tis juſt as if we ſhou'd without any Proof ſuppoſe that *Moliere* intended to repreſent, under the Name of Mr. *Jourdain*, ſuch a Citizen of *Paris*, living in St. *Honorius*'s Street, and then fall upon the Author as a ridiculous Painter, in giving to that Citizen ſuch Inclinations as he never had; *viz.* To learn Philoſophy, or Fencing, though all the reſt of the Character fitted him exactly. This wou'd be expoſing

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the good Man without any Foundation, ſince not only it cannot be prov'd the Poet drew from him the Portrait of M. *Jourdain*; but becauſe there's no Reaſon to ſuſpect it, ſince the Cap no more fits him than a thouſand other Citizens of *Paris*, who are touch'd with the ſame Folly.

But if our Cenſurer perſiſts in treating as chimerical all the Characters of M. *de la Bruyere*, which cannot exactly be apply'd to any one Perſon, excluſive of all others, what will he ſay of thoſe of *Theophraſtus*, which are all of that Kind? And how will he call ſo many Characters which *Moliere* has thrown into his Comedies, and which have been hitherto thought ſo natural by all People, yet without once thinking to look on 'em as exact Pictures of Mr. ſuch a one, as Mrs. ſuch a one.

V. From what has been ſaid, 'tis eaſy to conclude, that M. *de Vigneul-Marville* has no great Reaſon to condemn the Portraits of M. *de la Bruyere* upon Account of their being *over-colour'd*. For by this he either means that they have no Veriſimilitude, and that they ſuppoſe Things incompatible in one and the ſame Subject, which will never be believ'd upon his Word, ſo long as a Man may aſſure himſelf of the contrary by his own Eyes. Or elſe, he ſuppoſes theſe Pictures over-colour'd, becauſe they do not quadrate with any Perſon in particular. But inſtead of concluding that theſe Portraits are over-colour'd or too much loaded, becauſe they do not quadrate with any Perſon in particular, he ought to conclude, that, ſince they are ſo loaded, they were not drawn to repreſent ſuch or ſuch a Perſon with Excluſion of all others; and that it was on purpoſe to prevent their being look'd upon as Copies of certain particular Perſons, that the Author loaded them

them with a great many Touches, which are hardly to be found in one ſingle Subject. This is what M. *de Vigneul-Marville* might have learnt from M. *de la Bruyere*'s Preface to his Speech before the Royal Academy: Or if he did not like that Preface, he might have ſeen as much in the Speech of Thanks made by *l'Abbé Fleuri* to that Academy, when he was choſen to ſucceed M. *de la Bruyere:* For when he came to ſpeak of his Book *of the Manners of the Age*, he expreſsly obſerves, that *his Pictures are ſometimes purpoſely loaded and over-colour'd, that they might not appear too like.* And thus you have a clear Explanation of the Ænigma with which M. *de Vigneul-Marville* was ſo very much puzzl'd.

VI. But, replies our Cenſurer, *it is not true that M.* de la Bruyere *had no body in his Eye; and tho' he has deny'd the Thing with Execrations, he cannot diſown (if a Man of Honour) that he drew* Santeuil's *Picture under the Name of* Theodas. Why not diſown it, if he's ſo ill a Man as to deny *with Execrations* what he knows to be true? But M. *de Vigneul-Marville* gives us by this a frightful Idea of M. *de la Bruyere* without any colour of Reaſon: And if he is himſelf a Man of Honour, he ought to make a public Reparation to the Memory of an honeſt Gentleman, whom he repreſents to the World as the moſt infamous of all Men. For if, according to the Judicious Remark of M. *de la Bruyere, he who is inceſſantly ſaying that he has Honour, that he has Probity, and ſwears to it in order to be believ'd, does not ſo much as know how to counterfeit an honeſt Man:* What ſhall we ſay of him, who with horrible Oaths denies the doing of a thing which he may be eaſily convicted of, and which he cannot but own, I will not ſay if he's a Man of Honour, for ſuch he cannot be after having in ſo baſe a manner abus'd what is moſt Sacred in the

the World? Now ſuch a Man is M. *de la Bruyere* himſelf, if we give credit to M. *de Vigneul-Marville*. But never was Calumny more palpable and more barbarous than that of this raſh Cenſurer. I cou'd here give a Looſe to Paſſion: I feel it riſing: But I will curb my ſelf, that I may not do wrong to Innocence by defending it with too much warmth. The Fact is this. After M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book had been public for ſome time, People wou'd needs be gueſſing at the Originals of the Characters which he had inſerted in that Work. Thereupon, ſome fell to drawing Liſts of all the People whom they fancy'd M. *de la Bruyere* intended to repreſent in the ſeveral Places of his Book. Theſe pretended Keys, tho hardly any of them the ſame, (which ſuffic'd to ſhew their Falſity) went all about the Town, inſomuch that M. *de la Bruyere* thought himſelf at length oblig'd to diſown them: And did ſo, in the Preface which he put to his Speech before the Royal Academy, and which he inſerted in his Book of Characters. I ſhall not repeat all that he ſays upon this Head. I ſhall content my ſelf with citing the Paſſage which M. *de Vigneul-Marville* had in all Probability regard to, when he ſays that M. de la Bruyere *denies with Execrations his having in his Eye any Perſon whatever when he wrote* this Book. *Since I have been ſo weak,* ſays M. *de la Bruyere, as to publiſh theſe Characters, what Bank ſhall I raiſe againſt that Deluge of Explainers, which overſpreads the Town, and which will ſoon reach the Court? Shall I proteſt ſeriouſly, and bind it with horrible Oaths, that I am neither the Author of, nor Accomplice in forging, thoſe Keys which are handed about, that I never deliver'd any ſuch to any Perſon; that my moſt familiar Friends know I always refus'd to let them have any ſuch Thing; that ſome of the moſt conſiderable Men at Court have deſpair'd of being ever let into the Secret? Wou'd it not be all one as if I ſhou'd*

ſhou'd torment my ſelf in maintaining that I'm no ill Man, without Modeſty, Morals, Conſcience, ſuch a one in ſhort, as the Gazetteers I juſt now nam'd wou'd fain repreſent me to be in their ſcandalous Libel?

How does it appear from theſe Words, that *M. de la Bruyere* deny'd with Execrations that he had any Perſon in his Eye, when he wrote his Book? Is not the contrary rather ſeen with the utmoſt Evidence? For if M. *de la Bruyere* refus'd a Key to his beſt Friends; if the greateſt Men at Court deſpair'd of being let into the Secret, is it not viſible, that M. *de la Bruyere* did ſometimes deſignedly repreſent certain particular Perſons? And indeed, he frankly declares the ſame himſelf, in another Place of that Preface: *'Tis true I did paint after Nature*, ſays he, *but I did not ALWAYS intend to paint Mr. ſuch a one, or Mrs. ſuch a one, in my Book of Manners.* If he did not *always* intend it, he therefore intended it *ſometimes.* The Conſequence is indiſputable.

VII. It is, in ſhort, true that M. *de la Bruyere's* Book contains ſome *perſonal Characters*: I beg leave, for Brevity's Sake, to call by that Name thoſe Kinds of Portraits, wherein M. *de la Bruyere* has ſo plainly drawn ſome Perſons, in Colours ſo peculiar to them, that a Man may ſay, 'tis Mr. ſuch a one, or Mrs. ſuch a one. Now let's ſee what it is that M. *de Vigneul-Marville* finds to carp at in them. He thinks, *they are not entirely done after the Life. The Author having mingled therewith Fancies of his own. But*, adds he, *'tis in this that he is to blame; for as there is no Man but has two Sides, a good one, and a bad one, he had giv'n leſs Offence if he had repreſented them entire, than to take them only on the bad Side, and to load that too with an extraordinary ridicule of borrow'd Vices.* We have juſt now ſeen how Portraits may not

not be chimerical, tho' they do not repreſent any certain Perſon in particular, excluſive of all others. As for ſuch as are really *perſonal*, and which are the Subject of the preſent Queſtion, M. *de Vigneul-Marville* ought not have barely averr'd, that M. *de la Bruyere* diſfigures them with falſe Colours, he ſhould have prov'd it by inconteſtible Examples. Beſides, in ſaying that *M.* de la Bruyere *repreſents only the bad Side of People*, he clearly diſcovers that he never examin'd thoſe Characters near-hand, and that it wou'd be the wrongeſt Thing a Man cou'd do to rely upon the Judgment *He* makes of them. We need only caſt an Eye upon ſome of theſe Characters to be convinc'd, that M. *de la Bruyere* takes therein a Pleaſure to do Juſtice to the Merit of the Perſons he meant to deſcribe, and that, inſtead of repreſenting only the bad Side of People, he ſets to view their good Qualities as genuinely, and with at leaſt as lively Colours as he does their Failings. This will eaſily appear from ſome Examples.

M. *de Vigneul-Marville* will have it that under the Name of *Theodas*, M. *de la Bruyere* has given us the Portrait of M. *de Santeuil*, Regular Canon of St. *Victor*, one of the beſt *Latin* Poets that appear'd in *France* in the XVII. Century. The ſame is affirm'd in the *Menagiana*, and I make no Difficulty to believe it: For beſides that M. *de la Bruyere* gives to his *Theodas* an extraordinary Genius for *Latin* Poetry, there are in that Picture ſome other Touches which can hardly ſuit with any but M. *Santeuil*. Yet I will not averr it ſo poſitively as is done in the *Menagiana*, and in the *Melanges d Hiſtoire & de Literature*: For, I cannot prove it to thoſe who ſhou'd incline to make a Doubt of it after what I've been ſaying. But ſuppoſing that M. *de la Bruyere* had own'd it to us, himſelf; let us ſee if we may from

from thence conclude with M. *de Vigneul-Marville* that M. *de la Bruyere has only ſhown us the worſt Side of thoſe he meant to deſcribe*, without taking any Notice of their good Qualities. The very firſt Line does viſibly convince us of the contrary. *Imagine*, ſays M. *de la Bruyere*, ſpeaking of *Theodas*, or if you will of M. *de Santeuil*, *Imagine a Man eaſy, ſoft, complaiſant, tractable, and then all of a ſudden cholerick, furious and capricious; conceive a Man ſimple, ingenuous, credulous, a trifler and giddy, a Child with grey hairs; but permit him to recollect himſelf, or rather to give himſelf up to a certain Genius that operates within him, perhaps without his being concern'd, and it may be without his knowledge: What Rapture! what Elevation! what Figures! what Latinity! You will ask me, Do you ſpeak of one and the ſame Man? Yes, of the ſame* Theodas, *and of him alone. He cries, labours, rolls on the ground, riſes, thunders and roars, and from the midſt of the Tempeſt comes a Light which warms and delights us; let us ſpeak without a Figure, he talks like a Fool, and thinks like a Wiſe Man; ſpeaks Truth in a ridiculous Way, and in Folly ſhews Senſe and Reaſon: What ſhall I ſay further? He talks and acts better than he thinks he does; there are in him, as it were, two Souls that are not acquainted, have no dependance on one another, and have each their Turns and diſtinct Functions. This Picture wou'd want one ſurprizing Stroke, ſhou'd I omit to tell you that he is at once covetuous and inſatiably deſirous of Praiſe; ready to expoſe himſelf to his Criticks, and in the main pliable enough to profit by their Cenſures. I begin to fancy my ſelf that I have drawn the Picture of two different Perſons, and 'tis not impoſſible to find a Third in* Theodas, *for he is a good, pleaſant and excellent Man.*

Is this a repreſenting of People in their worſt Light only? Rather, who wou'd not chuſe to have the little Failings which M. *de la Bruyere* obſerves in *Theodas*, on condition of meriting the Prai-

ſes he beſtows on him? I make M. *de Vigneul-Marville* himſelf Judge in the Caſe.

See another Portrait in M. *de la Bruyere's* Book, which ſuits with but one Man. *A Perſon appears dull, ſottiſh and ſtupid, knows neither how to ſpeak, or relate what he has ſeen; if he ſets to write, no Man does it better; he makes Animals, Stones, and Trees talk, and every Thing that cannot Talk. His Works are full of nothing but Elegance, Natural Senſe and Delicacy.*

By theſe Words we diſcover the Famous *de la Fontaine*, that perfect Original in the Art of Narration, wherein he ſurpaſs'd by far all who went before him, and will perhaps never have his Equal. But does this Picture exhibit only the Faulty ſide of him? Quite contrary: For if on the one Hand we are told that he *ſeem'd* heavy, dull, ſtupid (which he had in common with the * Prince of *Latin* Poets) we are ſoon given to underſtand, that it was a deceitful *Appearance*, and that under this indifferent Exterior was conceal'd an extraordinary and inimitable Genius, which the Painter takes a Pleaſure to ſet in the faireſt Light he cou'd poſſibly give it; ſo that while we are admiring all thoſe rare Qualities united in one ſingle Subject, we are no leſs charm'd with the Penetration of him who ſo well underſtood them, and with his Artfulneſs in deſcribing them in ſo lively a manner to us. But his Sincerity is no leſs commendable upon this Occaſion than his Diſcernment; for if it be true, as the Duke *de la Rochefoucault* ſays, that *it is a ſort of participating in glorious Actions to praiſe them heartily,*

* Virgil; *who is ſaid to have been very heavy in Converſation, and not unlike an ordinary illiterate Man*; Sermone tardiſſimum ac pene indocto ſimilem Meliſonus tradidit. *This you will find in his Life*, totidem verbis.

M. *de*

M. *de la Bruyere* undoubtedly deſerves great Commendations for thoſe he gives with ſo good a Grace to them who are worthy of them.

I confeſs he does not forget the Weakneſſes of thoſe whoſe excellent Qualities he ſo well recommends. But he cou'd not do otherwiſe, if he wou'd ſhew them to us Entire. For if we repreſent only the Bright-ſide of Mankind, we can no more make them known, than a Painter, who deſiring to repreſent to us the Air of the King of *Sweden*, ſhou'd content himſelf with painting to us his Forehead, or having ſeen nothing of that young Hero but his Forehead, ſhou'd paint all the reſt of his Face after his own Fancy. If an Hiſtorian ſays nothing of his Hero but what is good, he's a baſe Flatterer, or wants Memoirs: let him enquire further before he publiſhes his Work. For, in ſhort, if there be any ſuch thing as a general Maxim without Exception, 'tis doubtleſs this, *No Man is without Faults; he is moſt perfect who has feweſt.* And conſequently, a true Hiſtorian ought to ſpeak well and ill of Men in order to repreſent them as they really are; by this he diſtinguiſhes himſelf from the Satiriſt, who heightens and exaggerates their Vices, and from the Panegyriſt, who ſolely bends himſelf to illuſtrate the Virtues which his Hero either has, or which he ſuppoſes in Him. This is what the Count *de Buſſy* was very ſenſible of: For after having ſaid, that what he had written concerning M. *de Turenne* in his *Memoirs*, will meet with more Credit and do him more Honour than the Funeral Orations which have been made on him; becauſe 'tis notorious, that the Authors of ſuch Orations, ſpeak only to Praiſe, and that himſelf wrote only for the ſake of Truth; he adds, *Moreover, 'tis more probable that my Portraits bear a Likeneſs than thoſe of the Panegyriſts; becauſe I ſpeak Good and Evil of the ſame*

Perſons; they ſpeak nothing but Good; and no body is perfect in this World.

Here our Cenſurer will perhaps ſay, that tho' M. *de la Bruyere* has ſincerely repreſented the good and bad Qualities of M. *Santeuil* and M. *la Fontaine*, it does not follow that he obſerves the ſame Practice in the other Perſonal Characters which he was pleas'd to give us. This is true. But ſuppoſing that M. *de la Bruyere* has expos'd only the Faulty-ſide of ſome other Perſons, it does not follow that he always did ſo: and conſequently M. *de Vigneul-Marville* was in the Wrong to lay his Objection in ſuch general Terms. But what will he ſay, if ev'n the Character which he cites out of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Books, cannot prove, as he pretends it does, that That Illuſtrious Author took delight in expoſing only the vicious Side of People? This Character is That of *Menalcas*, a borrow'd Name, under which M. *de la Bruyere* preſents us with a Man, who through a mighty Diſtraction of Mind, commits ridiculous Blunders; which, tho' very numerous, are extremely diverting for their Singularity.

Is there in the whole Narration any Particularity, which puts it out of doubt that M. *de la Bruyere* meant to deſcribe ſuch a Perſon with Excluſion of all others? I ſee nothing like it. It belongs to M. *de Vigneul-Marville* who believes it, to convince us of it by good Proofs. Otherwiſe, he is to blame to inſtance in that Example. But why ſhou'd he torment himſelf in ſeeking who is deſign'd by *Menalcas*? M. *de la Bruyere* has ſav'd him that Trouble by a Note which he put at the beginning of that Character. *This*, ſays he, *is not ſo much any one particular Character, as an Enumeration of Blunders: If they are agreeable, they can't be too many; for Men's Taſtes being different, they may chuſe which they pleaſe.* What wou'd

wou'd M. *de Vigneul-Marville* pretend to after this? Wou'd he have us believe Him ſooner than M. *de la Bruyere?* But is it likely that he ſhou'd know an Author's Thought better than the very Author who produc'd it? It is true, this Declaration of M. *de la Bruyere* wou'd prove nothing, if there cou'd be found in *Menalcas*'s Character ſuch things as certainly agree with one certain Perſon, and which can't poſſibly agree with any other. But till M. *de Vigneul-Marville* has made that Diſcovery, he has no Pretence to contradict M. *de la Bruyere.* And what a fine Condition wou'd Authors be in, if the firſt Man who ſhou'd take it into his Head to criticize them, was ſuffer'd to explain their Intentions without any regard had to their Words, *i. e.* to lend them what Thoughts they pleas'd, however oppoſite to what they deliver'd in expreſs Terms, and in a very intelligible Manner?

I know very well that in the *Menagiana* 'tis ſaid, that by this *Menalcas* is to be underſtood the late Count *de Brancas*; but 'tis only ſet down as a flying Report and a ſimple Conjecture, which M. *Menage* dropt in Converſation, on purpoſe to have a Handle for bringing in two Inſtances of that Count's Diſtractions or Blunders, as odd and as extraordinary as any of thoſe which M. *de la Bruyere* attributes to his *Menalcas*. *The World will have it, that the* Menalcas *in M.* de la Bruyere's *Book is the late Count* de Brancas. Theſe are the very Words of the *Menagiana.* Judge if this be a very authentic Teſtimony, and whether M. *de Vigneul-Marville* has good Grounds to tell us afterwards, that *Menalcas*, who is of an Illuſtrious Family, was diſhonour'd by M. *de la Bruyere. The falſe Menaclas*, ſays this grave Cenſurer, *being ſubſtituted in the Minds of Men, in the room of the true* Menalcas, *diſhonours this latter, and leaves a foul Blemiſh on his Family which is Illuſtrious.* This

way of Arguing is none of the moſt Cogent, but let it paſs. Here then we have the true *Menalcas* diſhonour'd, and all his Poſterity with him. Whom muſt we blame? M. *de la Bruyere*, who no where names the true *Menalcas*, and who ſays nothing but what quadrates with a hundred others as well as him: or M. *Menage* and the Compilers of his Converſations, who ſet down his Name and Quality, and who inform us by Facts very Circumſtantial, and which they give for true, that he may very well be the Original to the feign'd *Menalcas*? I referit to M. *Vigneul-Marville* himſelf. But is it not a pleaſant Thing to ſee this rigid Cenſor ſo very much ſcandaliz'd at the Satyrical Portraits which he pretends are interſpers'd in the *Characters of the Age*; him I ſay, who without ſparing either the Dead or the Living, criticizes right or wrong, all ſorts of Perſons, without troubling himſelf to conceal their Names? I don't deſire to be believ'd upon my bare Word. Read what the Author of the *Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres* ſays of him in the Extract he made of M. *Vigneul-Marville*'s Book. [*January* 1700.] *Some People may perhaps be offended*, ſays that Judicious Writer, *at M.* Vigneul-Marville's *ſpeaking ſo freely, and, if I may have leave to ſay it, IN SO SHOCKING A MANNER, of divers Perſons, without diſtinguiſhing ſuch as are dead from ſuch as are yet living. But the generality of Readers will not quarrel with him upon that ſcore. Satire is pretty generally reliſh'd; and provided one's own ſelf is not perſonally concern'd in it, we are not over-apt to fly into a Paſſion when we meet with it in a Book. I ſhall give an Example of one of thoſe Places where the Author ſeems not to have ſpar'd either the Dead or the Living*, &c. The reſt may be ſeen in the *Republique des Lettres*, at the Place I have quoted. Upon which I can't forbear ſaying with Madam *Des-Houlieres*: *Impotent Reaſon, thou whom Man boaſts*

ſo

ſo much of; Behold, what a ſandy Foundation you afford! Ever vain, ever falſe, ever full of Injuſtice, we exclaim, in all our Diſcourſes, againſt thoſe Paſſions, thoſe Infirmities, thoſe Vices into which we daily fall.

After this Criticiſm on M. *de la Bruyere's Portraits*, our Cenſurer makes one general and two particular Remarks againſt the *Characters of the Age*. And ſince Errors in Thoughts are much more conſiderable than thoſe in Words, we will look into thoſe Remarks before we examine his Reflexions on the Stile of that Work.

VIII. M. *de la Bruyere*, * ſays he, *begs the Reader at the beginning of his Book* "to have his Title in "View, and to remember that he deſcribes the "Characters or Manners of the preſent Age. *I have carefully follow'd this Advice of* M. de la Bruyere's; *but I find that in following it, a Man is often led out of the way, and that a third Part of* M. de la Bruyere's *Book ought to be cut out, as not at all pertaining to his Deſign. Inſtead of enlarging his Work, he ſhould have contracted it, and kept to the Characters of this preſent Age, without running Riot among a hundred Things, which do not diſtinguiſh our Age from the Preceding, but which have been common to all. And therefore what he ſays concerning Beauty, Love, Friendſhip, and the like, are out of their Place, and utterly foreign to the purpoſe.* Here are a great many Words, and yet they import but this ſingle Aſſertion, *That there are*, according to M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, *ſeveral Things* (in M. *de la Bruyere's* Book) *foreign to the purpoſe*: So that, if we wou'd take his Advice, we cou'd not do better than to proſcribe the third Part of that

* Melange d'Hiſtoire, p. 342.

Work. But this Cenſurer does not conſider that he is only a Party in this Affair; that his own Opinion is to go for nothing; and that he can't expect to win the Cauſe without fully proving all that he alledges againſt the Author, whom he has undertaken to criticize. Beſides, if there's any Objection that requires to be thoroughly handled, and to be diſcuſs'd with the greateſt Exactneſs, 'tis undoubtedly that which he now makes. I don't believe M. *de la Bruyere* to be infallible, or that his Work is without Faults: No, I am perſuaded that in this way of writing (by independent Thoughts) it is next to impoſſible not to put down ſome Things which are not altogether eſſential to one's Subject. But on the other Hand, 'tis almoſt as difficult to demonſtrate clearly and in an undeniable Manner that ſuch Things as are inſerted in his Book are foreign to his Purpoſe. As a Thought is capable of having different References, a Man ſhould preciſely know that which the Author had in his Mind, (which is no eaſy thing to divine) before he can ſafely ſay it is not in its Place, but foreign to the Purpoſe. This ſingle Reflexion wou'd have prevented our Critic from deciding too haſtily, and without good Grounds, that one third of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book ought to be retrencht. One of the principal Reaſons which induc'd him to paſs this terrible Decree, was, it ſeems, becauſe *he found in the Book a great many Things which do not diſtinguiſh our Age from any that were before it.* But where is it that M. *de la Bruyere* engages not to inſert in his Book any thing but what may diſtinguiſh ours from other Ages? He promiſes us the *Characters or Manners of this preſent Age.* That's the Title of his Book; And his Deſign is to paint Mankind in general, without confining his Portaits to any one Court, or any one Country, as he declares to us him-

himſelf in his † Preface. His Buſineſs therefore is to repreſent our Manners ſuch as they really are: If he does this he makes good his Promiſe. But whether or no our Age be diſtinguiſh'd from the former by theſe Portraits, is no Concern of his. And, (by the bye) I know not but ſuch a Deſign of deſcribing one Age by ſuch Things as ſhou'd agree with no other, wou'd be full as ridiculous, as that of a Painter, who ſhou'd be minded to paint the Men of this Age without e'er a Noſe, or a Chin, the better to diſtinguiſh them from thoſe who liv'd in the preceeding Ages. Men have always been the ſame with Reſpect to the Heart, always ſubject to the ſame Paſſions and Infirmities, always capable of the ſame Virtues, and the ſame Vices. The Actors change, but 'tis ſtill the ſame Farce. Other Men will ſoon play the ſame Parts which are now play'd. *They in their turn will diſappear*, as M. *de la Bruyere* ſomewhere ſays, *and thoſe who do not yet exiſt will one Day ceaſe to Be.* A true Image of this World, which manifeſtly demonſtrates, that this preſent Age cannot be perfectly deſcribed, without uſing an infinite Number of Strokes, which no leſs correſpond with the preceding Ages than this of ours. If then M. *de Vigneul-Marville* has found a great many Lineaments, which do not difference our Age from other Ages, inſtead of proſcribing them for that Reaſon, he ought to have concluded that theſe Lineaments were certainly very conformable to Nature, which continually acts after much the ſame Manner in all Ages. And this is conſtantly the Inference which we draw from reading the Books of the Ancients. For Inſtance; we think *Terence* has perfectly well drawn a Debauchée,

† P. 61. Bruſſels *Edition.* 1697.

a Vil-

a Villain, an amorous young Man, &c. Why? Becauſe the Portraits he makes of 'em, exactly agree with the Debauchées, Villains, and amorous young Men, whom we ſee now-a-days. Upon the ſame Foundation it is that we admire the Juſtneſs of *Theophraſtus*'s Characters. *The Men whoſe Manners* Theophraſtus *painted*, ſays M. *de la Bruyere*, *were* Athenians, *and we are* Frenchmen; *and if we add to the Diverſity of Place and Climate, the long Interval of Time, and conſider that this Book was wrote in the laſt Year of the* CXVth *Olympiad, Three hundred and fourteen Years before the Chriſtian* Æra, *and that 'tis above two thouſand Years ſince that People of* Athens *lived, of whom he draws the Picture, we may be amaz'd at diſcovering our ſelves there, our Friends, our Enemies, thoſe whom we live with; and that being diſtant from each other ſo many Ages, the Reſemblance ſhou'd be ſo great. In ſhort, Men in their Souls and Paſſions, change not, but are ſtill the ſame they were, and as they are deſcrib'd by* Theophraſtus, *Vain, Diſſemblers, Flatterers, Selfiſh, Impudent, Importunate, Diſtruſtfull, Backbiters, Quarrelſome, and Superſtitious.*

A Word more upon this Head: I wou'd ask M. *Vigneul-Marville* whether he thinks that M. *Boileau* has drawn a true Picture of this preſent Age in theſe Verſes:

O Money, Money! is the charming Sound;
Without it, ev'ry Thing's but barren Ground.
Virtue without it is a uſeleſs Good,
As little valu'd as 'tis underſtood.
A Raſcal, who has Money, is ador'd;
'Tis Money gains the Cauſe, and makes the Lord.

He

He will, doubtleſs, anſwer me that this is viſibly one of the Characters of the preſent Age. But is it a Character that diſtinguiſhes our Age from the preceding? M. *Vigneul-Marville* will never ſay it. He is too converſant among the Ancients, not to know that a * famous Poet in the Age of *Auguſtus* ſaid in *Latin* what M. *Boileau* tells us in *French* in the Age of *Lewis* XIV. Now if M. *Boileau* was able to draw the preſent Age with Features which exactly coreſpond with thoſe already paſt, why might not M. *de la Bruyere* do the ſame thing?

IX. The next particular Remark which M. *Vigneul-Marville* makes againſt M. *de la Bruyere*, is, *That he often makes a Myſtery of what is not ſo.* I call this Remark particular, becauſe our Critic confirms it but by one Example, and that (you ſhall ſee) ſo ill choſen, that I don't think any body will for the future be inclin'd to rely upon his Judgment. *Thus*, (continues our Cenſor) *in Pag.* 468. *to make us comprehend what is ſufficiently comprehenſible of it ſelf*, that ſound Judgment is the ſcarceſt thing in the World; *he exaggerates and pronounces with the Tone of a Prophet this wonderful Sentence.* † "Next to ſound Judg-"ment, Diamonds and Pearls are the rareſt Things "to be met with. Our Critic, if I'm not deceiv'd, makes two falſe Suppoſitions in this Place; one, that M. *de la Bruyere* means to inform us, that ſound Judgment is very rare to meet with. This, in my Opinion, is what he never thought of. He contents himſelf with propoſing it as a Thought worthy of Remark, and on which every body

* Hor. Lib. Ep. 1. O Cives, Cives, quæranda pecunia primum eſt, &c.

† M. de la Bruyere's *Words*, Ch. XII.

ought

ought to reflect, in order to accuſtom themſelves to Self-Diffidence, and not too haſtily to imagine they underſtand what they really do not: A Failing too frequent among Men, and the grand Source of thoſe Errors into which they fall every Moment! The ſecond ill-grounded Suppoſition which our Critic makes here, is, his fancying it ſo eaſy a thing to comprehend, *that ſound Judgment is a very ſcarce Thing.* Far from it: 'Tis perhaps the thing which is leaſt comprehended by Mankind; for none but ſuch as have ſound Judgment (whoſe Number is doubtleſs very ſmall) do comprehend how rare a thing ſound Judgment is, and how ſcarce it is in the World. And to the great Surprize of M. *de Vigneul-Marville* be it ſpoken, the very manner in which he himſelf refutes M. *de la Bruyere*, proves viſibly that 'tis no eaſy matter to comprehend how rare a thing ſound Judgment is, and how much it concerns People to be advertis'd, that it is a thing extremely ſcarce. This will ſoon be ſeen. *Next to ſound Judgment, Diamonds and Pearls are the rareſt Things to be met with in the World,* ſays M. *de la Bruyere.* This Turn does not pleaſe M. *de Vigneul-Marville*; and thus he expreſſes himſelf upon it. *Ordinary People*, ſays he, *admire this Paſſage, as one of thoſe bright Turns which* M. de la Bruyere *has the peculiar Skill to give to his Thoughts; and yet it is only a Thought turn'd upſide down, and enchaſed in a Socket of meer Jargon. For it is not true that Diamonds and Pearls are very ſcarce Things, and ſo rare that nothing is more ſo, but ſound Judgment; which muſt be ſuppos'd, in order to maintain* M. de la Bruyere's *Thought, and to make it rational. Diamonds and Pearls are indeed Things of Price; but as to Scarcity there are a thouſand Things in* France, *and elſewhere, more ſcarce than either Pearls or Diamonds; and we might ſooner meet with ten Buſhels of Diamonds and Pearls at* Paris

Paris *than ten or twelve Sheets of* China-*Paper. Thus Pearls and Diamonds being Things pretty common, tho of great Price,* M. de la Bruyere *muſt be forc'd to conclude, in Spite of himſelf, if he will hold to good Senſe, that ſound Judgment is not the rareſt Thing to be met with in the World.* Had M. *de Vigneul-Marville* been paid for proving ſound Judgment (or *Diſcernment*) to be a very ſcarce thing, he cou'd not have more effectually done it, than by arguing in this glorious Manner; in which, not *diſcerning Paris* from the reſt of the World, he *confounds* two Objects, between which there's a greater Difference than between a Fly and an Elephant. We might ſoon find, ſays he, *at Paris* ten Buſhels of Diamonds and Pearls, ſooner than ten or twelveSheets of *China*-Paper; *Ergo,* M. *de la Bruyere* was in the wrong to ſay that next to ſound Judgment, Diamonds and Pearls are the rareſt Things to be met with *in the World.* What, becauſe *China*-Paper is ſcarcer at *Paris* than Pearls, is it alſo ſcarcer than Pearls ev'n in the Kingdom of *China,* which is undoubtedly in the World, ſince it is one of the fineſt Parts of it? Is it not after this very difficult to comprehend that ſound Judgment is ſo ſcarce as it really is, ſince ſuch penetrating and judicious Writers as M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is, ſhou'd ſometimes be ſo far deceiv'd as to take *Paris* for the World, a Part for the Whole?

X. Our Critic's ſecond particular Remark is, that M. *de la Bruyere has the Gift of contradicting himſelf, and not to underſtand his own Words. This appears,* ſays he, *in the very beginning of his Book. He is ſpeaking in Favour of Antiquity, and retails that generally receiv'd Thought,* viz. *That the Ancients have ſaid every thing that can be ſaid; that we Moderns come too late to ſay any thing new.* "Every thing has been ſaid, cries

" cries M. *de la Bruyere*, and We are come too late " after above ſeven thouſand Years that there have " been Men, and Men have thought. The fineſt " and moſt beautiful Thoughts concerning Man- " ners have been carry'd away before our Times, " and we can do nothing now but glean after the " Ancients". *This is all good*: *But as if* M. de la Bruyere *had repented of his Propoſition, he joyns to the Ancients* (*which ſpoils all*) the moſt ingenious of the Moderns. *For he thereby equals the Moderns to the Ancients, and ſhews, that ſince there are Moderns as well as Ancients who may be gleaned after, the Ancients did not ſay all that cou'd be ſaid, or that they carry'd away before our time all the fineſt and moſt beautiful Thoughts concerning Manners. But the Cunning of this judicious Contradiction lies here,* M. de la Bruyere *had a Mind to fence againſt the Reproach that might have been thrown on him for not being a quite new Author. 'Twas therefore to do himſelf Honour, that he introduces, againſt his own Maxim, ingenious Moderns who are no leſs inventive in the Subjects of Morals than the Ancients.* So many Words, ſo many falſe Suppoſitions and ill-grounded Concluſions. M. *de la Bruyere* does not here dream in the leaſt of equalling the Moderns to the Ancients. He does not ſay that the Ancients have carry'd off before us all and every the fineſt and moſt beautiful Thoughts concerning Manners; but only that the Ancients and moſt ingenious of the Moderns having carry'd off the fineſt Thoughts; there now remains to thoſe who are minded to write on Manners, but few new Reflexions to make upon that important Subject. And conſequently M. *de la Bruyere* does not contradict himſelf in ſaying at the beginning of his Book; *Every thing has been ſaid, and we are come too late after above ſeven thouſand Years that there have been Men and Men have thought. The fineſt and moſt beautiful Thoughts concerning Manners have*

have been carried away before our Times, and we can do nothing now but glean after the Ancients, and the moſt ingenious of the Moderns. There is not, I ſay, any Contradiction in theſe Words, but rather a great Modeſty which every equitable Man ought to praiſe and admire, after having read M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book, where a Man cannot but ſee a great many fine Things, which he might in vain look for in the Works of the moſt ingenious, either Ancients or Moderns. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* perhaps plays upon the Word *All*, which he takes rigidly for a metaphyſical Univerſality, and capable of no Exception; but 'tis viſible that in this Place it ſhou'd be taken looſely and popularly for the greater Part of the Things in Queſtion, and that too in an indeterminate Number, as when we ſay, *All* Paris *is gone out to meet the King*, &c.

Again, the Science of Manners is ſo far from being entirely exhauſted by the Ancients, that on the contrary it ſeems reaſonable to believe (without any Imputation of Self-ſufficiency) that there will be made new Diſcoveries therein, as long as there ſhall be Men upon the Earth: ſo various and ſo capable of infinite Combinations are the Deſires, the Views, the Complexions, and Paſſions of that Species of the Creation. This is the Sentiment of * a Great Maſter this way, who has himſelf diſcover'd upon the Subject of Manners a Multitude of Things, which, I believe, a Man wou'd be hard put to't to find in thoſe Ancients to whom M. *de Vigneul-Marville* will have it, that nothing was unknown of that Nature. *Whatever Diſcovery has beeen made in the Country of* † *Self-love*,

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* *The Duke of* Rochefoucaut.

† *The Great if not the Only Motive of humane Actions.*

|| ſays;

‖ ſays he, *there yet remains a great many unknown Lands.*

XI. Now let us ſee what M. *de Vigneul-Marville* finds amiſs in the Stile of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book. He condemns it without any manner of Ceremony. *I confeſs*, ſays he, *that if* M. de la Bruyere *had made choice of a good Stile, if he had written with Purity, and finiſh'd off his Portraits more than he has done, a Man cou'd not without Injuſtice deſpiſe his Book.* You have already ſeen what truſt may be put in what this Critic has thought fit to publiſh againſt M. *de la Bruyere*'s *Portraits*; and you ſhall now ſee whether he has any better Skill in *Stile.* He goes on thus: *His way of writing, (according to M.* Menage*) is altogether new: But ne'er the better for that: 'tis a difficult thing to introduce a new Stile in Languages, and to ſucceed in it, eſpecially when thoſe Languages are arriv'd at their Perfection, as ours is at this Day.*

I know not what M. *Vigneul-Marvile* means by Stile; but it ſeems to me to be nothing but a certain chaining of the Thoughts, expreſt by Words, which ſhew how they are link't to each other: So that, in Proportion as this linking is clear and rational, a Stile may be ſaid to be more or leſs clear and exact. I ſuppoſe a Man underſtands his Language, without which the Diſcourſe can't have that Purity and Clearneſs, which conſiſts in the uſing proper Terms, in their juſt Diſtribution, and in whatever renders the Diction exact and eaſy to be underſtood. To conclude; what makes a good Stile, is good Reaſoning, and a natural Ordering of the Thoughts. And * as there is perhaps as much

‖ *In his moral Reflexions*, Reflect. 4.

* Eſt in hoc incredibilis quædam varietas: Nec pauciores animorum penè quàm corporum formæ. *Quintil.*

dif-

difference between Men's Minds as their Faces, there are perhaps as many Stiles as Writers, becauſe 'tis poſſible there are not two Men who conceive Things exactly in the ſame Order, and with the ſame Formality. This may be prov'd every Day by ſenſible Experiments. Let, for Example, two or three Perſons write a Letter on the ſame Subject, they ſhall each take a various Turn, and put his Thoughts together in a different Manner, one more agreeably and more naturally than another: So that each Letter ſhall have its particular Stile, tho in the main the Thoughts ſhall not differ much. It is not, therefore, eaſy to comprehend what our Cenſor means when he ſays, *it is a difficult thing to introduce* a new Stile: For every Writer has his Stile. *Voiture* manages his Thoughts otherwiſe than *Balzac*. His Stile is freer, and ſeems leſs ſtudied. M. *de Vigneul-Marville*'s manner of Narration is very unlike that of M. *Pelliſon*. There is at leaſt as great a Difference between them as between *Chapelain* and *Virgil*: And the Stile of M. *Pelliſſon* is no more like that of M. *Menage*, or Father *Bouhours*, than the Stile of Father *Bouhours* is like that of * *Cleanthe*, or Mr. *Fontenelle*. Further; the ſame Writer has not always the ſame Stile. Sometimes he's not in a Humour to write; and then his Stile has no longer the ſame Beauties it was wont to have. Sometimes he is more Diffuſe than uſual, for want of Leiſure or Courage to chaſten his Stile; to poliſh it and prune it of thoſe Excreſcencies, which in the Heat of Compoſing eſcap'd him. I remember a Story to this Purpoſe, in the *Life of Virgil*. 'Tis ſaid †,

* M. Barbier Daucourt.

† Cum Georgica ſcriberet, traditur quotidie meditatos manè plurimos verſus dictare ſolitum, ac per totum diem retractando ad pauciſſimos redigere; non abſurdè carmen ſe urſæ more parere dicens, & lambendo demum affingere. *In Virg. Vitâ.*

That when he compos'd his *Georgics*, his Cuſtom was in the Morning to dictate a conſiderable Number of Verſes, and ſpend the reſt of the Day in reviſing them, and by that time 'twas Night reduc'd them to a very ſmall Number, which he call'd *licking the Bear*. Thoſe Verſes which *Virgil* compos'd in the Morning, were, doubtleſs, very different from thoſe, which, if one may uſe the Expreſſion, were diſtill'd from them the remaining Part of the Day. And if by chance any of thoſe firſt Verſes had come down to us, no doubt but many Critics wou'd have ſcarce believ'd they eſcap'd that great Poet, becauſe of the little Reſemblance there had been between thoſe Verſes and what we have of his.

But ſince we are upon the Difference of Stiles, it will not, I believe, be altogether remote from the Purpoſe, to hint by the bye, that one of the Things which contributes moſt to this Difference, is, the different Uſage of Particles which have been invented to mark the Connexion which the Mind puts between the Ideas or Propoſitions that form a Diſcourſe: *For when the Mind is deſirous to communicate its Thoughts to Others, it not only chains together the Parts of the Propoſitions, but entire Sentences, in all their ſeveral Relations and Dependances, in order to form a Rational Diſcourſe.* I take this Remark out of an excellent Book, tranſlated from the *Engliſh*, which lately fell into my Hands. It is entitul'd *A Philoſophical Eſſay concerning Human Underſtanding*. The Author is manifeſtly a Genius of the firſt Order, a Philoſopher accurate and profound, who examines Things in their Source, and penetrates deep into all the Subjects he handles. Let this be ſaid without warranting his Syſtem, the bottom whereof I have not yet ſeen. As for the Uſage of Particles in Stile, what he adds upon that deſerves to be mention'd, and is *Verbatim* as fol-

follows. *That a Man may think well, it is not enough for him to have clear and diſtinct Ideas in himſelf, or to obſerve the Concord or Diſcord which there is between ſome of thoſe Ideas, but he ought to link his Thoughts, and remark the Dependance which his Reaſonings have with each other: And for the well expreſſing thoſe Thoughts, when rang'd methodically and chain'd together by conſequential Reaſonings, he muſt have Terms to ſhew the* Connexion, *the* Reſtriction, *the* Diſtinction, *the* Oppoſition, *the* Emphaſis, *&c. which he applies to every reſpective Part of his Diſcourſe.* And conſequently, it is upon the juſt Application which is made of thoſe Terms, that the Perſpecuity and Beauty of a Stile principally depends, as the ſame Author obſerves. On the contrary, the Stile of a Diſcourſe is obſcure, ill-form'd, without Coherence and Strength, if thoſe Particles are apply'd at random and without Reaſon. And if we wou'd ſpeak properly of a Man who writes in that manner, we muſt ſay, not that he writes in *a new Stile*, but that he has no Stile at all.

Such Reflexions as theſe are deſpis'd by M. *de Vigneul-Marville* who makes *the Novelty* of Stile, which he upbraids M. *de la Bruyere* with, to conſiſt in ſome Words which are improper, or which being join'd together compoſe Expreſſions not perfectly *French.* For after having ſaid that it is difficult to introduce a new Stile in the Tongues, he goes on thus: Barclay, Juſtus Lipſius, *and others who have been fond of Dabbling in* Latin, *have not been approv'd of by the wiſeſt Critics: And in the* French *Tongue,* Cirano de Bergerac, *and the Tranſlator of* Gracian's *Courtier, are intolerable.* M. *de la Bruyere condemns thoſe Men and himſelf too, when he ſays in Chap.* V. " Some Men ſhock us with their ridi-
" culous Phraſes, with the Novelty, and, I will
" boldly ſpeak it, with the Impropriety of the

" Terms they make uſe of; ſuch as the joining " certain Words which are never to be found put " together, except in their Mouths, and by ma- " king them ſignify ſuch Things as their firſt In- " ventors never meant they ſhou'd. In Diſcourſe " they neither follow Reaſon nor Cuſtom, but " their own fantaſtic Genius. *Here you have* M. de la Bruyere *drawn to the Life*, adds our ſubtil Critic.

XII. Happening, ſome few Days ago, to read this *Defence of M.* de la Bruyere to a certain Friend, I pointed him to this genteel Aſſertion of M. *de Vigneul-Marville's*: He took Fire at reading it, and cou'd not forber apoſtrophizing to our Cenſurer, by that Verſe of *Boileau*:

" *Are you who thus pretend to talk, a Judge?*

" You, M. *Vigneul-Marville*, whoſe Diſcourſe " is nothing but a Beadroll of improper, puerile, " and monſtrous Expreſſions; and of pitiful pro- " verbial Phraſes, which are hardly pardonable in " a free Converſation, and by way of Joke, as " M. * St. *Evremont* obſerves." Our Critic did not think of that, when he made himſelf a Judge in an Affair where his Authority is for ſo many Reaſons liable to be excepted againſt. He affects a great Squeamiſhneſs in the matter of Language. But whence ariſes this Squeamiſhneſs? From the Goodneſs of his Taſte? How then comes his Book

* *An Orator*, ſays he, *ought to avoid empty Quibbles*, Proverbs, *Puns, as being the evil Effects of a mean Education, and unworthy of true Eloquence. We ſcarce pardon them in a Gentleman, ev'n tho' he uſes them jocularly over a Bottle.* Vol. I p. 293.

to

to be ſo ill written? How comes he to fill it with ſo many vulgar Expreſſions, ſo much bad *French*, and ſuch improper, obſcure, affected Phraſes? If you will not believe me, read what follows.

* *Whenever* Moreri *meets with an Author, who dilates himſelf upon Nothing, he dilates with him.* What a way of ſpeaking is this, *'s'epancher, to dilate a Man's ſelf with another upon Nothing!* Is it founded upon Reaſon, upon Cuſtom, or upon the whimſical Genius of the Perſon who is pleas'd to make uſe of it? I appeal to Himſelf.

† *A man lets fly a captious Argument at* M. *Simon: He receives it with a good grace, cleaves it in two with a ſubtil* diſtinguo, *and eſcapes thro' the Breach.* I know not but *Rural Wits*, as our Critic elſewhere has it, may admire this noble Period; yet I very much doubt whether it will go down with Men of Senſe and Politeneſs.

‖ *The Mareſchal* de Baſſompierre, *being confin'd in the Baſtile, ſpent his Time in reading good Books, and in compoſing Obſervations and Memoirs* (qui lui ſont glorieux, *inſtead of* qui lui font honneur,) *which are vain-glorious* inſtead of *glorious for him.*

* *It looks as if the Muſes had made it their Buſineſs to appropriate the Outſide of the Books of M.* Grollier's *Library, ſo much Art and Wit appears in their Ornaments.* Is not this a rare Thought, and the Expreſſion noble and perfectly *French*; *Books appropriated on the Outſide*, that is, *Bound by the Muſes?*

† Taſſo, *at twelve Years of Age, ſtudy'd the Law*, au Droit. We ſay, *etudier en Droit, en Philoſophie, en Rhetorique*; but no Man ever ſaid, *etudier au Droit, à la Philoſophie*, &c. M. *Vigneul-Marville* is certainly

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* Melanges d'Hiſtoire & de Literature, *p.* 293.
† *P.* 186. ‖ *P.* 133. * *P.* 154. † *P.* 142.

the firſt that ever ſpoke thus. Yet he's acquainted with the Rules of our Language. He has read thoſe of M. *Vaugelas* and Father *Bouhours*. But ſome People read Rules which they don't take care to obſerve. And therefore our Critic gives a Regimen to *auparavant*, as if it were a Prepoſition; tho' M. *Vaugelas* expreſly ſays that * the true Uſe of *auparavant*, is to apply it as an Adverb, not as a Prepoſition. *Bien auparavant cet Autheur*, ſays M. *Vigneul-Marville*, *deux celebres Ecrivains ont donnè à leurs expreſſions toute la force qu'elles pouvoient ſouffrir.*

† Again, M. *Gaudin*, ſays our Critic, *put a Spoke in Fortune's Wheel.* A fine Expreſſion! is it not very clear, and truly *French*?

† *Meſſieurs* Dupuy, *with a* Cato-*like Gravity, took the Sciences by their moſt ſerious Handle, and cou'd not endure thoſe who, if we may ſo ſay, were only the Punchanello's of Literature.* Is not this Excellent and Polite, *the Punchanello's of Literature*? Do they ſpeak thus among *Carthuſians*? If ſo, our Author is to be excus'd for employing ſo pleaſant an Expreſſion which whole Order has conſecrated. M. *Vigneul-Marville* underſtands me, and that's ſufficient.

† *'Tis not long ſince the* Eugenes *and the* Ariſtus's, *who thought by their Bravado's to triumph over their Enemies, fell into the Hands of a ſevere Critic, who ſhav'd them ſo cloſe, that the Poor Men look'd as if they were flay'd.*

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* Remarques ſur la Langue Francoiſe, Tom II. p. 203. *You will find the ſame thing in the* Doutes *of* F. Bouhours, *p.* 152 *and in a Note of M.* Corneille's *on this Remark of* Vaugelas.

† *P.* 335. *p.* 138, &c.

Is

Is not M. *Vigneul-Marville* likewiſe turn'd *Barber*? Has he not *flay'd* M. *de la Bruyere*? Are not theſe Ideas brilliant and well-fancy'd?

† *A very honeſt Gentleman, who deſign'd to write the Hiſtory of his Time, us'd to ſay, I will have no Favourite Heroe: Virtue alone ſhall be my Heroine.* M. *Vigneul-Marville* quotes that honeſt Gentleman's Words too faithfully. He might have made him talk a little better *French*, without hurting *his Heroine* Truth. We do not ſay, *je ne veux point d'heros*, but *de heros*. This is the firſt Remark of M. *Vaugelas*.

Excuſe me from purſuing this Criticiſm any further. I began it for no other Reaſon but to make M. *Vigneul-Marville* ſenſible that he ought to diſtruſt himſelf, and not too haſtily take his Aſſertions for Proofs.

XIII. But this is a Fault which he cannot eaſily correct. Our Cenſurer is frequently guilty of it, and is again ſo in what he adds immediately after. *It is true*, ſays he, *that this Gentleman had ſaid before, in Page* 50. " * That a Man may in one ſort of " Writing (*he means his own*) venture certain Ex- " preſſions, make uſe of Terms which are tranſ- " pos'd and which paint a Thing lively, and pity " ſuch as feel not the Pleaſure which there is in " making uſe thereof, or in underſtanding them." I know not from whence our Critic learnt that M. *de la Bruyere* in this place meant his own Works more than a great many others wherein theſe Liberties are juſtly taken, as we ſhall ſee by and by. But let that paſs. Let us ſee what it is he finds amiſs in thoſe Words. M. *de la Bruyere*, ſays he, *tickles*

† *page* 385

* M. de la Bruyere's *Words, Chap.* 1.

himſelf here to make himſelf laugh. Certainly, he muſt be a very pretty Fellow that can fancy it a Pleaſure to have to do with Difficulties. For is any thing more harſh and unpleaſant than, in the French *Tongue (which being all ſmooth, follows exactly the Natural Order in its Conſtructions,) to tranſpoſe its Terms, and to create Confuſion where there ought to be none?* Rather, muſt not he be *a very pretty Fellow* that thinks he proves a Thing, when he does but ſuppoſe it? M. *de Vigneul-Marville* abſolutely condemns Tranſpoſitions in the *French* Tongue, and M. *de la Bruyere* is of Opinion they may be allow d in *one* ſort of Writing, that is, if we believe our Cenſurer, in his own *Characters of the Age*. Who ſees not that this hardy Critic ought not to have concluded, that Tranſpoſitions are contrary to the Genius of our Tongue, till he had firſt made appear by ten or a dozen Examples of Tranſpoſitions drawn out of M. *de la Bruyere's* Book, that they only ſerv'd to perplex the Diſcourſe? Not that the Concluſion had been, ev'n then, very certain; for other Writers might have done That well which M. *de la Bruyere* knew not how to do. But be that as it will, M. *de Vigneul-Marville* thought this Diſcuſſion too troubleſome; and therefore choſe rather to proſcribe in general all Tranſpoſitions, than take the pains to examine whether a Man is in the right to make uſe of them on certain Occaſions. *Even our Poets*, continues he, *to whom Tranſpoſitions are very helpful in Verſification, have abandon'd them, and never uſe them but in the greateſt Extremity, and when they cannot otherwiſe form their Verſes. It is one of the Beauties of our Tongue not to tranſpoſe any thing, either in Proſe or Poetry; and This, having been diſcover'd in the beginning of this Century by M.* Malherbe *and the Preſident* Mainard, *is daily practis'd by the greateſt Maſters, ev'n with more Exactneſs than formerly.* All this means, according to our Critic,

tic, that Tranſpoſitions ought to be entirely baniſh'd from Proſe, and not admitted into Poetry without abſolute Neceſſity. But this Deciſion is ſomewhat too general, as you ſhall ſee. It is certain, that ſince the Eſtabliſhment of the *French* Academy, great Application has been made in poliſhing our Language, and Endeavours have been more eſpecially us'd to render the Turn of it ſimple, eaſy, clear, and free from all Incumbrance. For this end, all obſcure or equivocal Conſtructions have been condemn'd; and, in the Diſtribution of Words, the moſt natural Order follow'd, as being the leaſt ſuſceptible of Ambiguity. This Order conſiſts in putting the Nominative Caſe at the beginning of a Propoſition, and then the Verb with what it governs, the Adverb immediately before or after the Verb, *&c.* But is a Man oblig'd to obſerve this Order upon all Occaſions? Yes, when any other Diſpoſition is found contrary to Perſpicuity and Clearneſs, to which all Things muſt be ſacrific'd; for the ſole End of Speech is to make our ſelves be underſtood. But inſtead of its being impoſſible ever to depart from this Order without darkening a Diſcourſe, we are ſometimes indiſpenſably oblig'd to forſake it, either in Conformity to Cuſtom, which has in a manner conſecrated certain irregular Turns, or to bring a Period well off, which wou'd otherwiſe be languid, obſcure and perplexing; beſides that in an Oratorial Diſcourſe, Tranſpoſitions have a very particular Beauty and Vivacity. All which we will now prove by Examples.

1. I ſay in the firſt place, that ſome Tranſpoſitions are ſo ſtrongly authoriz'd by Cuſtom, that the natural Conſtruction wou'd be not only harſh, but perfectly barbarous. *The Caſe is plain,* ſays * Father

* *In his Tranſlation of* Perſius, *Sat.* IV.

Tarteron,

Tarteron; *ſo goes the World, we tear our Neighbour to pieces, and he tears us.* Can a *Frenchman*, who knows his Language, ſpeak otherwiſe? And ſhou'd we not juſtly treat as a *Viſigoth*, a Man who deſiring to follow the natural Order, on this Occaſion ſhou'd ſay, *So the World goes*, &c? *By this Maxim*, * ſays the New Tranſlator of *Demoſthenes*, *conducted themſelves the ancient and famous Orators, whom the Moderns continually praiſe without ever imitating*; *an* Ariſtides, *a* Nicias, *a* Pericles, *and that Great Man*, &c. Here's another Tranſpoſition, *conducted themſelves the ancient Orators*, but which is abſolutely neceſſary. I can't believe that M. *Vigneul-Marville* cou'd prevail with himſelf to ſay, *By this Maxim the ancient and famous Orators, whom the Moderns continually praiſe, without ever imitating*; *an* Ariſtides, *&c. conducted themſelves.* And indeed, tho' he was ſo great an Enemy to Tranſpoſitions as to ſay, That *it is One of the Beauties of our Tongue not to tranſpoſe any thing, either in Proſe or Verſe*; yet he himſelf happens ſometimes to put the Nominative Caſe after the Verb. Thus, ſpeaking of *Cicero*'s Epiſtles to *Atticus*, he ſays (pag. 367.) *Theſe Epiſtles will inſtruct us in the Hiſtory of the Civil War, and what* Cicero's *Thoughts were concerning it (Et des ſentiments qu'en avoit Ciceron.)* He might have ſaid, *que Ciceron en avoit*, and the Senſe wou'd have been ne'er the leſs diſturb'd for that, but the other Turn ſeem'd to him the more agreeable One, or perhaps dropt from his Pen without his perceiving it.

2. In the Second place, nothing is more proper for the bringing a Diſcourſe well off, than Tranſpoſitions ſeaſonably made, as will be infallibly found by every Writer who underſtands and loves a Clear-

* M. Tourreil, p. 54.

neſs

eſs of Stile, and has any long-winded Work upon is Hands. *For this Reaſon,* * ſays a famous Orator, *he ſingle Perſon of the Prince of* Conde *was worth, to* France, *whole Armies: That, when he took the Field, he moſt Formidable of the Enemies Forces were viſibly in-imidated by the Terror of his Name: That under him our eakeſt Troops became intrepid and invincible: That by is Care, our Frontiers were under Covert, and our Pro-vinces in Safety: That under him were form'd and bred hoſe ſeaſon'd Soldiers, thoſe experienc'd Officers, thoſe Braves in all the Orders of War, who have ſince ſigna-iz'd themſelves in our laſt Wars, and who acquir'd ſo uch Honour to the* French *Name, only by having had hat Prince for their Maſter and Chieftain.* Who ſees ot that this laſt Period wou'd have been very flat nd diſturb'd if the Orator had follow'd the Natu-al Order, as he had before done; and if he had aid that, *thoſe ſeaſon'd Soldiers, thoſe experienc'd Offi-ers, thoſe Braves in all the Orders of War, who have ince ſignaliz'd themſelves in our laſt Wars, and acquir'd o much Honour to the* French *Name, only by having had hat Prince for their Maſter and Chieftain, were form'd nd bred under him?*

Here's another Example, where the Natural Con-truction is perfectly ridiculous. *It is a Book which hat Gentleman, who came to viſit me yeſterday about ſix of he Clock in the Evening, when you were with me in my Library, gave me.* "This way of ſpeaking, *adds* " † *the Author from whom I borrow this Example,* as " regular as it is, is ridiculous: And any Man may " eaſily ſee, that 'twere better to take the irregular

* *Father* Bourdaloue, *in his Funeral Oration upon the Prince of* Conde.

† *Mr.* Andry *in his* Reflexions ſur l'Uſage preſent de la Lan-ue Francoiſe, *p.* 485.

" Turn'

" Turn, and to ſay: *C'eſt un Livre que, m' a donné*
" *cette perſonne*, &c. This is a Thing ſo well known,
" *continues that Judicious Writer*, that we have no Au-
" thor who writes otherwiſe: Not even ſuch as are
" moſt incorrect, and leaſt mindful of Politeneſs;
" they all take this irregular Turn, rather than im-
" pertinently perplex a Phraſe. Nor do I think
M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is of another Opinion.

3. It remains for me to ſhew, that, in Diſcourſes of a lively, nervous Stile, Tranſpoſitions have a more than ordinary Beauty. Our moſt celebrated Writers will furniſh me with ſuch Proofs of this, as I believe our Critic will not dare to contradict. I ſhall take the Firſt out of the Works of M. *S. Evremont*, *that celebrated Author, who has given to his Expreſſions all the Strength they were capable of within the Bounds of Reaſon*, as M. *de Vigneul-Marville* has very juſtly obſerv'd. *I look upon the Preceptor of* Nero * ſays he, *the Lover of* Agrippina, *as an Ambitious Man, who aſpir'd to the Empire: The Philoſopher and Writer, I make no great Account of.* He might have ſaid, *I make no great Account of the Philoſopher and Writer.* But beſides that the irregular Turn is more lively and harmonious, M. *S. Evremont* found there by the means of varying his Stile; a Secret of ſuch Importance, that he who knows it not, let him do what he can, ſhall never riſe above the Character of a pitiful Writer.

† *A Frozen Stile that neither Ebbs nor Flows,*
Inſtead of pleaſing, makes us gape and doze.
Thoſe tedious Authors are eſteem'd by none,
Who tire us, Humming the ſame heavy Tone.

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* *Judgment of* Seneca, *&c.* Tom. 1. p. 337.
† Boileau's *Art of Poetry*, Canto 1.

But if M. *St. Evremond* had a Right to employ Tranſpoſitions in a familiar Diſcourſe, they may with much more Reaſon be us'd in public Diſcourſes; which being animated by the Voice, ought to be compos'd in a more lively and nervous Stile. And therefore there is nothing more common than ſuch irregular Turns in thoſe ſort of Compoſitions.

That Heart, greater than the Univerſe, ſays Father *Bourdaloue* in his Funeral Oration on the Prince of *Conde*; *That Heart which all* France *may well Envy us; that Heart ſo ſolid, ſo upright, ſo worthy of God, he was pleas'd that we ſhou'd poſſeſs and be the Depoſitaries of.*

There wou'd be no End of quoting Examples of this kind, where a more regular Conſtruction wou'd make the Diſcourſe flat, and take from it that ſweet Harmony which is ſo pleaſing to the Ear in a Public Action.

But ſince M. *Vigneul-Marville* * ſeems to have an Eſteem for the Rules of Father *Bouhours*, I can't do better than confirm what I have been ſaying, with a Judicious Remark made by that famous Grammarian concerning Tranſpoſitions being graceful upon ſome Occaſions. *There are*, according to † that Grammarian, *ſome irregular Turns which are Elegant.* " Examples, *adds he*, will ſhew what I mean. M. " *Maucroix* ſays in the Second Homily of St. *Chry-* " *ſoſtom* to the People of *Antioch*: *This Place which* " *gave us Birth, we avoid it as an Ambuſh*: And " M. *Patru* ſays in his Plea for Madam *de Guenegaud*: " *And yet this Sovereign, the new Conſtitutions degrade* " *her*; *her whole Authority is annihilated, and no other* " *Mark of Dignity left her but Reverences. The Supe-*

* Melanges d'Hiſtoire, *&c. p.* 347.

† Remarques nouvelles ſur la Langue Franc. Tom. 1. p 30.

" *rior*

" *rior does nothing but 'tis condemn'd ; her moſt innocent*
" *Actions, they blacken them.*

" Now according to ſtrict Rule, continues that
" Father, we ſhou'd ſay, *We avoid as an Ambuſh that*
" *Place which gave us Birth. And yet the new Conſtitu-*
" *tions degrade this Sovereign: they blacken her moſt in-*
" *nocent Actions.* We ſpeak thus in Converſation,
" and in a plain ſimple Book; but in a public Acti-
" on which is animated by the Voice, and which
" requires a more lively Eloquence, the irregular
" Turn is more beautiful. Upon theſe Occaſions
" it is ſometimes lawful to Orators as well as Po-
" ets, to diſpenſe with the ſcrupulous Rules of
" common Conſtruction: And we may almoſt ſay
" of Sermons and Pleadings, what the Author of
" the *Art of Poetry* ſays of *Ode:*

" *Her generous Stile will oft at random ſtart,*
" *And by a brave Diſorder ſhew her Art.*

" But if ſuch ſort of Irregularities are Elegant in
" Proſe, *adds Father* Bouhours, they are ſtill more
" ſo in Poetry, which in it ſelf is ſomewhat impe-
" tuous, and loves not a Language altogether uni-
" form.

Now let any one judge, whether M. *de la Bruyere* was not in the Right to ſay, that *in one ſort of Writings a Man may uſe Terms which are tranſpos'd and which paint a thing lively*; and whether on the other hand, M. *Vigneul-Marville* was not in the Wrong to aſſert, that *it is one of the Beauties of our Tongue not to tranſpoſe any thing either in Proſe or Poetry.* No doubt there are ſome Tranſpoſitions forc'd, and contrary to the Sweetneſs and Perſpicuity of a Language: But there are likewiſe others which have a very good Grace, and which can't be baniſh'd without depriving our Tongue of that lively, free and natural

tural Air, which makes one of its greateſt Beauties. This is what was perfectly well underſtood by M. *Vaugelas*, that Judicious Author, whoſe Authority will be always of great Weight in this Point. For after having condemn'd certain Tranſpoſitions as too rugged, he adds, *Many aſcribe to Poetry the Cauſe of theſe Tranſpoſitions, which are Ornaments in Verſification, when perform'd like that of* Malherbes, *whoſe Poetry is incomparable for its Turn; but commonly they are Vices in Proſe: I ſay* commonly, *becauſe there are ſome which are very beautiful.* Obſerve how this prudent Writer avoids thoſe general and abſolute Deciſions, which are almoſt always falſify'd by ſome uncontrovertible Exceptions.

XIV. Let us return to M. *Vigneul-Marville.* "†No Man before M. *de la Bruyere*, ſays M. *Menage*, ", has had that Strength, that Juſtneſs of Expreſſi-" on which are to be met with in his Book." *In truth*, exclaims our Cenſurer upon this, M. *Menage wou'd have oblig'd us by pointing out the Places of M.* de la Bruyere's *Book where this is to be met with: We might, in return, ſhew him twice the number, where it is not to be met with.* Why then did he not ſhew them without loſing his Time in idle Words? Why did he thus abuſe his own Leiſure, and that of the Public, in Printing ſuch Dialogues? We need no longer deſpair of ſeeing an Edition of Porters and Herb-Women's Converſation. *It will rain to day*, ſay you; *but I don't think ſo, and will lay Two to One it will not.* Imagine, if you pleaſe, ſomething more frivolous; it cannot be more ſo than this Place of the *Melanges d' Hiſtoire & de Literature.* For what

† P. 335.

im-

imports it us to know, that M. *Menage* wou'd have oblig'd M. *Vigneul-Marville*, by quoting to him the Places in the Book of Characters, where the Force and Exactneſs he ſpeaks of were to be met with; and that if he had ſo done, M. *Vigneul-Marville* wou'd *have ſhewn him twice the Number where they are not to be met with?* After this wonderful Dialogue, are we a whit the more knowing, or more capable of judging of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book?

But, adds M. *Vigneul-Marville*,* *it is* gratis dictum, *and without Conſideration what M.* Menage *ſaid*; viz. *that till M.* de la Bruyere, *no Man ever had that Force and Juſtneſs of Expreſſion, which he fancies in that Book of Characters. Long before M.* de la Bruyere, *two famous Authors (not to reckon others) did give to their Expreſſions all the Strength they were capable of within the Bounds of Reaſon: And theſe were Meſſieurs* Nicole *and St.* Evremont. M. *Vigneul-Marville* is in the Right. *France* has produc'd many excellent Authors who have their Merit as well as M. *de la Bruyere.* Meſſieurs *Nicole* and St. *Evremont*, are of that Number, every body agrees it. M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, who advances ſo many Things without proving them, has done well to diſpenſe with that Practice on this occaſion. And it is undoubtedly too hardy in M. *Menage* to prefer M. *de la Bruyere* to ſo many famous Writers who have appear'd in this laſt Age. Such Compariſons are always odious and inconſiderate. But, in my Opinion, M. *Menage* is not ſo much to be blam'd as the Compilers of his Converſations. For where is the Man who does not ſometimes in a free Converſation let fall ſome extravagant Thoughts, which he wou'd be far from maintaining in a Public Work?

* *Page* 335, &c.

XV. M.

XV. *M.* Menage, continues our Critic, *adds, that M.* de la Bruyere *ſays in one Word what another Man does not ſo perfectly expreſs in Six. 'Tis commonly juſt the contrary*, M. de la Bruyere *affecting to heap Words upon Words, and Thoughts upon Thoughts, without any manner of Neceſſity. An Example of this is juſt before me*, pag. 90. *where he ſays, that* Formality is an Imitation of Wiſdom. *This Thought is ſo apparent, that it requires no clearing up by Compariſons fetcht from I know not where. And yet what Turnings and Windings does* M. de la Bruyere *uſe to make us comprehend a thing which has not the leaſt Shadow of Difficulty.* "A Comedian, *ſays he*, exceeds Nature in the "Parts he plays: A Poet overloads his Deſcriptions: A Painter who draws after the Life, forces and exaggerates a Paſſion, a Contraſte, and the Poſtures; and he that Copies him, unleſs he meaſures exactly the Sizes and Proportions, will make his Figures too big, and give more Scope to all the Parts, through the Diſpoſition of the whole Piece, than they have in the Original. "'Tis the ſame with the Preciſe or Formal, they "are but the Imitators of the Wiſe." *Beſides that this whole Diſcourſe ſmells very ſtrong of Jargon: I wou'd fain know, Who, after this Example, can ſeriouſly ſay (unleſs it be M.* Menage) *that* M. de la Bruyere *delivers in one Word, what another does not ſo perfectly in Six?*

This is what M. *de Vigneul-Marville* objects againſt the Reflection of M. *de la Bruyere*, *That Formality is an Imitation of Wiſdom.* Theſe, you ſee, are ſo many definitive Decrees, independant of all Reaſon. But what's to be done? Every Man has his Method: And our Critic's is, not to prove what he Advances. He may, however, have Reaſon at the bottom. Let us ſee whether he has or no.

M. *de la Bruyere* is minded to let us ſee how Formality is an Imitation of Wiſdom, and to that end makes uſe of ſeveral Compariſons. His Thought was clear enough without any of thoſe Compariſons, replies M. *de Vigneul-Marville.* But that Critic is miſtaken. For without thoſe Compariſons M. *de la Bruyere*'s Thought wou'd have been very imperfect. 'Tis not enough to ſay that Formality imitates Wiſdom, unleſs we make out how and to what a Degree it does ſo. Moſt Virtues conſiſt in a certain Mean, the two Extremes whereof are equally dangerous. Keep ſhort of the juſt Limits, or go beyond them, you are out of the right way: And nothing is more eaſy than to miſtake it. 'Tis ſeen every Day. The Miſer thinks he is a good Husband: The Prodigal, who laughs at him for a Fool, thinks none but himſelf knows how to make a right Uſe of Wealth. Cowards cover their Fear with the gloſſy Name of Prudence; and the Raſh think themſelves the truly Brave. All theſe are ignorant of the juſt Bounds of the Virtues which they believe they practiſe. They go beyond, or ſtop ſhort, for want of knowing that exact Middle, whoſe two Extremes are equally vicious. And conſequently, when one wou'd repreſent the Imperfection of any of thoſe Vices, he muſt ſpecify how, and to what a Degree, it imitates ſome certain Virtue. For to ſay in general that it is an Imitation of ſuch or ſuch a Virtue, is to give an Idea of it which may full as well agree with another Vice that is its direct Oppoſite. Avarice, for Example, is an Imitation of Frugality, but at the bottom as remote from it as Prodigality it ſelf. M. *de la Bruyere* was too cloſe a Thinker to make ſuch Definitions. He intends to inform us that Formality is an Imitation of Wiſdom; but he takes care to teach us Wherein that Imitation conſiſts.

And

And this he does by means of an ingenious Parallel, which, keeping the Mind in play by an agreeable Amuſement, diſcovers clearly, that it is an extravagant Imitation, tranſgreſſing the Bounds of Reaſon. *A Player exceeds Nature in the Parts he plays: A Poet overloads his Deſcriptions, &c. . . . . Juſt ſuch Imitators of the Wiſe are the Formal.* What is there in this obſcure, or that ſmells of Jargon? Formality is an ill Imitation of Wiſdom, by carrying Things to exceſs, as a Comedian who over-acts his Part, as a Poet who loads his Deſcriptions, as a Painter who, drawing after the Life, forces and exaggerates the Paſſions and Poſtures which he endeavours to repreſent, or who intending to copy a Picture, makes the Figures too big. Our Critic ſees no Propriety in this; I know not how to help it. But, in my poor Opinion, Compariſons are then juſt when the Things compar'd agree in that Point upon which the Compariſon turns; which can't be found defective in this Parallel. For the Player, the Poet, the Painter, agree all in this; *viz.* They go beyond certain Bounds, which they ought not to exceed, in like manner as the formal Man who tranſgreſſes the Bounds of Wiſdom in pretending to imitate it.

Another thing which M. *de Vigneul-Marville* finds Fault with in this Parallel, is, that there are too many Words us'd in it, whence he concludes, that M. *Menage* was in the wrong to ſay, that M. *de la Bruyere expreſſes in one Word, what another does not ſo perfectly do in Six.* But, with his good leave, this Concluſion is ſomewhat too haſty. For tho an Author may chance to be a little more diffuſe than uſual, in a certain Place of his Book, yet it does not follow that he is ſo every where elſe. And what wou'd become of the beſt Writers, ev'n M. *de Vigneul-Marville* himſelf, if this way of Reaſoning

ing were admitted ? *Virgil* is obſcure in ſuch or ſuch a Place ; *Ergò*, he's a pitiful Writer, and does not underſtand his own Meaning. There is in *Cicero* a diſturb'd and very long-winded Period ; *Ergò*, *Cicero* knew not how to write. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* reaſons ill, in ſuch or ſuch a Place of his Book ; he concludes from Particulars to Generals ; *Ergò*, he's an ill Logician, who ſpeaks what comes uppermoſt, and without reflecting. Is it not plain that all theſe Concluſions are impertinent, and that our Cenſurer wou'd have Reaſon to complain againſt the laſt ? Let him therefore do unto others what he wou'd they ſhou'd do unto him. Further ; this Critic is not only to blame for inferring from a ſingle Paſſage of the *Characters*, that the Author thereof generally affects to heap Words upon Words without Neceſſity, but ev'n this very Paſſage which he quotes to prove it, is, in my Opinion, very ill choſen. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* might perhaps ſay, that the Author ſpeaks too much in this Place, that he crouds in four Compariſons without a Neceſſity, ſince one or two might have ſuffic'd. But the Queſtion is not whether M. *de la Bruyere* ſpeaks too much, but whether he expreſſes in few Words what he means to ſay, and whether it cou'd have been ſo clearly deliver'd in fewer. Theſe are two very different Things. A Man may be conciſe and utter much at the ſame time, eſpecially in writing ; for in Converſation a great Talker and a Sayer of Nothing do generally ſignify but one and the ſame thing.

XVI. But after ſo many falſe Attacks, here is at laſt one which perhaps will do Execution. 'Tis a Criticiſm on ſome Expreſſions, which M. *de la Bruyere* has made uſe of in the Paſſage we juſt now ex-

examin'd, and which do not ſeem to M. *de Vigneul-Marville* to be *French.* They are four in Number, namely, (1.) *Un Peintre qui fait d' apres nature*, inſtead of *qui travaille, qui peint d' apres nature*: (2.) *Forcer une paſſion, une contraſte, des attitudes*, Expreſſions barbarous in Painter's Language, if we may believe our Cenſurer: (3.) The Term *Volume* (ſcope) apply'd to the Figures of a Picture, tho, according to M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, that Word is never us'd but to Things that are meaſur'd and weigh'd: And, (4.) *Les pieces d' un tableau*, inſtead of the Figures of a Picture, the word *pieces* being appropriated to Heraldry, *as* M. de la Bruyere *knows or knows not*, adds our Critic very politely.

I know not but the Solidity of ſome of theſe Deciſions may admit of Diſpute: But I'm under a ſtrong Temptation not to conteſt this petty Victory to M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, were it only to encourage him to impart to us a more ample Criticiſm upon the *Characters of the Age.* For you muſt know all that you have hitherto ſeen, is only a Prelude to a pitcht Battel. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* had compos'd a much larger Work * *which he ſuppreſt* after he had heard of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Death. This here is but a ſmall Sample whereby we may judge of the whole Piece. But if I grant to M. *de Vigneul-Marville* that he had Reaſon to cenſure theſe 4 Expreſſions in M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book, it is on Condition that he will not abuſe this ſmall Advantage, as if it gave him a Right to conclude that M. *de la Bruyere* can't write *French*, † *That he has no regular Stile, that he writes at random*; || *and that moſt of his Expreſſions*

* P. 345.
† Melanges d'Hiſtoire, &c. p. 336.
|| P. 339.

are forc'd, improper, and unnatural. This wou'd be imitating those Critics mention'd by Madam *Des-Houlieres*, who for a Word well or ill plac'd approve or condemn a whole Work. I take M. *de Vigneul-Marville* to be too sensible a Man to give into such an Excess. He knows that *Homer* nods sometimes, and that Faults are found in the best Writers. He is an Author himself, and consequently may commit an Over-sight as well as *Pindar*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, and all the most celebrated Ancient and Modern Authors.

Again, tho I'm not inclin'd to dispute with M. *de Vigneul-Marville* the Glory of having justly censur'd the Expressions afore-mention'd, especially this, *Un peintre qui fait d' apres nature*, yet I'm oblig'd to warn the Public, that this Censurer, producing no other Proof for the Solidity of this Censure, than his own Authority, and the Knowledge which he pretends to have in the Language of Painters, People would do well not to trust him without good Security: Since there are to be found, ev'n in M. *de Vigneul Marville*'s Book, some Expressions taken from Painting, which raise a Doubt whether he understands the Terms of that Art so well as he fancies he does; for Instance, when he says, that M. *de la Bruyere travaille plus en detrempe qu' à l' huile.* We say, *peindre en huile*, I am sure of it; and can prove it by undeniable Authorities: But I doubt whether it can be said, *peindre à l' huile.* I refer it to the Masters.

XVII. I know not how I came so easily to believe that M. *de Vigneul-Marville* wou'd use with Moderation that small Advantage I just now granted him. Far from doing so, that Critic is grown so haughty, he begins to forget himself; so difficult

ficult a thing is it to uſe a Victory with Moderation. *It were an endleſs Taſk*, * ſays he, *to pick out all the forc'd, improper, and unnatural Expreſſions which are palm'd upon us for Beauties and Refinements of the Language.* Theſe are terrible Menaces, but which, to M. *de la Bruyere's* Comfort, will never be put in Execution. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is pleas'd to ſave him the Confuſion and Shame of an entire Defeat. He will be content to give him two or three Thruſts, to let the World ſee what he cou'd do if he wou'd fight his beſt. And yet, to judge of him by thoſe two or three Thruſts, our Critic does not ſeem to be in Reality ſo formidable as he wou'd make us believe. You ſhall judge of it.

" 1. †True Greatneſs ſuffers it ſelf to be touch'd " and handled: *Is this*, ſays he, *to ſpeak naturally and properly, which* M. de la Bruyere *ſo often wiſhes to ſee done? This, in good* French, *and according to Reaſon*, proceeds our Critic, *cannot be ſpoken but of corporeal Things, which are handl'd and are tangible.* And yet I know an ingenious Perſon who pretends to write Books and thinks he underſtands the Rules and Beauties of the *French* Tongue, who makes uſe of the Term *handle* in ſpeaking of Things which are not corporeal. And this ſame Perſon (who wou'd think it?) is M. *de Vigneul-Marville* himſelf, who makes that uſe of it twice, and in the ſame Work wherein he ſo haughtily cenſures M. *de la-Bruyere* for uſing it only once, *riſum teneatis amici? A Man*, ſays M. *de Vigneul-Marville* p. 251. of his Melanges, *a Man has compos'd a Sermon, a Plea, or a*

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* P. 340.
† Ch. 11. *Of Perſonal Merit.*

Speech, with a great deal Care. He has HANDLED, turn'd, ſet in Order his Thoughts. If this rigid Cenſor is of Opinion that nothing but corporeal Things can be *handl'd*, cou'd he *handle* Thoughts? Let him explain this Riddle. *Good Writers*, ſays he in another Place, *imitate the* Laconic *Stile, which is not leſs difficult to HANDLE.*

2. Let us paſs to the ſecond Remark. † *Is it proper to ſay*, to throw Profoundneſs into certain Writings? M. de la Bruyere *ſays it in his Chapter of Polite Learning. But good Senſe and Cuſtom do not ſpeak ſo.* After this, there's nothing more to be ſaid. How can ſuch formal Deciſions be reſiſted! But yet why might not M. *de la Bruyere* uſe that Expreſſion, ſince M. *de St. Evremont, who*, as our Critic very well ſays, *cloaths his Thoughts, which are noble, with bold Expreſſions, but ever juſt, ever proper to his Subject*, made no difficulty to ſay, * *When the Choice of a Subject depends upon the Orator, he ought to make it ſuſceptible of Force and Ornament. He ought to* throw Order *into his Deſign, and* Connexion *into his Thoughts.* Why may not *Profoundneſs be thrown into a Writing*, as well as *Order into a Deſign*, and *Connexion into Thoughts?* This is another *Ænigma*, which our Critic is deſir'd to explain, if ſuch be his Will and Pleaſure.

3. He adds a third Remark, which he expreſſes in theſe Terms: *To ſay as* M. de la Bruyere *does, p.* 173. *in ſpeaking of ſuch as can't keep a Secret*, that you ſee through their Breaſt, that they are tranſparent; *is it not to carry one's Expreſſions too far? Was it not enough to have ſaid*: They don't move their

† P. 139. *Of his Melanges.*

* M. St. Evremont. *Of Eloquence*, p. 293. Vol. I.

Lips

Lips, and yet are underſtood; you read the Secret on their Forehead, and in their Eyes.

Here it might be proper to ſpeak of the uſe we ought to make of *figurative Terms*. Upon this Occaſion I wou'd ſay what M. *de Fontenelle* ſomewhere ſays concerning the ſublime Stile, that *a Man ſhou'd not give into it without an abſolute Neceſſity*. It is, however, certain that figurative Terms are very proper upon ſome Occaſions. But without pretending to treat of this Matter to the bottom, it ſeems to me that they may be employ'd for two Reaſons. The firſt, when proper Terms are wanting for the expreſſing our Minds, which very often happens, and which can't be ſo much attributed to the Poverty of Languages, as to the Ignorance of Mankind, who not knowing Things in themſelves, cannot ſpeak of them but by way of Compariſon. The other Reaſon why we may uſe figurative Terms in a Diſcourſe, is to divert the Mind in repreſenting to it by corporeal Images what has been already expreſt to it or what is immediately after expreſs'd to it in Terms proper, and which paint the thing as it is in it ſelf. For in that Caſe, the figurative Expreſſions having nothing obſcure, do agreeably amuſe the Mind, by tracing to it in a ſenſible manner, what a proper Expreſſion makes it comprehend with an entire Exactneſs. And this, if I'm not miſtaken, is the only uſe we ought to make of figurative Terms, when we are not under an indiſpenſable Neceſſity of making uſe of 'em. 'Tis like a Debauch of the Mind which cannot but pleaſe, when it comes *à propos*, but which otherwiſe is offenſive, diſpleaſing, and infallibly diſturbs it.

I leave to others the Care of applying what I ſay to this Paſſage of the *Characters* which has fallen under the Cenſure of M. *de Vigneul-Marville*. Theſe

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are Things dependant upon the Taſte and Sentiment, and can hardly be made intelligible to thoſe who don't perceive them of themſelves.

XVIII. Laſtly, Our Critic can't endure that M. *Menage* ſhou'd make a Doubt that M. *de la Bruyere*'s Way of Writing is cloſe and connected. *Why not*, * ſays he? *How many poor Painters daily copy bad Originals? Nevertheleſs*, adds he, *I agree with M.* Menage, *that no body of a good Taſte will ever imitate the bad Stile of M.* de la Bruyere. A glorious Concluſion, and worthy of the Exordium! M. *de la Bruyere* was not only likely to have ſome Imitators, but he has actually had great Numbers of them. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* cannot be ignorant of it; the Thing has made too great a Noiſe in the Republic of Letters. Some have plunder'd his Words and Expreſſions; Others his Thoughts; and all have deck'd themſelves with the Title of his Work, as if it were ſufficient, in order to have a ſhare in the Glory of an excellent Writer, to make Books under the ſame Title with him. For a conſiderable While there was nothing printed but Works which bore the Name of *Characters*, or ſomething like it. *Ouvrage dans le gout des Caracteres. Les differens Caracteres des femmes du ſiecle. Caracteres & Portraits Critiques ſur les defauts ordinaires des hommes. Portraits Serieux & Critiques. Caracteres tirez de l'Ecriture ſainte, & appliquez aux Mœurs de ce ſiecle. Caracteres naturels des hommes, en forme de dialogue. Suite des Caracteres de Theophraſte & des Mœurs de ce ſiecle, &c.* Nothing was ſeen but *Characters*. The Bookſellers Shops were cramm'd with them. But, pray, cou'd the Cenſurer of M. *de la Bruyere* have better ſhewn the

* *Page* 340.

Meri

Merit of the *Characters of the Age*, than by putting us in mind of thoſe Swarms of Writers produc'd by a deſire of imitating that excellent Author? What more proper to raiſe the Value of M. *de la Bruyere*, than ſo many dull Copies, moſt of them deſpis'd by the Public, and all ſo very much inferior to their Original?

But perhaps M. *de Vigneul-Marville* was of Opinion, that among thoſe Imitators, there are ſome that may vie with M. *de la Bruyere*. How then comes it that he has not nam'd them? Why wou'd he loſe ſo fair an Opportunity of convincing us of the Extent of his Underſtanding, and Solidity of his Judgment? For, infallibly, he wou'd have carry'd off the Honour of ſo glorious a Diſcovery; ſince it does not appear that thePublic has yet preferr'd or equall'd any of thoſe Imitators to him whom they have endeavour'd to copy. One of the moſt hardy, but not the wiſeſt, has aſſum'd the haughty Title of *the Modern Theophraſtus*: And this Perſon, they ſay, is he that comes neareſt to M. *de la Bruyere*. But if he follows him, 'tis only by Track, and at a great Diſtance, as was lately made appear by a * Writer, who after he had very well demonſtrated the Defects of the *Modern Theophraſtus*, did not do ſtrict Juſtice to M. *de la Bruyere*. Let this be ſaid without Conſequence. For beſides that the Attacks of this new Critic have been already † repell'd, I wou'd not willingly embroil my ſelf with him, after having drawn upon my Back ſo formidable an Adverſary as M. *de Vigneul-Marville*.

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* *In a Book entitul'd*, Sentiments Critiques ſur les Caracteres de M. de la Bruyere.

† *In a Book intitul'd*. Apologie de M. de la Bruyere, ou Reponſe à la Critique des Caracteres de Theophraſte.

XIX. And

XIX. And now I ſpy Land, as *Diogenes* ſaid. There remains nothing more for me to do, but to examine ſome Reflexions of our Critic upon the Perſons who have approv'd of M. *de la Bruyere's* Book. *If they are not ſuperficial Wits*, ſays he bluntly, *I can aver that they are either ſuch who read Books ſuperficially and without examining, or who are under an Obligation of praiſing M.* de la Bruyere. I leave you to judge, after what we have ſeen, whether it becomes him to ſpeak thus. He afterwards names ſome of thoſe Approvers, and endeavours to leſſen their Authority.

XX. The Firſt is Father *Bouhours, who*, * ſays he, *has extoll'd M.* de la Bruyere *to the Sky, by ranking him among the celebrated Authors who furniſh'd out his Collection of Select Thoughts: This*, adds he, *was done, I believe, as much out of Policy as any thing elſe.* He believes it; ſo let him; but what ſignifies it for us to know what he *believes*, if he does not let us know the Foundation of his Belief? Another need only publiſh in Print that he *believes* the contrary; and then there's Tit for Tat; ----, he and M. *Vigneul-Marville* wou'd be upon a Par; the one never a whit more advanc'd than the other. And which of the two ſhall we believe? *But after all that can be ſaid*, continues our Cenſor, ſtill in the Tone of a Man who will be credited upon his Word, *I don't think that* F. Bouhours *ever prais'd M.* de la Bruyere *abſolutely and without mental Reſtriction. He's too able a Jeſuit to have gone that Length purely and ſimply.* This is what is call'd, affronting People without Reaſon or any manner of Neceſſity. *Beſides*, adds he, *if M.* de la Bruyere *is an excellent Writer, all F.* Bouhour's *Rules muſt be ſaid to be falſe; which that Fa-*

* *Page* 347.

ther does not believe, nor I neither. If it be not *waſting Ink and Paper with Impunity*, let any Man tell me what this can mean; for my part, I ſee nothing therein but Words which ſignify nothing. What are thoſe Rules which M. *de la Bruyere* has violated? Are they all the Rules of Father *Bouhours*, or only ſome of them? Again, Are thoſe Rules bottom'd upon inconteſtable Cuſtom, or on his Authority who publiſh'd them? Can a Man be condemn'd without bringing a Bill of Indictment? And can his Indictment be drawn without ſeeing the Evidence? M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is a little too negligent of Forms, for a Man who has ſtudy'd the Civil Law.

Further, By the Manner in which he ſpeaks of the Eſteem which Father *Bouhours* had publickly manifeſted for M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book, wou'd not one ſwear that Father *Bouhours* only prais'd it in looſe Terms, and without giving any Reaſon for his Eſteem? And yet 'tis juſt the contrary. For, not content with ſaying that M. *de la Bruyere* has a ſolid and agreeable Way of Thinking, he draws from his Book Thoughts which are actually full of Solidity, Agreeableneſs and Delicacy. For Example, after having ſaid that * the Thought of one of the Ancients concerning the Advantage which Great Men have of doing good to thoſe beneath them, ſeems to him very beautiful and noble, he adds; *A Modern Author*, i. e. M. *de la Bruyere*, *turns the ſame Thought into an agreeable Satire:* "The "Great, *ſays he*, delight in opening Walks in Fo- "reſts, making fine Terraces, gilding their Ceil- "ings, making Water-Works and Orangerees; but "to reſtore Content to a diſtracted Mind or Joy "to an afflicted Soul, to prevent extreme Neceſſity

* Penſees ingenieures, *p.* 194.

"in

" in the Miſerable, or to relieve them, is what " their Curioſity reaches not to." If M. *de Vigneul-Marville* believed that this Place was ill Thought and worſe Expreſs'd, why did he not ſhew it by correcting what he ſaw falſe in it, and by expreſſing it in a more delicate and agreeable Manner? That had been the true way to pleaſe the Public in cenſuring M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book. He, by that means, might have giv'n Authority to his Criticiſm, weaken'd the Teſtimony of Father *Bouhours*, and have pleas'd his Readers by inſtructing them. " There is, ſays M. *de la Bruyere* elſe- " where, a Country where Joys are viſible, but " falſe; and the Griefs hidden, but real.

" The Court Life, ſays he again, is a ſerious " melancholy Game, and requires Application; " a Man muſt range his Pieces and his Batteries, " have a Deſign, purſue it, thwart his Adverſa- " ries, venture ſometimes, and ſometimes play " capriciouſly; yet after all hisMeaſures and Con- " trivances, he will be often beat; when he thinks " he has manag'd his Men well, and is in a fair " way to ſucceed, one more Skilful, or more Luc- " ky, gets the Game.

Father *Bouhours* thought fit to inſert thoſe two Paſſages in his Collection of *Ingenious Thoughts*; and, according to him, *ſuch Definitions or Deſcriptions where the* Antitheſis *plays a little, have ſomething very agreeable.* Is M. *de Vigneul-Marville* of another Mind? Does he believe that Father *Bouhours* did not ſpeak ſincerely on this Occaſion, or that he was in the wrong to commend thoſe Thoughts, which, according to him, are falſe and unpolitely expreſs'd? Why then did he not make appear what Falſity they contain'd? Or if he did not think them falſe, but only ill turn'd, why did he not give them

them a more lively and agreeable Turn, to convince us at once of the Beauty of his Wit, the Unskilfulneſs of M. *de la Bruyere*, and the ill Taſte of Father *Bouhours*? But there's yet time enough for that Proof. Let him diſcover to us that rare Wonder, and we will look on him as the *Phœnix* of the Modern Writers.

XXI. After Father *Bouhours*, our Critic brings on the Stage *l'Abbè Fleury*, who, in his Speech of Thanks to the *French* Academy, made the *Elogium* of M. *de la Bruyere*, in whoſe Place he ſucceeded. Theſe Praiſes can be of no great Weight, according to M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, *becauſe the Complaiſance which* M. l'Abbè Fleury *makes Profeſſion of, oblig'd him to praiſe with Exceſs* M. de la Bruyere; *beſides, the Academy requires from their Candidates ſuch Incenſe, as a kind of Tribute which they owe to the Memory of thoſe who chalk'd out for them the Road to Immortality.* This is all that cou'd have been ſaid of that *Elogium*, had it been nothing elſe but a heap of looſe and general Epithets, as proper to any other as M. *de la Bruyere*. But if *l'Abbè Fleury*'s Deſign was to paint M. *de la Bruyere* to the Life, to draw his true Lineaments, and to give us the Character of his Wit and Writings, as there's all the Reaſon in the World to believe it was, M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is to blame to decry that *Elogium*, without taking it to Pieces, and ſhewing that it cannot ſuit the Perſon who is the Subject of it. M. *de la Bruyere* is not ſo much concern'd in this Cenſure as the Author of his Panegyric. 'Tis the Works of an Author which makes his true *Elogium*, and not ſtudy'd Speeches publiſh'd in his Praiſe when he is no more. M. *de la Bruyere* had ſwept the Stakes of the public Eſteem, before he was prais'd by *l'Abbè Fleury* or by the Secretary of the Academy (*l'Abbè Regnier*)

Regnier) who in the Anſwer he made to the former, painted ſo lively and ſo delicately that peculiar Talent which M. *de la Bruyere had in diſcovering the moſt ſecret Myſteries of the Inſide of Mankind, and penetrating into what they take moſt Pains to conceal from the Eyes of the World.* It wou'd be a Pleaſure to me to tranſcribe all that he ſays on that Occaſion, if it were not to be ſeen prefix'd to the laſt Edition of *the Characters*. And I wonder M. *de Vigneul-Marville* neglected to ſpeak of it.

XXII. But how can we excuſe his forgetting M. *St. Evremond?* For that famous Author, whoſe Deciſions are always ſo Rational in M. *de Vigneul-Marville*'s own Opinion, has prais'd M. *de la Bruyere*, and that too by ſolidly reflecting upon a Paſſage of his Book of *Characters*. Theſe are his Words: * *It were an unpardonable Fault to paſs from a Metaphor with which we have begun, to a new one, and ſo to couple together Images which have no Relation to each other. When a Man is attentive to writing well, he will continue and ſupport the ſame Idea.* "I pity him, *ſays the Author of the Characters.* I conclude he is "founder'd. He is loſt, and out of the way. "That is not ſailing near the Wind; That is not "the way to arrive at the delightful Haven of For-"tune." *You ſee he took care to mingle nothing foreign to the firſt Image which he gave for expreſſing what a rich Man ſometimes thinks of the Conduct of a Philoſopher. This laſt is repreſented as upon the Sea. The Rich Man foreſees that he will founder there. He looks on him as out of the way. He judges that he is not ſailing near the Wind; and that he will never reach the Port of Good Fortune. There is not a ſingle Word in all this, but is a Kin*

* Vol. IVth.

to each other. He had been ſhipwreck'd in the Haven, if, after all theſe Expreſſions taken from Navigation, he had happen'd to ſay; This is not ſailing near the Wind: This is not the way to build a Fortune. *This new Image of Building joyn'd to thoſe of the Marine which go before, wou'd have produc'd a diſagreeable Effect; whereas the whole being of a Piece, the Diſcourſe becomes clear and eaſy.*

This is an *Elogium* which ought not to be ſuſpected by our Critic. Theſe are not vague Reflections which fall no where. They are ſubſtantial Reaſons, which make us, as it were, touch the Thing with our Finger. But pray obſerve and admire how different Men's Judgments are. M. *St. Evremont* looks on M. *de la Bruyere* as an Author attentive to well Writing, who knows how to continue and ſupport the ſame Idea, which is perhaps one of the greateſt Secrets in the Art of Writing, and which contributes moſt to the Perſpicuity, Exactneſs and Beauty of a Stile: And according to M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, M. *de la Bruyere* writes by chance, and has no ſettl'd Stile. Some malicious People have ſaid upon this, that if M. *St. Evremont never departs from Reaſon*, M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is not always ſo fortunate.

XXIII. The third Approver of M. *de la Bruyere*, which our Critic has thought fit to produce, is M. *Menage, who*, * he ſays, *has mightily heightben'd* M. de la Bruyere's *Characters. But this ſame* Menage *us'd to ſpeak Things inconſiderately*, adds M. *de Vigneul-Marville: His* Menagiana *ſufficiently proves this. Methinks when he praiſes or blames, he commonly*

* P. 348.

does it for talking ſake, and to fill up a Gap in Converſation, rather than to do it with Judgment, and with the Balance in his Hand. Without attempting here to defend either M. *Menage* or his *Menagiana*, I will leave You to conclude, after what I've ſaid, which of the two, M. *Menage* or M. *Vigneul-Marville*, is moſt guilty of Talking for Talk-ſake, and of Praiſing or Diſpraiſing without knowing Why or Wherefore. But how comes our Critic to ſay nothing of the *Elogium* which M. *Menage* made of the Tranſlation of *Theophraſtus*'s Characters? *It is*, * ſays he, *very beautiful, and excellent* French, *and ſhews that the Author perfectly underſtands the* Greek *Tongue. I may ſay that I have ſeen a great many Things in it which, perhaps for want of Attention, eſcap'd me in the* Greek. This is very expreſs, and ought to be reckon'd as Something, coming from a Man, who, by the Confeſſion of all *Europe*, underſtood the *Greek* Tongue extremely well. Perhaps M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is preparing to give us a New Verſion of *Theophraſtus*'s Characters, more exact and truer *French* than that of M. *de la Bruyere*. He can't do a better Thing. For beſides that he wou'd by this means do a conſiderable Piece of Service to his Country, in preſenting it with a better Tranſlation of a Work which deſerves to be be in every body's Hands, he wou'd at length recover the Public from that prodigious Infatuation under which they labour with reſpect to *this* M. *de la Bruyere*, (if I may be allow'd to ſpeak the Language of M. *Vigneul-Marville*,) who will doubtleſs have the Credit of introducing that beautiful Expreſſion among polite Men, with whom I believe it was never much in uſe.

* Menagiana, Vol. II. p. 241.

XXIV. Laſtly,

XXIV. Laſtly, Our Critic ſuppoſes I know not what Defenders of M. *de la Bruyere*, who ſhelter and fortify themſelves with the Eſteem which the Gentlemen of the Royal Academy have diſcover'd for his Perſon and Writings, by admitting him into their Society. And to this M. *Vigneul-Marville* anſwers, That * *thoſe Gentlemen wou'd not have choſen him, had he not been recommended by the King, who, by declaring himſelf in his behalf, made others do ſo too, as he owns in his Characters, tho' he expreſsly declares in his Speech to the Academy, that there was no Mediation us'd for ſuch Admiſſion, except the Singularity of his Book.* But that Recommendation of the Prince, and that Confeſſion made by M. *de la Bruyere*, are mere Chimera's. And this we have already made appear, and with ſo much Evidence, that it wou'd be to waſte Time and to abuſe the Patience of thoſe who ſhall read this Diſcourſe, to inſiſt any more upon it.

But ſuppoſing that M. *de la Bruyere* was receiv'd into the *French* Academy, at the Recommendation of his Prince, why may we not look on that Favour as a Proof of the Merit of him who was honour'd with it? *It looks as if the Author wou'd conclude that a Prince never makes a right Choice, and that his Favour is not more Judicious than that of the People*, † as M. *de la Bruyere* has been wrongfully accus'd of Thinking. M. *Boileau* was admitted into the Academy at the King's Recommendation, and in all likelihood wou'd never have been admitted without it: Does this imply that he did not deſerve to

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* *Page* 348.

† Sentiments Critiques ſur les Caracteres de M. de la Bruyere, *p.* 405.

be admitted into that Illuſtrious Body? I know what may be ſaid in Anſwer to this; That, *if the Prince's Favour does not exclude Merit, ſo neither does it ſuppoſe it*, according to M. *de la Bruyere*'s Judicious Obſervation:

Tho' Kings are Kings, they're ſtill of Human Make,
And may, in Verſe, like other Men, miſtake.

This is true; I don't deny it. But yet methinks it is no leſs certain, that the Eſteem which a Prince ſhall have teſtify'd for an Author generally eſteem'd, as M. *de la Bruyere* is, ought to weigh much more with us, than the Diſguſts of a ſplenetic Critic, who may have defam'd his *Perſon* without Reaſon, and cenſur'd his *Writings* without Underſtanding them: And that M. *Vigneul-Marville* has done ſo, will manifeſtly appear to any One who ſhall have perus'd the preceding Sheets of this ſmall Piece.

I N

IN the Year 1693, M. de la Bruyere *was Choſen a Member of the* French *Academy, in the Room of* M. L'Abbè de la Chambre; *and Dying in* 1696, *was himſelf ſucceeded in the ſame Place by* Monſieur L'Abbe Fleuri, *who upon that Occaſion ſpoke of Monſieur* De la Bruyere, *(or as the* French *call it, made his* Elogy*) in the following Words.*

However ſooner or later it may be, yet the Public is always obſerv'd to do Juſtice to an Author; and we may take it for granted, that a Book which has been Read and frequently Enquir'd after by the whole World, cannot be without its peculiar Merit. Such is the Work of that Friend, whoſe late and ſurprizing Loſs we at this Time deplore; and whoſe Place you have been pleaſed to allow me the Honour of Supplying: A Work very ſingular in its Kind, and in the Opinion of ſome Judges, even Superior to that Great * Original, which the Author himſelf did at firſt only propoſe to Imitate. In drawing the Characters of others, he has perfectly well expreſs'd his own: One may ſee in 'em a vaſt Strength of Thinking, and the moſt profound Reflexions upon Men's Manners and their Underſtandings, together with that Great Erudition, which was ſo Remarkable upon all fit Occaſions in his private Converſation, agreeably and uſefully mixt and running through the Whole.

* Theophraſtus.

He

He was particularly well acquainted with the Living and Dead Languages, and indeed there was no Kind of Learning to which he was a Stranger.

In his Characters one may obſerve, that his Criticiſm is ſeverely exact, and his Expreſſion lively; that his Turns are very Artful, and his Pictures ſometimes purpoſely loaded and over-colour'd, that they might not appear too like. His Boldneſs and Force are manag'd ſo as not to exclude either Pleaſure or Delicacy, tho at the ſame Time we may ſee that the governing Spirit of the Whole is a Predominant and Implacable Hatred of *Vice*, with an avow'd Love of *Virtue*. In fine, the Crown of the Work, and which we who are moſt nearly concern'd for the Author are the Witneſſes of, is that Holy Spirit of True Religion that ſhines in it. This Piece then, Gentlemen, will happily be one of thoſe which you do in ſome Manner ſeem to adopt for your own, by receiving their Authors among you; one of thoſe Beautiful and Uſeful Works, that you Conſecrate to Immortality.

After Monſieur L'Abbè Fleuri *had finiſh'd his Diſcourſe, Monſieur* L'Abbè Regnier *replying to him, took an Occaſion to ſpeak thus of Monſieur* de la Bruyere.

Our Loſs of that Excellent Member of our Academy, to whom you ſucceed, is Great. He was a Perſon of a very Extraordinary Genius; Nature ſeem'd to take a Pleaſure in Revealing the Secrecies of Mankind to him, in ſhewing him the Myſterious Inſide of Human Nature, and continually expoſing thoſe Things to his Eyes, which Men labour to conceal with the utmoſt Care from the Knowledge of the World. With what Force of

Ex-

Expreſſion, what Beautiful Colours has he expreſt them! A Writer Maſterly in his Strokes and full of Fire, who by a Turn uncommonly fine and peculiar to himſelf, cou'd infuſe a Strength into Words which of themſelves they had not: A Painter fortunately Bold and Succeſsful, who in every thing that he Drew, ſuggeſted ſomething more for the Underſtanding to conceive, than the Eye could poſſibly take in.

The characters of Theophrastus were translated into English by Eustace Budgell, one of the writers in the Spectator. "This publication," says his Biographer "Bisset, procured him great fame for the knowledge it displayed of the language, & the clear conception of the subject."

THE
Moral Characters
OF
THEOPHRASTUS.

Made ENGLISH from the GREEK.

WITH A

Prefatory Diſcourſe

CONCERNING

THEOPHRASTUS,

From the FRENCH of

Monſr *De La Bruyere.*

The Sixth Edition.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXIII.

A Prefatory Diſcourſe CONCERNING *THEOPHRASTUS.*

I Cannot conceive how it's poſſible for Man to entertain a more vain and ridiculous Thought, than to imagine, when he writes on any Art or Science, he ſhall be able to eſcape all ſort of Cenſure, and obtain the good Opinion of every Reader.

For without enlarging on the Diverſity of Human Minds, as prodigious as that of their Faces, which makes ſome reliſh Things Speculative, others Things Practical; inclines ſome to turn over Books to exerciſe their Fancy, others to form their Judgment; that

amongſt Readers, ſome love the Force of Demonſtration, others to judge nicely, or form Ratiocinations and Conjectures; I confine my ſelf only to that Science which deſcribes Manners, examines Men, and diſcovers their Characters; and I dare ſay, that Works of this kind, which touch ſo near, and whoſe Subject is Men themſelves, will not eaſily meet with a favourable Reception.

Some of the Learned reliſh nothing but the Apothegms of the Ancients, and Examples drawn from the *Romans*, *Grecians*, *Perſians* and *Egyptians*; the Hiſtory of the preſent Time is inſipid to them; they have no manner of Concern for Men whom they converſe and live with, and make no Obſervations on their Manners.

The Ladies and Courtiers, on the contrary, and all who have a great deal of Wit without Learning, indifferent for thoſe things which preceded them, are eager after those which paſs before their Eyes, and as they were under their Hands; theſe they pry into, theſe they apprehend; they continually obſerve the Perſons about them, are charmed with the Deſcriptions and Repreſentations made of their Contemporaries and Fellow-Citizens, in ſhort, of thoſe who reſemble themſelves, to whom yet they think they do not bear the leaſt Reſemblance; inſomuch

that thoſe who inſtruct us from the Pulpit, often judge it expedient to neglect preaching ſolid Divinity, to gain Men by their own Weakneſs, and reduce them to their Duty by things which pleaſe their Palate, and are within their Comprehenſion.

The Court is either ignorant of the City, or has ſo contemptible an Opinion of it, as not to take the Ridicule, or to be the leaſt touch'd with the Images might be drawn from thence; and if on the contrary, the Court is repreſented, as it always is, full of Intrigues and Deſigns, the City does not find wherewithal from this Sketch, to ſatisfie Curioſity, and form a juſt Idea of a Country, which can no otherwiſe be known but by living there. On the other ſide, it is not very natural for Men to agree about the Beauty or Delicacy of a Moral Treatiſe, which deſigns and paints themſelves, and where they cannot avoid ſeeing their own Faces; they fly into Paſſion and condemn it; they no longer approve the Satyr than when it looſes its Hold, and keeping at a diſtance from them, fixes its Teeth on ſome-body elſe.

What Probability is there to pleaſe all the different Taſtes of Men, by one ſingle Tract of Morality? Some look for Definitions, Diviſions, Tables and Method; are deſirous to have explain'd what Virtue is in general, and

then every Virtue in particular; what Difference there is between Valour, Fortitude and Magnanimity; the extreme Vices, either in Defect or Exceſs, betwixt which each Virtue is plac'd, and of which of the Two Extremes it moſt participates: No other Doctrine pleaſes them. Others ſatisfy'd with having the Manners reduc'd to the Paſſions, and thoſe demonſtrated by the Motion of the Blood, the Fibres and Arteries, will excuſe an Author all the reſt.

There are a Third Claſs, who being of Opinion, that the whole Doctrine of Manners ought to tend to Reformation, to diſtinguiſh the good from the bad, and to diſcover what is vain, weak and ridiculous, from what is good, ſolid and commendable, ſolace themſelves infinitely in the reading of Books; and taking for granted the Principles of Natural and Moral Philoſophy repeated by the Ancients and Moderns, immediately apply themſelves to the Manners of the Times, correct Men by one another, by thoſe Images of things which are ſo familiar to them, and from which nevertheleſs they never mind to inſtruct themſelves.

Such is the Treatiſe of Moral Characters which THEOPHRASTUS has left us; he collected 'em from the Ethicks, and great Morals of ARISTOTLE, whoſe Scholar he was; the Excellent Definitions, at the beginning of each

Chapter

Chapter, are built on the Ideas and Principles of that great Philoſopher; and the Foundation of the Characters there deſcrib'd, is taken from the ſame Original; it is true, he makes them more particular by the Scope he gives them, and by his ingenious Satyrizing the *Greeks*, and eſpecially the *Athenians*.

This Book can hardly paſs for any thing more than the beginning of a greater, which THEOPHRASTUS had begun. The Deſign of this Philoſopher, as you may obſerve in his Preface, was to treat of all the Virtues and Vices; and as he aſſures you, he undertook this great Work at Ninety-nine Years of Age, it is probable that the Shortneſs of his remaining Life hindred him from perfecting it. I own the common Opinion is, that he liv'd above an Hundred Years; and St. JEROME, in one of his Letters, written to NEPOTIANUS, aſſerts that he dy'd full a Hundred and Seven Years old; ſo that I doubt not in the leaſt, but it was an Ancient Error either in the *Greek* Numerical Letters, by which DIOGENES LAERTIUS computed, who reckon'd him to have liv'd but Ninety-five Years, or in the firſt Manuſcripts of this Hiſtorian; if what others ſay is true, that the Ninety-nine Years, which the Author aſcribes to himſelf in the Preface, are read alike in Four Manuſcripts in the *Palatine* Library; where are alſo the Five laſt Chapters of the Characters of THEOPHRASTUS,

wanting in the Old Editions; and where are alſo Two Titles, the One, *The Opinion the World has of the Vicious*; the Other, *Of Sordid Gain*, which are found alone, without Chapters.

Thus is this Work no more than a Fragment, but nevertheleſs a precious Remain of Antiquity, and a Monument of the Vivacity of Mind, and firm and ſolid Judgment of this Philoſopher at ſo great an Age. It has always been look'd on as a Maſter-piece in its kind, there being nothing extant wherein the *Attick* Taſte is more remarkable, or the *Grecian* Eloquence more conſpicuous; it was call'd a Golden Book; The Learned particularly obſerving the Diverſity of Manners there treated of, and the Natural Way of expreſſing the Characters, and comparing it with that of the Poet MENANDER, a Scholar of THEOPHRASTUS, and who ſerv'd afterwards for a Model to TERENCE, now ſo happily imitated in our Days, cannot but diſcover in this little Tract the Original of all Comedy; that Sort I mean, which free from all Quibbles, Obſcenities and Puns, is taken from Nature, and diverts both the Wiſe and Virtuous.

But to make the Beauty of theſe Characters more conſpicuous, and excite the Reader, perhaps it may not be improper, to ſay ſomething concerning their Author. He was Fuller's Son of ERESUS, a City in LESBOS

his firſt Maſter in his own Country was * Leucippus of the ſame Place; from whence he went to Plato's School, and afterwards ſettl'd at Aristotle's, where he ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf from all the reſt of his Diſciples. His new Maſter, charm'd with the Readineſs of his Wit, and Sweetneſs of his Elocution, chang'd his Name which was Tyrtamus, to that of Euphrastus, which ſignifies one who talks well; but this Name not ſufficiently expreſſing the great Eſtimation he had for the Beauty of his Genius and Language, he call'd him Theophrastus, which is, one whoſe Language is Divine. Which agrees with Cicero's Sentiments of this Philoſopher, in his Book entitl'd *Brutus*, or *De Claris Oratoribus*; Who is, *ſays he*, more fertile and copious than Plato, more ſolid and ſubſtantial than Aristotle, more agreeable and ſmooth than Theophrastus? And in ſome of his Epiſtles to Atticus, he calls him his Friend, and ſays, That his Works were familiar to him, and the Reading of them had afforded him abundance of Pleaſure.

Aristotle relates concerning Him and Calisthenes, another of his Scholars, what Plato before had ſaid of Aristotle Himſelf, and Xenocrates, That Calisthenes had a

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* *Not* Leucippus *the famous Philoſopher,* Zeno's *Scholar.*

dull

dull Invention, and a ſluggiſh Fancy; and that THEOPHRASTUS, on the contrary, was ſo ſpright-ly, piercing and penetrating, that he would comprehend all that was to be known of a thing; that One wanted Spurs to prick him forward, the Other Reins to hold him in.

He principally eſteem'd him for a Character of Sweetneſs, which equally reign'd in his Style and Converſation. It is ſaid that ARISTOTLE's Scholars, obſerving their Maſter grow in Years, and of a weak Conſtitution, begg'd of him to name his Succeſſor; and as he had only two Perſons in his School, on whom the Choice could fall, MENEDEMUS the * *Rhodian*, and THEOPHRASTUS the *Ereſian*, out of a tender Reſpect for him he deſign'd to exclude, he de-clar'd himſelf after this manner. Pretending a little time after his Diſciples had made this Requeſt to him, and in their Preſence, that the Wine he commonly us'd was prejudicial to him, he order'd Wine to be brought him both of *Rhodes* and *Lesbos*; he taſted both of them, and ſaid, It was very evident what Country they were of, and that each in its kind was excel-lent; the firſt was ſtrong, but that of *Lesbos* was more pleaſant, and to that he gave the Pre-ference. Whatever AULUS GELLIUS ſays in re-ference to this Matter, 'tis certain, that when

There were two others of the ſame Name, one a Cynick *Philoſopher, the other a Scholar of* Plato.

ARI-

ARISTOTLE was accus'd by EURIMEDON, a Prieſt of *Ceres*, for having ſpoken irreverently of the Gods; fearing the Fate of SOCRATES, he left *Athens*, and retir'd to *Chalcis*, a City of *Eubœa*; and left his School to a *Lesbian*, whom he intruſted with his Writings, on condition he ſhould never make them publick; and 'tis to this THEOPHRASTUS we are oblig'd for the Works of that Great Man.

His Name became ſo famous through all *Greece*, being Succeſſor to ARISTOTLE, that he could reckon ſoon after in the School which was left him, near Two thouſand Scholars. He was envy'd by † SOPHOCLES, Son to AMPHICLIDES, at that time Chief Magiſtrate, who out of Enmity to him, but under a Pretext of a Regulation of Government, and to hinder publick Aſſemblies, made a Law, prohibiting, under pain of Death, any Philoſopher to teach in Schools. They all ſubmitted to it; but the following Year PHILO ſucceeding SOPHOCLES, who went out of his Office, the *Athenians* repeal'd this deteſtable Law which the other had made, and laying a Fine of five Talents upon him, re-eſtabliſh'd THEOPHRASTUS and the reſt of the Philoſophers.

He was in this more fortunate than ARISTOTLE, who was forc'd to ſubmit to EURIME-

† *Not the Tragick Poet.*

DON.

DON. He had like to have ſeen one AGNONIDES puniſh'd by the *Athenians* for Impiety, only becauſe he durſt accuſe him of it; ſo great was the Opinion this People had of him, and which his Virtue deſerv'd.

And indeed the Character given of him, is, That he was a Man of Singular Prudence, Zealous for the Publick Good, Laborious, Officious, Affable, Liberal. PLUTARCH ſays, when ERESUS was oppreſs'd with Tyrants, who had uſurp'd the Government, he joyn'd with * PHYDIAS his Countryman, and out of his own Eſtate contributed with him to arm thoſe who had been baniſh'd; who re-entring the City, expell'd the Traitors, and reſtor'd the whole Iſle of *Lesbos* to its Liberty.

His many and excellent Accompliſhments, did not only acquire him the Good-will of the People, but the Eſteem and Familiarity of Kings: He was Friend to CASSANDER, Succeſſor of ARIDEUS, Brother to ALEXANDER the GREAT, in the Kingdom of *Macedon*: And PTOLOMY, Son of LAGUS, and firſt King of *Egypt*, kept a conſtant Correſpondence with this Philoſopher. At laſt he dy'd, worn out with Age and Fatigues, and ceas'd at the ſame time both to Labour and Live: All *Greece* lamented him, and all the *Athenians* aſſiſted at his Funeral.

* *Not the famous Statuary.*

It

It is related, that in his extreme Old Age, not being able longer to go on Foot, he caus'd himſelf to be carry'd in a Litter through the City, that he might be ſeen by the People to whom he was ſo dear. 'Tis reported alſo, that his Scholars, who ſtood about his Bed when he was dying, asking him if he had nothing to recommend to them, he addreſs'd himſelf to them after this manner:

"Life deceives us, it promiſes us great Plea-
"ſure in the Poſſeſſion of Honour; but Life
"and Miſery begin together, which end in
"Death: There is often nothing more unpro-
"fitable than the Love of Reputation. There-
"fore, my Diſciples, be content: If you can
"contemn the Eſteem of Men, you'll ſave a
"great deal of Trouble; and if it abate not
"your Courage, it may ſtill happen that Ho-
"nour may be your Reward: Remember only
"that in Life are many uſeleſs Things, and but
"few which tend to a ſolid End. I have now
"no Leiſure to determine what Sect I ought to
"eſpouſe; but for you my Survivors, you can-
"not too ſeriouſly conſider what you ought
"to do." And theſe were his laſt Words.

Cicero, in the Third Book of his *Tuſculan* Queſtions, ſays, That Theophrastus dying, complain'd of Nature, who had given Deers and Crows ſo long a Life, which was uſeleſs to them,

them, while ſhe had allotted Men an extreme ſhort Life, tho' it was of ſuch Conſequence for them to live long: That if the Age of Men were extended to a greater Number of Years, their Life would be improv'd by an Univerſal Knowledge, and all Arts and Sciences might be brought to Perfection. And St. JEROME aſſures us, that THEOPHRASTUS at One hundred and ſeven Years old, taken Ill of that Diſtemper of which he dy'd, lamented he was oblig'd to quit Life, at a Time when he juſt began to be Wiſe.

He us'd to ſay, We ought not to love our Friends in order to try them, but to try them in order to love them: That Friends ought to be common amongſt Brethren, as all things are common amongſt Friends: That you ought as ſoon to truſt to a Horſe without a Bridle, as to a Man who ſpeaks without Judgment: That the greateſt Expence a Man can be at, is that of his Time. He ſaid once to a Perſon who ſate ſilent at Table, during the Entertainment; If you are a Man of Senſe, you are to blame to ſay nothing; but if otherwiſe, you do very well. Theſe were ſome of his Maxims.

But if we ſpeak of his Works, they are Infinite; and we cannot find that any of the Ancients wrote more than THEOPHRASTUS: DIOGENES LAERTIUS reckons up more than Two hundred different Tracts, and the Subjects of which

which they treated: The greateſt Part of which were loſt by the Injury of Time; and the other remaining Parts he reduces to Twenty Tracts, which are collected together in the Volume of his Works. There are Nine Books of the Hiſtory of Plants, Six of their Cauſes: He wrote of Winds, of Fire, of Stones, of Honey, of the Signs of Fair Weather, of the Signs of Tempeſts, of the Signs of Rain, of Smells, of Sweat, of the Vertigo, of Wearineſs, of the Relaxation of the Nerves, of Swooning, of Fiſh which live out of the Water, of Animals which change their Colour, of Animals which are Born ſuddenly, of Animals ſubject to Envy, the Characters of Manners: Theſe are what remain of his Writings; amongſt which, this laſt which I have tranſlated, is not inferior in Beauty to any of thoſe which are preſerv'd, but may be ſuperior in Merit to any of thoſe which are loſt.

But if any one ſhould coldly receive this Moral Treatiſe, on the account of thoſe things they may obſerve there, which are only applicable to the Times in which they were wrote, and have no relation to the preſent Manners; What can they do more advantageous and obliging to themſelves, than to get rid of this Prepoſſeſſion in favour of their own Cuſtoms and Manners, which having taken up on Truſt without any deliberation, makes 'em peremptorily pronounce all others contemptible, which

are

are not conformable to them; thereby depriving themſelves of that Pleaſure and Inſtruction, which the Reading of the Ancients would afford them.

We who are now Modern, will be Ancient few Ages hence: Then will the Hiſtory of our Times reconcile Poſterity to the Selling of Offices; That is to ſay, the Power of protecting Innocence, puniſhing Guilt, and doing Juſtice to the World, bought with Ready-money like a Farm; will reconcile them to the Splendor of our * Partiſans, a Sort of Men treated with the laſt Contempt amongſt the *Hebrews* and *Greeks*. They'll hear of a Capital City of a great Kingdom, which had neither Publick Places, Baths, Fountains, Amphitheatres, Galleries, Porticoes, nor Publick Walks, which was notwithſtanding a prodigious City; they will be told of Perſons, whoſe Life was ſpent in going from one Houſe to another; of honeſt Women, who kept neither Shops nor Inns, yet had their Houſes open for thoſe who would pay for their Admiſſion: Where you might have had Cards and Dice, or play'd at what ſort of Game you pleas'd; that you might have eat in thoſe Houſes, and that they were convenient for all ſort of Commerce: They'll be inform'd that People paſs'd up and

* *Collectors of the Revenues.*

down

down the Streets only to ſeem to be in a hurry; that there was no Familiarity or Converſation there, but all in Confuſion, and as it were in an Alarm by the Noiſe of Coaches, which were hardly to be avoided, and which were drove at ſuch a Rate through the Middle of the Streets, as if it were for the Prize of ſome Race: They will learn without Wonder, that in the Time of Publick Peace and Tranquility the Inhabitants went to the Temples, viſited Ladies and their Friends, with offenſive Weapons; and that there was no Perſon almoſt but carry'd at his Side, wherewith at one Puſh to Murder another.

Now if our Poſterity, aſtoniſh'd at Cuſtoms ſo ſtrange and different from theirs, ſhould therefore diſlike our Memoirs, our Poetry, our Comedies and Satyrs, might not we complain of them aforehand; that by this falſe Delicacy they depriv'd themſelves of the Reading ſo many excellent Works, ſo elaborate and ſo regular, and of the Knowledge of the moſt glorious Reign which ever yet adorn'd Hiſtory?

Let us then have the ſame favourable Regard for the Books of the Ancients, which we our ſelves hope for from Poſterity; being perſuaded no Uſages or Cuſtoms continue in all Ages, but vary with the Times; and that we are too remote from thoſe which are paſt, and too near

thoſe now in Vogue, to be at the Diſtance requiſite to make a juſt Judgment of either. Then will not that which we call the Politeneſs of our Manners, or the Decorum of our Cuſtoms, or our State and Magnificence, preposſeſs us any more againſt the *Athenian* plain Way of living, than that of the firſt Men, great of themſelves, and independant on a Thouſand exterior things, which afterwards were invented perhaps to ſupply the Defect of that true Grandeur, which is now no more.

Nature ſhew'd herſelf in them, in all her Purity and Dignity, and as yet was unſully'd by Vanity, Luxury and fooliſh Ambition. No Man was honour'd, but on the account of his Strength and Virtue; none were enrich'd by Places or Penſions, but by their Fields and Flocks, their Children and Servants; their Food was wholſome and natural, the Fruits of the Earth, and the Milk of their Beaſts; their Raiment plain and convenient, made of their Wool and Fleeces; their Pleaſures innocent, a great Crop, the Marriage of their Children, a good Underſtanding with their Neighbours Peace in their Families. Nothing can be more oppoſite to our Manners than all theſe things; but the Diſtance of Time makes us relish them, as the Diſtance of Place occaſions us to receive all that different Relations, of Books of Travels inform us of remote Places

and Foreign Countries. They tell us of a Religion, a Policy, a Way of Feeding, Habiting, Building, and making War, which we knew nothing of, and of Manners we were ignorant of; thoſe which come neareſt ours affect us, thoſe which are more diſtant fill us with Admiration; but all amuſe us, leſs diſguſted with the Barbarity of Manners and Cuſtoms of People ſo remote, than inſtructed, and even pleas'd with their Novelty; it ſuffices us that thoſe concerning whom we have this Account, are *Siamites*, *Chineſe*, *Negroes*, or *Abyſſines*.

Now thoſe whoſe Manners Theophrastus paints were *Athenians*, and we are *Frenchmen*; and if we add to the Diverſity of Place and Climate, the long Interval of Time, and conſider that this Book was wrote in the laſt Year of the CXV Olympiad, Three Hundred and fourteen Years before the Chriſtian *Era*, and alſo that 'tis above Two Thouſand Years ſince the People of *Athens* liv'd, whom he repreſents, we ſhall be ſurpriz'd to ſee and know our ſelves there, our Friends, our Enemies, thoſe whom we live with; and that being diſtant from each other ſo many Ages, the Reſemblance ſhould be ſo perfect. Indeed, Men in their Affections and Paſſions change not, but are ſtill the ſame they were, and as they are deſcrib'd by Theophrastus, Vain, Diſſemblers, Flatterers, Selfiſh, Impudent, Importunate, Diſtruſtful, Slanderous, Quarrelſome and Superſtitious.

'Tis true, *Athens* was a free City, the Cen-
ter of the Republick, its Citizens were equal,
were not aſham'd of one another, they walk'd
moſtly alone and on Foot, in a neat, peace-
able and ſpacious City, going into the Shops
and Markets to buy themſelves what Neceſſa-
ries they wanted; Court Emulation did not in
the leaſt incline them to leave this common
Way of Life; They kept their Slaves for the
Baths, for their Repaſts, for their Domeſtick
Service, and for Travelling; they ſpent on
Part of their Time in the Publick Places, the
Temples, the Amphitheatres, on the Peer o
under the Portico's, and in the middle of
City, of which they were equally Maſters
There the People met together to deliberat
of the Publick Affairs, there they treated wi
Strangers. In other Places the Philoſophe
ſometimes deliver'd their Doctrine, ſometim
convers'd with their Scholars. Theſe Plac
were at once a Scene of Pleaſure and Buſineſs
there was ſomething plain and popular
their Manners, which I acknowledge litt
reſembles ours; yet notwithſtanding, wh
Men were the *Athenians* in general! And wha
City was *Athens!* What Laws! What Gover
ment! What Valour! What Diſcipline! Wh
Perfection in all Arts and Sciences! Nay, wh
Politeneſs in their common Converſation a
Language! THEOPHRASTUS, the ſame THE
PHRAST

PHRASTUS of whom ſo great things have been ſaid, this agreeable Talker, this Man who expreſs'd himſelf Divinely, was known to be a Foreigner, and call'd ſo by an ignorant Woman, of whom he bought Herbs in the Market, who knew by a ſort of *Attick* Nicety, which he wanted, and which the *Romans* afterwards call'd Urbanity, that he was no *Athenian*; and CICERO relates, that this great Man was amaz'd, that having liv'd to Old Age in *Athens*, perfect Maſter of the *Attick* Language, habituated to the Accent ſo many Years, he could not do that which the common People naturally, and without any Difficulty do. But if we read in this Treatiſe, the Characters of certain Manners which we can't juſtify, and appear ridiculous to us, we ought to remember that THEOPHRASTUS had the ſame Thought of them, that he look'd upon them as Vices which he had drawn ſo to the Life, that the Picture would ſerve both to ſhame and reclaim the *Athenians*.

But being deſirous to pleaſe thoſe, who boldly receive whatſoever concerns Foreigners and the Ancients, and value no Manners but their Own, we have added them likewiſe to this Work: It was thought excuſable not to follow the Deſign of this Philoſopher, as well becauſe it is always dangerous to imitate the Works of another, eſpecially if he be an Ancient, or an Author of great Reputation; as

alſo becauſe the ſingle Figure call'd De-ſcription or Enumeration, made Uſe of with ſo great Succeſs in theſe Twenty Eight Chapters of Characters, might ſucceed abundantly leſs if handl'd by a Genius much inferiour to that of THEOPHRASTUS.

On the contrary, remembring that amongſt the great Number of Tracts of this Philoſopher reckon'd up by DIOGENES LAERTIUS there is one under the Title of Proverbs, that is to ſay, independent Pieces, ſuch as Reflections or Remarks; and that the firſt and greateſt Book of Morality which ever was made, bears the ſame Name in the Sacred Writ; I found my ſelf excited, by ſo many great Models according to my Ability to follow the ſame Method * in Writing of Manners; and was not diſcourag'd from the Undertaking, by Two Works of Morality which are in every ones Hands; and from which ſome, either for want of Attention, or through a Spirit of Criticiſing, may think theſe Remarks are Copy'd.

The Firſt by the Inclination of its Author makes Metaphyſicks ſubſervient to Religion

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* *The ſhort conciſe Manner in which* Solomon *writ his Proverbs is here meant, and by no means the Things, which are Divine, and which admit of no Compariſon.*

explai

explains the Nature of the Soul, its Paſſions, its Vices; diſcuſſes the moſt ſerious Motives which lead to Virtues, and endeavours to make a Man a Chriſtian: The other, which is the Production of a Mind inſtructed by Converſation in the World, and in which the Delicacy is equal to the Penetration, obſerving that Self-love in Man is the Cauſe of all his Errors, attacks it without intermiſſion in every Part where 'tis found; and this one Thought, as it is multiply'd a thouſand different ways by choice of Words and variety of Expreſſions, has always the Charms of Novelty.

I have not follow'd either of theſe two Ways in the Work, which is joyn'd to the Tranſlation of theſe Characters; it is quite different from the other Two, which I ſpoke of; leſs Sublime than the Firſt, and leſs Delicate than the Second, its ſole Deſign is to render Man reaſonable by plain and common Ways, and by examining him indifferently, without any regard to Method, and according as the ſeveral Chapters lead to it thro' his ſeveral Ages, Sexes and Conditions, thro' the Vices, Weakneſſes, and the Ridicule which attend them.

I have moſtly apply'd my ſelf to the Vices of the Mind, the Secrets of the Heart, and all the interior Part of Man; which THEOPHRASTUS has not done, and I may ſay, that

as his Characters by a Thouſand exterior Things, obſerv'd in Man, by his Actions, his Words, his Gate, ſhew what is his Principle, and lead us to the very Source of his Diſorder; on the quite contrary, theſe New Characters diſplaying the Thoughts, Sentiments and Inclinations of Men, diſcover the Principle of their Villany and Folly, make us eaſily foreſee all they are capable to do or ſay, and abate our Wonder at a Thouſand vicious and frivolous Actions, of which their Life is full.

It muſt be acknowledg'd, that in the Titles of both the Works, the Difficulty was found near equal; for thoſe into which the Latter is divided, if they do not pleaſe well enough, the Reader is permitted to put others in the room of them. But with relation to the Titles of the Characters of THEOPHRASTUS, the ſame Liberty is not allow'd, becauſe we are not Maſters of another Man's Propriety, but muſt follow the Spirit of the Author, and render him according to the neareſt Senſe of the *Greek* Words, and at the ſame time according to the moſt exact Conformity to their Chapters; which was found very difficult; becauſe very often the ſignification of a *Greek* Phraſe, tranſlated Word for Word, is quite another Thing in our Language; for Example, Irony, which with us is Raillery in Converſation, or a Trope in Rhetorick, with THEOPHRASTUS ſignifies ſomewhat between Cheating and Diſſembling, and

which

which in the whole is neither the one nor the other, but that very particular Vice deſcribed in his Firſt Chapter.

And in other Places, the *Greeks* have ſometimes Two or Three very different Terms to expreſs different Things, which we cannot render but only by one ſingle Word; this Poverty of our Language does very much embarraſs us.

You may obſerve in this *Greek* Work, Three Sorts of Avarices, Two Sorts of troubleſome Perſons, Flatterers of Two Sorts, and as many of great Talkers; by which means the Characters ſeem to interfere one with the other, to the prejudice of the Titles; neither are they always purſu'd exactly, nor perfectly conformable, becauſe THEOPHRASTUS, eagerly bent ſometimes on his Deſign of drawing Pourtraicts, found himſelf oblig'd to theſe Alterations, by the Character and Manners of the Perſon he Paints or Satyrizes.

The Definitions at the beginning of each Chapter are very difficult; they are ſhort and concíſe in THEOPHRASTUS, according to the force of the *Greek*, and the Style of ARISTOTLE, who furniſh'd him with the firſt Ideas; I was oblig'd to enlarge them in the Tranſlation, to make them intelligible: There are alſo in this Tract ſome unfiniſh'd Phraſes, which

which make but imperfect Senſe, but the true one is eaſy to be ſupply'd. You'll find in the various Readings ſome things very abrupt, which may admit of divers Explications; and to avoid wandring amongſt theſe Ambiguities, I have follow'd the beſt Interpreters.

To conclude, As this Work is nothing but a plain Inſtruction, concerning the Manners of Men, rather deſign'd to make them Wiſe than Learned, I think my ſelf exempt from the Trouble of long and curious Obſervations, or of learned Commentaries, which might give an exact Account of Antiquity; I have only added ſome ſmall Notes in the Margin, where I thought them neceſſary; to the end none of thoſe who have Juſtneſs and Vivacity, and are pretty well read, ſhould have occaſion to blame me, and that they may not be obſtructed in reading theſe Characters, or heſitate one moment concerning the Senſe of THEOPHRASTUS.

TH

THE Moral Characters OF *THEOPHRASTUS.*

BEFORE I particularly apply'd my ſelf to the Study of this Subject, I have often wonder'd, nor can I forbear to do ſo ſtill, how it comes to paſs, that, notwithſtanding all *Greece* is ſituated under the ſame Climate, and all the *Grecians* are * educated alike, there ſhould yet be ſo great a Diſparity

* *With Reſpect to the* Barbarians, *whoſe Manners are vaſtly different from the* Greeks.

of

of *Manners* amongſt us. Since then (my dear *Policles*) I have ſtudy'd Human Nature long, and have now liv'd to be Ninety nine Years old, during which Time, I have been converſant with Perſons of all Tempers, Humours, and Inclinations, and obſerv'd with great Nicety both the Good and the Bad, comparing one with the other: I thought it not amiſs to characterize the Method and Way of Living of † both one and the other. I ſhall therefore ſhew you their ſeveral Sorts of *Manners*, and what their different Inclinations tend to in daily Converſation. For I am of Opinion, my dear Friend, that Poſterity will be much advantag'd by leaving them ſuch *Remains* as theſe, which they may ſet before them as Examples, what Perſons to chuſe to be more familiar and converſant with, by a Noble Emulation of whoſe Virtues they may become great Men. But to return to my Deſign. It is you who are to conſider and examine, if what I ſay be agreeable to Right Reaſon. Therefore, omitting long Prefaces, and many Things which might be ſaid on this Subject, I ſhall begin with *Diſſimulation*. Firſt, I ſhall define it; then deſcribe what Sort of a Man this *Diſſembler* is, what it is he propoſes by all his Actions; and afterwards treat of the other Paſſions ſucceſſively, according to my firſt intended Method.

† Theophraſtus *had a Deſign to treat of all the Virtues and Vices.*

I.

Of Diſſimulation.

TO give an imperfect Deſcription of * *Diſſimulation:* It is the framing of *Words* and *Actions* to baſe and ſiniſter Ends. The Diſſembler addreſſes himſelf to his moſt inveterate Enemies, as if there were not the leaſt Grudge between them; commends before their Faces thoſe whom he deſigns to enſnare and Ruin; and if they happen to fall under any Misfortune, moſt compaſſionately condoles them. He ſeems to ſlight the moſt opprobrious Things ſaid of him, and entertains thoſe who rail againſt him for Abuſes done to them, with all imaginable Reſpect and Complaiſance. To thoſe who deſire to ſpeak with him in Haſte, he pretends Buſineſs, and bids them call another time: All his own Deſigns, he carefully conceals; but he ſays he will declare himſelf, being at preſent upon the Point of Deliberation. Sometimes he ſays, he's but juſt come to Town, or came late laſt Night, or was taken ill on the Road.

* *The Author ſpeaks not of that Sort of Diſſimulation, which is the Effect of Prudence, and with the* Greeks *call'd* Irony.

If

If you ask to borrow Money of him, or to * contribute to the Relief of an Indigent Friend, he'll tell you, I am no Trader: At another time you'll hear him talk of his great Dealings, tho he has not the leaſt Buſineſs.

When he has been liſtening attentively to Peoples Diſcourſe, he affects to ſeem as if he had not concern'd himſelf about it. What he ſees, he will deny that ever he ſaw it, pretends Forgetfulneſs to all his Promiſes. Diſcourſe him about ſome things, he ſays he'll conſider of 'em; is ſtrangely ſtruck with Admiration concerning ſome other Matters, of which a little before he had the ſame Sentiments with your ſelf. According as Occaſion requires, theſe are his common Expreſſions. I believe not a Word of it —— It can never enter into me to conceive it —— It amazes me —— Sure I am not my own ſelf. He always repreſented Matters otherwiſe to me ——— This is an incredible thing, and exceeds all Belief. Pray tell it to ſome-body elſe —— Shall I believe you, and think he has impos'd upon me? Be extreme cautious how you give Credit to ſuch deceitful and inſinuating Harangues, for there's nothing more pernicious. Theſe Perſons Actions proceeding from ſly and enſnaring Principles, ought more to be ſhunn'd than the Venom of Vipers.

* *This Sort of Contribution was frequent at* Athens, *and authoriz'd by the Laws.* vid. Duport's Prælectiones, in Theophraſt. *pag* 190.

II.

Of FLATTERY.

FLATTERY is a vile Way of Converſation, advantageous only to the *Flatterer*.

When the Flatterer walks abroad with any one, Obſerve, ſays he, how the Eyes of all Men are fix'd on you; there is no Perſon in the whole City ſo honour'd beſides your ſelf: You had an extraordinary Character yeſterday in the † *Portico*; there were above Thirty of us together, and the Diſcourſe happening to be, Who had the beſt Reputation in the whole City? you were the firſt Perſon mention'd, and the whole Company unanimouſly declar'd you the Man. He tells him a Thouſand ſuch Things as theſe, then falls to bruſhing the Lint off his Cloaths; and if the Wind chance to blow a little Chaff, or a Straw into his Hair, he takes it out, and ſmiling, ſays, Becauſe I have not kept you Company theſe Two Days, ſee how

† *A Publick Edifice made Uſe of by* Zeno, *and afterwards by his Diſciples, as a Place of Meeting for Diſputation: They were call'd* Stoicks *from* Stoa, *which ſignifies* Portico, *in* Greek.

Grey

Grey your Beard is grown; ſure the Hair of a Man of your Age may be as black as any Body's. Whenever the Perſon he deſigns to flatter begins to ſpeak, he enjoyns the whole Company ſilence, praiſes him in his own hearing, applauds him both by Words and Actions, and when he has finiſh'd his Diſcourſe, declares what he has ſaid to be moſt ſublime Senſe in the World. If his Patron happens to break a Jeſt upon any one, he'll be ſure to laugh ſufficiently, and ſeems forc'd to cram the end of his Coat into his Mouth to ſtop his Laughter. Whoever he meets in the way as they go along, he bids them ſtop till his Patron is gone by. He buys Apples and Pears, and carries them home to his Children, taking an Opportunity to give 'em to them in the Father's ſight; then kiſſing them calls 'em "the delicate Branches "of a noble Stock. If he be along with him when he buys his Shoes, he tells him his Foot is more neatly ſhap'd than the Shoe it ſelf. When he pays a Viſit to any of his Friends the Flatterer runs before and acquaints them that ſuch a Perſon is about to Viſit 'em; then returning back, ſays, I have told them of your coming, and they are very proud of the Honour. He's an exquiſite Fellow at all thoſe Trifles which belong only to Women, and has accompliſh'd himſelf ſo as to be extraordinary handy about them. He's the firſt Man who commends the Wine at an Entertainment: And if it be poſſible, places himſelf next the Maſ-

ſter

ſter of the Feaſt, ſaying, Sir, you eat little or nothing: Then taking ſomething off the Table, ſhows it, and ſays, How delicious is this! Then officiouſly enquires, if he be not a cold? or if he will pleaſe to have any thing on to keep him warmer? He is perpetually whiſpering him in his Ear; and let him direct his Diſcourſe to whom he will, be ſure his Eyes are always fix'd upon him. In the Theatre he takes the Cuſhion from the Page, and will lay it himſelf. He tells him his Houſe is ingeniouſly contriv'd, and ſumptuouſly built; his Orchard curiouſly planted; his Picture extraordinary like, and finely drawn: In a word; a Flatterer ſuits all his Words and Actions to inſinuate himſelf into the good Opinion of others.

III.

Of IMPERTINENCE.

IMPERTINENCE is an Habit of Talk-
ing much, and to no purpoſe. This Im-
pertinent ſitting next a Perſon who is a mee
Stranger to him, will tell him a long Story i
Praiſe of his own Wife, and give an exact an
particular Relation of his laſt Night's Dream
tells you every individual Diſh that was at th
laſt Feaſt he was at: When he begins to b
warm in his Diſcourſe, he exclaims, that th
World much degenerates, and the preſent Ag
is more wicked than the former; That th
Corn is very dear in the Market; and th
there are Abundance of Foreigners in Town
That preſently after the * Bacchanals, th
Ships may put to Sea; That a little Ra
would extraordinarily forward the Fruits
the Earth, and give us the Proſpect of a ple
tiful Crop; The next Year he intends to du
his Fields. He tells you alſo, that it is ve
hard to make a ſhift in the World: He'll gi

* *The firſt Bacchanals celebrated in the City in the Spring.*

a Stra

a Stranger to underſtand, that when the myſterious Rights of CERES were perform'd, DAMIPPUS had the greateſt * Torch. He enquires how many Pillars ſupport the Muſick-Theatre; tells you yeſterday he took a Vomit; asks what Day of the Month it is; and if you have the Patience to hear him, you'll never get rid of him.

He tells you, as mighty News, that the † Myſteries are celebrated in *Auguſt*, the || *Apaturia* in *October*, and the ‡ Bacchanals in *December* in the Country. Theſe Sort of Men ought to be induſtriouſly ſhunn'd by all thoſe who are not fond of a Fever; for it is intolerable to be troubl'd with thoſe Perſons, who cannot diſtinguiſh betwixt Times of Buſineſs and Leiſure.

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* *The Myſteries of* Ceres *were perform'd in the Night, and the Athenians ſtrove who ſhould bring the largeſt Torch.*

† *The Feaſt of* Ceres *before mentioned.*

|| *Feaſts in Honour of* Bacchus.

‡ *Second Bacchanals celebrated in the Country in Winter.*

IV.

Of Rusticity.

THE Clown is a Perſon who ſeems Ignorant of what is neat and handſome; who when he has taken any nauſeous * Phyſick, will intrude into Publick Company; can perceive no difference between the richeſt Perfumes and ordinary Thyme; always wears Shoes too big for his Feet, and accuſtoms himſelf to talk very loud in Company. He repoſes no Truſt or Confidence in his neareſt Friends or Relations, but conſults his menial Servants in Affairs of greateſt Importance; and whatſoever he hears Abroad in Company, tells at Home to his Hirelings, who do his Country-drudgery. He'll ſit with his Breeches above his Knees, and ſhow his naked Fleſh: He ſees nothing in the Way he goes along, worthy Obſerving or Admiring, unleſs he meets an Ox, or an Aſs, or a Goat; then he ſtands Stock-ſtill, and is wonderfully Contemplative. When he goes

* *The* Greek *word ſignifies a Drug that makes the Breath ſtink very much.*

into his own Kitchen, he'll take a great Piece of whatever comes next to hand, and greedily crams it down, drinking a great Draught immediately after it; but contrives it so cunningly, that his own Cook-Maid may not discover him. He then goes and helps her to Turn the Mill, and provide Necessaries for himself and the whole Family. He rises from Dinner to go and fodder his Cattel; and if any body knock at the Door, he listens. Calling his Dog, he takes him by the Snout, saying, This is he that preserves my Lands, my House, and all things in it: When he receives Money, he always scruples it, and asks to have it chang'd. If he has lent a Neighbour a Plough, a Sickle, or a Sack; whenever there happens to be a stormy Night, that he cannot sleep, he'll be sure to remember them, and send for them home *then.* Whoever he meets in the City, he asks how Skins and Salt-fish sell? What is like to be the Effect of this New Moon? Tells them he is going to shave himself presently; He is so rude as to sing in the * Bath; wears his Shoes full of Nails; and because it lies in his way, goes to † *Archias*'s Shop to buy Salt-fish, which he carries home in his Hand through the Open Street.

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* *A very rude Thing amongst the* Athenians.

† *A famous Dealer in Salt-fish, the Common Peoples ordinary Food.*

V.

Of WHEEDLING.

WHEEDLING may be defin'd a deceitful and insinuating Way of Conversation; more regarding what is Pleasant and Agreeable, than what is Virtuous and Honest. The Wheedler Compliments every one, as far off as he can see them; uses the highest Encomiums he can invent; admires a Person in all Particulars; and taking hold of him with both Hands, will not part with him, but forces himself upon him; importunately asking what Time he will be at leisure to receive a Visit, and detains him till he has pass'd a thousand Compliments on him.

If he be chosen an Arbitrator, he consults how to be favourable to the opposite Side, and orders Matters so as to oblige both. To render himself acceptable to Strangers; he says he finds more Honour and Probity amongst them, than his own Countrymen. When he is invited to an Entertainment, he desires to see the Master of the House his Children; and when they come in, he says two Figs are not more alike than they and their Parents; and calling them to him, kisses them, sets them down by him, and plays with them at the mean-

est

eſt childiſh Sports; lays them in his Lap while they ſleep, tho' they are very burthenſome to him. He always goes cloſe ſhav'd; takes great Care to keep his Teeth white; has Change of Cloaths for every Day in the Week, and throws them by when they are as good as New. He's an excellent Cuſtomer to the Perfumer; he uſes that part of the Town where the richeſt Perſons are, and the * Schools which young Gentlemen reſort to. At the Theatre alſo he ſeats himſelf next Perſons of the greateſt Quality. He pretends never to buy any thing for himſelf, but only for Preſents to ſend to his Friends at *Byzantium*, *Spartan* Dogs to ſend to *Cyzicus*, and the fine *Hymettian* Honey to *Rhodes*, making the whole City acquainted with his generous Actions. He keeps Apes and Monkeys, and *Sicilian* Doves at home; has all ſorts of rich Eſſences and Perfumes; fine *Lacedemonian* twiſted Canes, and Hangings with the Figures of noble *Perſians* in them. He has a little neat Hall ſtrew'd with Sand to wreſtle in, and a Tennis-Court; and when he meets any of the Philoſophers, or Sophiſts, or Fencing, or Muſick-Maſters, he officiouſly deſires them to make uſe of it for their Performances; during which Time, he entertains ſome of the Spectators with the Praiſe both of the Houſe and Maſter.

* *Dancing, Fencing, Riding,* &c.

VI.

Of a PROFLIGATE TEMPER.

A PROFLIGATE TEMPER has in it the Heigth of Impudence, and an utter Diſlike of Honeſty and Decency in Words and Actions. This profligate Perſon, prone to all Wickedneſs, is often taking Oaths, without the leaſt Regard to Reputation, and valuing whatever the World ſays of him. He is Impudent, Crafty and Tricking, and will Perpetrate any thing. He is not aſham'd when he is ſober, to go and Dance the moſt obſcene Poſture-Dances amongſt the Publick Actors without a Mask. When the * Shows are to be ſeen, he will force himſelf to be Receiver of the Money; runs about, demanding it of every Spectator; but if any produces him a Ticket to ſee *gratis*, he picks a Quarrel with him. He's a meer Jack of all Trades; Sometimes he keeps an Ale-houſe; at other Times he is a Cock-Bawd, a Ferry-man; and ſometimes he's a Tax-gatherer; and becauſe there is nothing ſo ſordid which he will not undertake, he ſerves for a publick Cryer; then again he is a Cook, afterwards turns Gameſter; nothing comes amiſs to him. He ſuffers his own Mother to periſh for want of common Suſtenance. He is an arrant Thief, and is every now

* *Such as at our Fairs are ſeen in an open Place.*

and

and then dragg'd to Jayl, which is his place of Reſidence more than his own Houſe. He is one of thoſe that gather a Crowd about them in the Street to make a doleful Complaint, in a loud and lamentable Tone, abuſing and railing at all that oppoſe them. Some crowd to ſee him, others go on their Way without hearing the Story, whilſt he tells ſome the beginning, ſome the middle, others the end of his Tale: You may alſo obſerve, he chuſes that time when there is the greateſt Concourſe of People, that there may be the more Witneſſes to his Raſcality. He is always in Law, either Suing, or being Sued; ſome Suits he keeps off by Perjury, to others he appears. He is never without a *Box in his Boſom, and has a Load of Papers relating to Law-matters in his Hands; and as a ſingular Argument of his Impudence, is always a Ring leader amongſt litigious Pettifoggers.

What Money he lends at Intereſt, he demands †*Semioboli* a Day for the Uſe of each *Drachma*. He is a conſtant Tavern-haunter, and walks up and down in thoſe Places, where ‖Freſh and Salt-Fiſh are to be ſold; and ſpends in his luxurious Living, what he has got by his baſe Practices. Theſe are troubleſome Fellows, whoſe Mouths are continually open to revile; and ſo much given to it, that the Exchange and all the Taverns are continually diſturb'd by their Noiſe and Clamour.

* *A Light Copper-Box, in which Lawyers carry'd what related to their Cauſes.* † *Six* Oboli *make a* Drachma.
‖ *Much eat by the* Athenians.

VII. *Of*

VII.

Of LOQUACITY.

IF we would define Loquacity, it is an exceſſive Intemperance of Words. The Prater will not ſuffer any Perſon in Company to tell his own Story, but let it be what it will, tells you, you miſtake the Matter; he only apprehends the thing right, and if you pleaſe to hear him, he will make it very clear to you. If you make any Reply, he ſuddenly interrupts you; ſaying, Why, Sir, you forgot what you were talking about; it's very well you begin to recollect your ſelf; ſee how beneficial it is for People to inform one another: Then preſently cries, But what was I going to ſay? Why truly you take a thing very ſoon: I was waiting to ſee if you would be of my Sentiment in this Matter; always taking ſuch Occaſions as theſe not to permit the Perſon he talks with the Liberty of Breathing. After he has thus tormented all who will hear him, he is ſo rude to intrude into the Company of Perſons met together upon important Affairs, and drives them away by his troubleſome Impertinence. Thence he goes into the Publick

* *This was puniſh'd with Death at* Athens *by* Solon's *Law, from which they had derogated in* Theophraſtus's *Time.*

Schools

Schools and Places of * Exerciſe, where he interrupts the Maſters by his fooliſh prating, and hinders the Scholars from improving by their Inſtructions. If any Perſon diſcover an Inclination to go away, he will follow him, and will not part from him till he comes to his Door. If he hear of any thing tranſacted in the Publick Aſſemblies of the Citizens, he runs up and down to tell it to every body. He gives you a very long Account of the Famous Battel which was fought when † *Ariſtophontes* the Orator was Governor; and that of the || *Lacedemonians*, under the Command of *Lyſander*. Then tells you with what general Applauſe he made a Speech in Publick, repeating a great deal of it, with Invectives againſt the common People; which is ſo tireſome to thoſe who hear him, that ſome forget what he ſays as ſoon as 'tis out of his Mouth, others fall aſleep, and others leave him in the midſt of his Harangue. If this Talker be ſitting on the Bench, the Judge ſhall not be able to determine Matters. If he's at the Theatre, he'll neither let you ſee or hear any thing, or even permit him who ſits next to him at the Table to eat his Meat. He declares it is very hard

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* *As Wreſtling, Fencing,* &c.

† *The Battle of* Arbela, *and the Victory obtained, followed by the Death of* Darius, *the News of which came to* Athens *when* Ariſtophontes *the Orator was chief Magiſtrate.*

|| *This was before the Battel of* Arbela, *but a very ſimple Buſineſs.*

for

for him to be ſilent, his Tongue being ſo very well hung, that he'd rather be accounted more garrulous than a Swallow, than be ſilent; and patiently bears all Ridicules, even thoſe of his own Children, who when they want to go to Reſt, deſire him to talk to them, that they may the ſooner fall aſleep.

VIII.

The NEWSMONGER.

HE is a Perſon who falſely relates Words and Actions, according to his own Humour and Caprice. If he meet with any of his Friends, with a formal Look or grave Nod asks, Whence came you? What good News have you? Have you nothing elſe? And goes on to ask him, Is there no more News in the Town? I aſſure you there is wonderful good News; and without giving him time to anſwer, continues, What was it you ſaid? I perceive you know nothing, and therefore I will entertain you with ſome Matters; and this Relation is either from ſome Soldier, or *Aſteus* the Piper's Son, or *Lycon* the chief Workman, lately come from the Army, from whom he hears what he tells you: He always produces ſuch

Authors

Authors as theſe for his Stories, which no body can contradict. They alſo told him, that the * King and † *Polyperſchontes* have got the Day, and that || *Caſſander* was fallen into their Hands alive: But if any body ask him, Do you believe theſe things your ſelf? He ſays the thing is beyond all Diſpute, and the News of the whole Town, that it was continually confirm'd, every body agreed in the ſame Story concerning the Fight, that there was a very great Slaughter made, which might eaſily be read in the Countenances of all who were concern'd in managing Publick Affairs, which now ſeem'd to be quite alter'd. He ſays, He heard that a Perſon who came from *Macedonia*, and was preſent at all the Actions, has been conceal'd theſe Five Days in the Magiſtrate's Houſe: When he has told all this, he adds ſome compaſſionate condoling Expreſſions, What think you, Gentlemen, of this Succeſs? Poor *Caſſander!* Unhappy Prince! Miſerable Man! See what Fortune can do! For *Caſſander* was very Brave, and had a Gallant Army. But pray (ſays he) keep this to your ſelf, for 'tis a great Secret; and preſently runs up and down the City to tell it himſelf. I muſt con-

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* Arideus *Brother to* Alexander *the Great.*

† *A Captain under* Alexander.

|| *This was a falſe Report.* Caſſander, *the Son of* Antipater, *intended with* Arideus *and* Polyperſchontes, *for the Tutelage of* Alexander's *Children, and had the better of it.*

feſs I am amaz'd, what theſe Raiſers and Diſperſers of falſe News and Reports propoſe to themſelves; for without mentioning the ſordid Baſeneſs always attending a Lye, it often turns to their Prejudice; for it very frequently happens that they have their Cloaths ſtolen away from them in the Bath, while the People crowd upon them to hear their Romances. Others, after they have been victorious both by Sea and Land, in the Portico are ſeverely fined for neglecting to attend their Buſineſs in the Courts of Juſtice; and others, who by their thundring Words moſt valiantly conquer Cities, are often diſappointed where to find a Dinner. There is nothing can be more miſerable than theſe Folks Circumſtances; for what Portico, what Shop, what Part of the Market, do they not ſpend whole Days in, to the great Uneaſineſs of their Hearers, whom they deafen with their lying Stories.

IX.

Of IMPUDENCE *Occaſioned by* COVETOUSNESS.

THIS Vice may be defin'd a Diſregard of Reputation for the ſake of ſordid Lucre. A Perſon influenc'd by this Principle, will ask to borrow Money of one whom he has already openly cheated. The very day that he ſacrifices to the Gods, he ſalts his conſecrated Fleſh, and keeps it for another time (inſtead of devoutly eating it) going to Supper with ſomebody elſe, and calling in his Foot-boy before the whole Company, † takes a great Piece of Bread and Meat off the Table, gives it him, and in all their Hearings bids him eat heartily. When he goes himſelf to the Butchers, that he may have a better Pennyworth, tells him, he did him a Kindneſs at ſuch a time; when his Meat is weigh'd, (ſtanding by the Scales) he will (if it be poſſible) put more in than is his due Weight; if he be hindred from that, he will throw a Bone into

† *This was the Cuſtom among the* Greeks.

the

the Scale, which if he can but carry off, he is mightily pleas'd; but if he cannot, he'll ſnatch ſome of the Offal off the Stall, and go away extreamly ſatisfy'd. When he has any Strangers with him who deſire to ſee a Play, and give Money to pay for their Places, he always contracts for himſelf to come in on Free-coſt, and have his Children and their Tutor in the next day after. What he ſees another have which coſt a good Price, he'll beg very earneſtly to let him have part of it. And when he comes to anothers Houſe, he'll be borrowing even Barley or Chaff it ſelf; and get thoſe he borrow'd it of, to ſend it Home to his own Houſe. He goes into the Bath, and makes uſe of all the Bathing Veſſels, and other Conveniencs, and ſo * Bathes himſelf, whilſt the Maſter of the Bath exclaims againſt him, but to no purpoſe, and going away, tells him, I have Bathed, but no Thanks to you.

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* *None but the poor People did ſo to ſave Charges.*

X.

Of SORDID FRUGALITY.

THIS Vice is a violent Inclination to be Parſimonious beyond what is Decent and Commendable. A Perſon of this Temper will publickly dun the Friends whom he receives Money of every Month, for a ſingle Farthing, which was the Balance of the laſt Account, and keeps reckoning how many Glaſſes each Man drinks at his Table. His Offering to † *Diana* is the meaneſt of all the Gueſts. Whatſoever is bought for him, tho' never ſo good a Pennyworth, he always ſays is very dear. If his poor Foot-boy lets a Pot fall, or by Miſchance breaks an Earthen Diſh, he'll deduct the Price on't out of his Wages. If his Wife happens to loſe but a Penny, he'll remove all his Houſhold-Stuff, have all the Beds taken down, turn the Trunks and Boxes out of their Places, and have every Nook and Corner, where the old Lumber lies, ſearch'd. Whatever he ſells, the Buyer is ſure to have a hard Bargain of it. He'll never let any Perſon

† *The* Greeks *began their Publick Entertainments with theſe Offerings.*

gather ſo much as a Fig out of his Garden, or go over his Field, or take up an Olive, or a little Branch of Palm that is fall'n from his Trees. He goes over the Bounds of his Ground every Day, to ſee if any thing be miſſing, or if all Things remain in the ſame Places they were. If any of his Debtors does not punctually pay him on the Day when the Money is due, he'll be well paid for his Forbearance, and reckon Intereſt upon Intereſt. When he invites his Friends to Dinner, he gives them but one little pitiful Diſh. He goes to Market, but often comes home empty, every Thing being too dear for him. He orders his Wife that ſhe ſhould not lend a Neighbour a little Salt, a bit of Candle, a little Cummin, Pennyroyal, an handful of Flower, a little Garland, or a ſmall * Cake; for, ſays he, theſe ſmall Matters amount to a vaſt deal in the Year. In ſhort, the Money-Cheſt of this miſerable Wretch is cover'd all over with Mould, and his Keys all ruſty. He wears Cloaths too ſhort and ſtreight for him; the leaſt drop of Oyl ſuffices to anoint him; his Head is cloſe ſhav'd; at † Noon he pulls off his Shoes to ſave them, and goes to the Fullers, earneſtly begging them to uſe a great deal of ‖ Earth in his Cloaths, that they may not be ſoon dirty again.

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* *Us'd at Sacrifices, and made of Flower and Honey.*

† *For then the Cold in all Seaſons was tolerable.*

‖ *Which alſo makes them thicker and more ſerviceable.*

XI.

Of a BRAZEN-FAC'D FELLOW.

THIS Sort of Impudence is not hard to define: It is profeſſing Villanous Tricks and Shams in an affected Way of Railery. When this Brute meets a Lady of the beſt Quality, he offers her all manner of Rudeneſs and Indecency, even to the expoſing her Modeſty. At the Theatre, when every Body is ſilent, he Claps; and Hiſſes thoſe Things which the reſt of the Audience hear with great Satisfaction: When all Perſons are intent upon the Play, he lies down upon his Back, and ſordidly falls a Belching, interrupting every Body, making them turn back to look upon him. He goes in a full Market to all the Stalls, where Nuts, Apples, and all ſorts of Fruit are ſold; and ſtanding there, eats of them all, talking all the while with thoſe who ſell them; ſcrapes Acquaintance with every One that paſſes by, and calls 'em by their Names, tho' he never knew them; if he ſees any Perſon in haſte, he'll ſtop him to know what he is going about. He'll go to a Man who has

been juſt caſt in a Suit of Law, and congratulate him. When he has bought his Supper, and hir'd the Muſicians to play before him, he ſhows every Body he meets, what he has provided, and invites them to take part with him. You may ſee him ſtanding at the * Barber's or Perfumer's Shops, telling what an Entertainment he is to be at that Night, and how he intends to be very drunk there. If he ſells Wine, he'll put what is bad and ſophiſticated upon his beſt Friends. His Children are not ſuffer'd to ſee Plays, till the very † Time they may go in *gratis*. When he's ſent on an Embaſſy with ſome of his Fellow-Citizens, he leaves what was allow'd him by the Publick, to defray his Charges at home, and borrows of his Fellow-Travellers. It is uſual for him to load his Servant that travels with him, with as much as he can poſſibly carry, and yet not allow him neceſſary Subſiſtance. When the Ambaſſadors have receiv'd their Preſents, he immediately demands his Part, in order to turn it into Money. When he bathes, he calls the Boy who attends, and ſwears at him for buying ſuch ſtinking Oyl, as he cannot endure to ſmell it, and takes that Occaſion to make uſe of another's. If his Servants find but the leaſt

* *Places where idle Perſons always meet.*

† *As at our Fifth Act.*

Piec

Piece of Money in the way, he demands his Part of it, making uſe of this Expreſſion, * *Mercury is common.* He has theſe Tricks too; if he meaſures any Thing, or diſtributes to his Servants their Allowance, he uſes a Meaſure, whoſe Bottom is rais'd up Inwards; which, when he has fill'd, he's careful to ſtrike as cloſe as ever he can. And if he's to pay Thirty Pounds, he'll take care it ſhall want Four † *Drachma*'s of Weight. When he makes a publick Entertainment, he orders his Servants to give him a particular Account of what is left; and if there be but half a Rhadiſh miſſing, he carefully looks after it, leſt thoſe who wait at Table ſhould have it.

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* *Like our crying Halves.*

† *An Hundred made a Pound at* Athens.

XII.

Of UNSEASONABLE CONVERSATION.

THE Ill-timing of Converſation, is what makes it uneaſy and troubleſome to all Perſons. When a Man is entirely taken up with Affairs of his own, which are of the greateſt Conſequence to him; an importunate troubleſome Fellow intrudes upon him, to communicate ſome of his little Trifles, and deſires to adviſe with him about them. He'll alſo go to ſup with his Miſtreſs when ſhe is in a raging Fever. At the very Moment he ſees a Perſon caſt in Court for being Bound for another, he deſires him to do him the ſame Favour. If he is ſummon'd as a Witneſs, he comes to give in his Evidence after the Tryal is over: If he is invited to a Wedding, then is his Time he thinks fit to ſhew his Wit in railing againſt the Fair Sex. He earneſtly importunes his Friend, juſt come off a long and tireſome Journey, and very weary, to take a Walk along with him. When a Thing is ſold, he'll bring a Chapman who would give more for it. Sometimes you'll have him

him riſe up in the midſt of a great Company, and make a Relation from beginning to end, of what has juſt then paſs'd there, which every Body has ſeen, and heard, and knows as well as himſelf. He will officiouſly thruſt himſelf into the Management of another Perſon's Affairs, who is extremely averſe to it; but yet does not know how to deny him. When the * Sacrifices are to be perform'd, and a Feaſt made by any Perſon, he goes to him, and asks to have part of what is provided. If any Gentleman corrects his Servant in his ſight; ſays he, I beat one of mine on the ſame Occaſion, and he preſently went and hang'd himſelf. Being choſen Umpire by two Perſons who have been long at Law, and deſire to have the Matter accommodated, he leaves it to themſelves to agree it. At an Entertainment he takes that †Perſon out to Dance with him who has ſcarce either eat or drank.

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* *The* Greeks, *the ſame Day they ſacrificed, either entertained their Friends at home, or ſent them ſome part of the Sacrifice. Therefore it was very unreaſonable for him to demand part before the Feaſt was appointed, or he knew whether he ſhould be invited or no.*

† *The* Greeks *uſed not to Dance till all the Repaſt was over, and the Tables taken away.*

XIII.

Of a Busy-Body.

THis Over-officiouſneſs, (which is the Character of a Buſy-body) is an Affecting an extraordinary Kindneſs for Others both by Words and Actions. This Perſon ſhall attribute the Succeſs of an Affair to himſelf, that was far beyond his Power to perform; He'll inſiſt a long time to prove that a Thing which every Body is thoroughly convinc'd of, was Rational, and beyond Contradiction. He makes the Servant fill out more Wine than what the Perſon is able to Drink. If he be where Two are equally Quarrelling, he effectually ſets them together by the Ears. He offers his Service to ſhew you the Way, tho' he does not know it, nor whither it will carry you. He goes to the General of the Army, and asks when he draws up his Men in Battalia to engage the Enemy, and enquires if he have no Orders for him tomorrow. Coming to his Father, he asks him, if his Mother is aſleep ſtill, and not come out of her Chamber yet? When he is order'd to keep at home for a Diſtemper, for which the Phyſi-

cians

cians think fit to forbid him the Uſe of Wine, he will Drink it on purpoſe to try the Experiment, whether it will do him good or harm. When a Woman dies in the Neighbourhood, he is the only Perſon to write her Epitaph, where he inſcribes her Husband's Name, her Father's, her Mother's, and her own, with an Account of what Country ſhe was, and her Deſcent, with this famous Elogy, THEY WERE ALL PERSONS OF EMINENT VIRTUE. If at any time he is oblig'd to take an Oath in a Court of Judicature, turning himſelf about to the Standers-by, ſays, This is not the firſt Time by many that I have been a Witneſs.

XIV.

Of STUPIDITY.

STUPIDITY may be defin'd a Dulneſs of Thought, influencing both Words and Actions. The Blockhead, when he himſelf has caſt up the Sum, will ask the Man who ſits next him what the Total amounts to. If he has a Suit depending, and knows the very Day when it will come to a Hearing, quite forgets it, and takes a Journey into the Country; when he is at the Theatre to ſee a Play, he falls faſt aſleep, and wakes not till the reſt of the Spectators are all gone; when he hath glutted himſelf, at Midnight, being Crop-ſick, he'll get up and walk Abroad for Digeſtion, and ſo have his Neighbours Dogs fall upon him. When he has receiv'd any thing from another, and laid it up himſelf, he enquires where that very thing is, not being able to find it. When he is told of the Death of one of his Friends, and invited to his Funeral, putting on a Countenance full of Grief and Sorrow, and ſhedding Tears, yet ſtill thinking of ſomething elſe, ſays, it happen'd very well. He carries Witneſſes with him whe

he receives * Money, and falls out with his Servant for not buying Cucumbers in the midſt of Winter. When his Sons are Fencing or Racing, he'll not let them leave off till they are quite ſpent. When he is in the Field boiling Lentules, he forgets he has ſeaſon'd them before, and throws Salt again into the Pot, making them ſo briny, that no body can eat them. In a time of exceſſive Rain, when every one wiſhes for dry Weather, he ſays methinks this Rain-water is very pleaſant. If he is ask'd how many were carry'd thro' the † Sacred Gate to be interr'd, (ſuppoſing the Perſon talk'd of Money) ſays, I wiſh you and I were worth as much.

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* *The* Greeks *uſed to bring Witneſſes with them when they paid their Money.*

† *To be interr'd out of the City, according to the Law of* Solon.

XV.

Of BRUTALITY.

THis Brutiſhneſs is a Rudeneſs attending Words and Actions. If a rude Fellow be ask'd where is ſuch a Perſon? He Anſwers Pray don't trouble me. If you Compliment him, he takes no notice of it. When he has any thing to ſell, if you ask him the Price of it, he won't tell you, but rather angrily ask you what Fault you can find with it. Of thoſe Devout Perſons, who at ſolemn Times ſend the uſual Offerings to the Temple of the Gods, he ſays, That if their Prayers are heard, and they have but what they deſire, they are very well requited and paid for their Preſents. If any one caſually joſtles him, or chances to tread on his Toe, he'll never forgive him. When he has denied a Friend, who deſired to borrow ſome Money of him, and told him that he had none to lend, he will afterwards bring it, and diſdainfully ſay, he has a mind to throw this away alſo to what he has loſt before. If he ſtumble againſt a Stone in the Street, he curſes it bitterly. He will not ſtay one Moment beyond the Time appointed for any Perſon, tho' it be on the account of Buſineſs of great Importance to him-

ſelf

ſelf. He has an affected Singularity not to ſing at a Feaſt, or * repeat in his Turn, nor dance with the other Company: In fine, he neither regards the Gods, nor takes any care to offer up his Vows and Sacrifices.

XVI.

Of SUPERSTITION.

WE may define Superſtition to be a Worſhipping of the Deity out of Fear and Terror. The Superſtitious Man, after he has waſh'd his Hands, and purified himſelf with Holy Water, taking a Lawrel Leaf out of the Temple, and putting it in his Mouth, ſhall walk about a whole Day ſo: If a Weazel croſs the Way as he goes along, he'll ſtir no farther till ſomebody elſe has gone before him, or he has thrown three Stones croſs the Way. In what part ſoever of the Houſe he ſees a Serpent, there he builds an Altar. He pours Oyl out of his Eſſence-Bottle all over the Conſecrated Stones, that are in Places where three Ways meet; afterwards he falls down upon his Knees, and moſt devoutly adores them. When a Mouſe

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* *The* Greeks *repeated ſome fine Paſſages of their Poets, and danc'd after the Entertainment was over.*

has

has gnaw'd a Hole in his Sack of Meal, he goes to the Soothſayers, and gravely enquires what he muſt do in the Matter; and if they tell him he muſt ſend his Sack to be mended, he cannot in the leaſt reſt ſatisfy'd with this Anſwer; but imagining ſome mighty Religious Conſequence in this Accident, empties the Sack, and never makes uſe of it again. He's continually purifying his Houſe, will never ſit down on a Grave, go to the Funeral of any one, or into the Chamber of a Lying-in Woman. When he has dreamt ſo[illegible]xtraordinary Dream, he immediately runs to [illegible]Interpreters of Dreams, the Soothſayers and Augurs, to know of them, to what God or Goddeſs he ought to make Vows and offer Sacrifice. He's very punctual to go every Month to the Prieſts of *Orpheus*, to be inſtructed in their Myſteries; and if his Wife be not detain'd by Buſineſs, he takes her along with him, if not, his Nurſe and little Children: As he goes by the Conduits, he waſhes his Head all over with Water. Sometimes he gets the * Prieſteſſes to purify him with little Dogs, or † Squills. To conclude, if he ſees a Lunatick, or a Perſon taken Ill of the Falling-Sickneſs, being ſtruck with extreme Horror, he ſpues in his own Boſom.

* *They did it by carrying a Squill, or a little Dog round about the Perſon.*

† *Sea-Onions.*

XVII. O[illegible]

XVII.

Of UNEASINESS OF MIND.

UNeaſineſs of Mind makes the Perſon affected to be always complaining without any juſt Reaſon. When any of his Friends make a Feaſt, and ſend him ſome part of what was there, he will never return him Thanks, but ſay to him that brought it, Your Maſter thought me not worthy to dine at his Table, and drink of his Wine. He ſuſpects even the Careſſes of his Miſtreſs, and tells her, I am very jealous whether you are ſincere in your Affections, and theſe Endearments proceed from your Heart. After a time of great Drought, when at laſt it begins to Rain, and he cannot then complain of the Weather, that he may ſtill continue to rail, he finds fault with Heaven for not Raining ſooner. Going along, tho' by chance he finds a Purſe of Money in the way, he'll grumbling ſay, Some Folks have the good Fortune to find Treaſure; I, for my part, could never find any thing in my Life. Likewiſe when he has bought a Slave very cheap, having tir'd the Seller by his Importunity in beating down the Price, he immediately repents of his Bargain, and ſays,

It's

It's a great Wonder if I am not cheated, it was impoſſible to buy what is good for any thing ſo cheap. When he is complimented upon the Birth of a Son, as an addition to his Family, he immediately cries, I am now half as poor again as I was before. If he has a Suit at Law depending, he will complain his Lawyer omitted doing or ſaying a great many Things which were very material, tho' the Cauſe has gone for him. When his Friends have rais'd a Sum of Money amongſt them, for the relieving him under his preſent Neceſſities; and one of them ſays to him, Pray now be brisk and chearful: Alas, ſays he, how can I pretend to be merry, when I conſider I have all this Money to repay to every particular Perſon who lent it me, and ſhall never be quit of the Obligation, but muſt render a perpetual Acknowledgment.

XVIII. *Of*

XVIII.

Of DISTRUST.

DISTRUST is an Opinion, that every one cheats and impoſes on us. When the Diſtruſtful Man has ſent his Servant to Market to buy Proviſion, orders another to go after to enquire and bring him an exact Account of what every thing coſt; if he goes Abroad with any Money in his Pocket, he tells it over every quarter of a Mile; as he lies in his Bed he asks his Wife if his Cheſt is cloſe ſhut, his Trunk well lockt, and care taken to make the Porch-Door faſt; and tho' ſhe aſſures him all theſe things are ſecure, he gets out of Bed, goes naked and bare-footed, and lights a Candle to ſearch all over the Houſe, to ſee all Things are ſafe; and notwithſtanding all this, can hardly compoſe himſelf to Reſt. When he goes to get Money, he carries Witneſſes along with him, that the Perſons may not be able at another time to deny their Debts. He makes uſe of that Fuller to ſcour his Cloaths, who will give him ſufficient Security to return them again,

never conſidering whether he is a good Workman or not. If any one ask to borrow any Cups, *&c.* of him, he uſually denies them; but if perchance he does lend them, he's always ſending for them till he has them home again. He makes his Foot-boy go before him, that he may not run away from him. If thoſe who buy any thing of him, bid him caſt up what it comes to, and ſet it down to their Account, he ſays, Pray lay me down the Money, for I han't Time to ſpare to run up and down to Receive it.

XIX. O

XIX.

Of NASTINESS or SLOVENLINESS.

SLOVENLINESS is a lazy and beaſtly Negligence of a Man's own Perſon, whereby he becomes ſo ſordid, as to be offenſive to thoſe about him. You'll ſee him come into Company when he is cover'd all over with a Leproſy and Scurf, and with very long Nails, and ſays, thoſe Diſtempers were hereditary, that his Father and Grandfather had them before him. He has Ulcers in his Thighs, and Boils upon his Hands, which he takes no care to have cured, but lets them run on till they are gone beyond Remedy. His Arm-pits are all hairy, and moſt part of his Body like a Wild Beaſt. His Teeth are black and rotten, which makes his Breath ſtink ſo that you cannot endure him to come nigh you; he will alſo ſnuff up his Noſe and ſpit it out as he eats, and uſes to ſpeak with his Mouth cramm'd full, and let his Victuals come out at both Corners. He belches in the Cup as he is drinking, and uſes naſty

ſtinking Oyl in the Bath. He will intrude into the beſt Company in ſordid ragged Cloaths. If he goes with his Mother to the * Southſayers, he cannot then refrain from wicked and prophane Expreſſions. When he is making his Oblations at the Temple, he will let the Diſh drop out of his Hands and fall a laughing, as if he had done ſome brave Exploit. At the fineſt Conſort of Muſick he can't forbear clapping his Hands, and making a rude Noiſe; will pretend to Sing along with them, and fall a Railing at them to leave off. Sitting at Table, he ſpits full upon the Servants who waited there.

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* *The* Greeks *were then eſpecially very careful of their Words.*

XX.

Of a TIRESOME *or* TROUBLESOME FELLOW.

A Tireſome Perſon is one whoſe Converſation is very fatiguing and uneaſy, tho' otherwiſe not injurious or prejudicial. He comes into his Friend's Chamber, when he is juſt fallen aſleep, and wakes him to tell him a few impertinent idle Stories. He'll deſire one who is going Aboard a Ship, juſt ready to ſet Sail, to ſpend ſome time with him firſt, and make him loſe his Voyage to no purpoſe. Taking the Child out of the Nurſe's Arms, he will feed it himſelf, and dandle it in his Arms, and talk fooliſh gibberiſh to it. He chuſes at Meal time, and when the Victuals are upon the Table, to tell how t'other day he took Phyſick, which workt with him upwards and downwards, and that he voided a great deal of naſty black Choler. He asks his Mother before a great Company of People what Day he was Born on. He ſays the Water in the Ciſtern is Cold; That he has a great many very good Pot-herbs in his Garden; That his Houſe is free for all ſorts of Comers

and Goers as if it were a publick Inn; and when he entertains any Strangers, has a * Fellow ready to talk very great Things concerning him to all the Gueſts, whom he alſo keeps to divert the Company and make them merry.

XXI.

Of VAIN-GLORY.

VAIN-GLORY, which is converſant about minute and frivolous Matters, may be call'd a ſordid and fooliſh Affectation of Honour. A Perſon affected with this Vice when he is invited to a Feaſt, ſtrives to ſit next the Man who makes the Treat. He carries his Son to † *Delphos*, where he cuts off his Hair, and conſecrates it to ſome God. He loves to have a Black for his Footman. When he pays a Sum, it is all in New Money. When he has ſacrific'd an Ox, he takes the Fore-part of the Head, and Adorning it with Ribbons and Flowers, fixes it without Doors, juſt at the Entrance to his Houſe, that every one may ſee and know what he hath ſacrific'd. When he is return'd

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* *A* Paraſite *kept by ſome of the* Grecians.

† *The* Greeks *uſed to Dedicate their Children before ſome of the Family privately, but this Perſon does it in ſight of a Multitude.*

off

off a Cavalcade which he and ſome other Citizens have made, he ſends all his Equipage home but his Robe of State, in which he ſtruts about the reſt of the Day in all the publick Places of the City. When his little Dog dies he makes a formal Burial, and erects a Tomb for it, with this Epitaph, *He was of the* * Malta *Breed.* He conſecrates a Braſs Ring to ÆSCULAPIUS, to which he hangs Garlands of all ſorts of Flowers; he perfumes himſelf all over every Day. During the Time of his Magiſtracy, he uſes a great deal of Caution and Circumſpection; and when he goes out of his Office, gives the People an Account of his Management of Affairs, and of how many and of what ſort his Sacrifices were. Being clad in a White Robe, and having a Garland of Flowers on his Head, he goes out and makes a Speech to the People: O! ATHENIANS! We Magiſtrates have ſacrific'd to the Mother of the Gods, and paid her all the ſolemn Worſhip due to her; therefore you may juſtly expect that Things will ſucceed very proſperouſly with you: This done, he goes home, and tells his Wife he has come off with great Applauſe and Approbation.

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* *This Iſland had a ſort of little Dogs much valued.*

XXII.

Of NIGGARDLINESS.

NIGGARDLINESS is a baſe and ſneaking Temper in a Man to ſave his Money at the Expence of his Reputation. The Niggard, when he has won the Prize of * Tragedy, he'll conſecrate to BACCHUS Garlands made of the Rind of Trees, and have his Name writ on this magnificent Preſent. In Times when the Neceſſity of the Publick Affairs requires the Citizens to raiſe extraordinary Contributions, which may be ſufficient to ſupply the preſent Exigencies, he either riſes up and is † ſilent, or retires as ſoon as he can. When he marries his Daughter, and Sacrifices according to Cuſtom, he ſells all the Fleſh of the ſlain Victim, beſides what belongs to the || Prieſts, and hires Servants to attend during the Time of the Wed-

* *Which he either made or repeated.*

† *Thoſe that wou'd give any thing, roſe up and offered what they pleas'd; thoſe that would not, roſe up and were ſilent.*

|| *The Legs and Entrails.*

ding,

ding, but makes them find themſelves Victuals. Being Captain of a Veſſel which he built, he lets his own Cabbin to Paſſengers, and lies among the common Sailors. He goes to Market, buys Meat and Herbs, and carries them home himſelf in the Lappet of his Coat. When he has ſent his Cloaths to the Scowrers to be clean'd, he is oblig'd to keep at home for want of others. He ſhuns a poor Friend who has fallen into Misfortunes, and deſires him to raiſe Money among his Acquaintance; if he ſees him at a diſtance, he turns back, and makes all the haſte home he can. He never keeps his Wife any Maids, but when ſhe has occaſion to go Abroad, hires ſome to wait on her through the City. As ſoon as he riſes in the Morning, he waſhes his own Houſe, makes the Beds, and is forc'd to turn his old Threadbare Cloak, when he goes into Publick Company.

XXIII. *Of*

XXIII.

Of OSTENTATION.

OSTENTATION is a vain Humour of Bragging and Valuing our ſelves for thoſe things which we are not Maſters of. The Braggadocio ſtanding on the Keys where the Ships unlade, and where a great many Strangers reſort, talks of vaſt Sums of Money owing him beyond Sea, makes a long Diſcourſe concerning lending Money at Intereſt, telling you what a great Man he is, and what great Advantages he hopes to reap by it. If he can pick up a Perſon to keep him Company on the Road, he tells him, he ſerv'd under *Alexander*, how he ſignaliz'd himſelf in a great Expedition, and that he brought away a great many rich drinking Cups ſet with Precious Stones. He affirms, contrary to the Opinion of all others, that the *Aſiaticks* are better Artificers than the *Europeans*. He alſo ſhews a Letter from *Antipater*, which ſays, that he was the Third Perſon who enter'd into *Macedonia*; he takes occaſion to tell him, that tho' the Magiſtrate as a Reward for his ſingular good Services, had granted him a liberty of Exporting what Commodity ſoever he pleas'd Cuſtom-free, yet he ſcorn'd to make uſe of it, that he might not incur the People's

Ill-

Ill-will; He ſays in a dear Time of Corn, he laid out above five Talents, and diſtributed it amongſt the poor Citizens. If he is in Company with thoſe who don't know him, he deſires them to take their Book and ſet down the Number of thoſe he has been ſo liberal to, which he'll make amount to above Six Hundred, and has fictitious Names ready for them all, to make the Thing appear more formal; then adding the particular Sums diſtributed to each, he makes it come to above Ten Talents; all which, he ſays, he laid out to Relieve the Poor: And yet, ſays he, I don't reckon the Ships I Built and Commanded my ſelf, and a great many other very chargeable Things I did on the Publick Account, for which I expect no Recompence. He goes to the Jockeys who ſell the fineſt Horſes, and makes them ſhew him ſome of the beſt. In the Fairs he goes to thoſe Shops which ſell rich Cloaths, and bids them ſhew him a Suit worth two Talents, and falls in a Paſſion with his * Servant for following him without Money about him: And tho' he pays Rent for the Houſe he lives in, yet if the Perſon he talks with don't know it, he ſhall tell him this Houſe was left him by his Father; but being too little for the Accommodation of that great Number his Hoſpitality continually drew thither, he deſign'd to ſell it.

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* *The Ancients us'd to have their Servants to carry their Money.*

XXIV.

Of PRIDE.

PRIDE is a contemptible Opinion a Man has of every One beſides himſelf. A Proud Man, tho' you meet him opportunely, at his moſt leiſure Time, and only walking for his Diverſion, will not ſtay to talk with you about Buſineſs, tho' of Importance, and requiring great Expedition, but defers it till he has ſupp'd. If he has done any Perſon a Kindneſs, he makes him publickly acknowledge it. He's one who ſcorns to make the firſt Propoſal, notwithſtanding it is about an Affair which concerns himſelf only.

If you would buy any thing of him, or have occaſion to tranſact any other Buſineſs with him, he bids you call upon him early next Morning; has an affected Way in going along the Streets, hanging his Head down, and neither ſees nor ſpeaks to any Body he meets. When he condeſcends to Entertain any of his Friends, he frames Excuſes for not ſitting down at Table, but orders ſome of his principal Servants to take care his Gueſts want nothing; never pays a Viſit before he has ſent word of his coming. When he Dreſſes, Perfumes or Eats,

Eats, he permits no Body to be preſent; will not undergo the Fatigue of adjuſting his own Accounts, but orders his Servants to do it. His Stile is always lofty and commanding, and cannot write, *Sir, you'll much oblige me if*—— But *'tis my Pleaſure it ſhould be done. I have ſent one to receive it of you, take care it be according to my Order, and no otherwiſe, and that as ſoon as may be.*

XXV.

Of COWARDICE.

COWARDICE is a timerous Dejection of Soul, creating imaginary Dangers. When ſuch a Faint-hearted Wretch as this is at Sea, he fancies all the Promontories are ſo many Hulks of Ships wreckt on the Coaſt. The leaſt Agitation of the Water puts him in a panick Fear, and makes him enquire whether all who are Aboard are * initiated. When he obſerves the Pilot to ſtop the Ship's way, he anxiouſly asks whether the Gods ſeem to be propi-

* *The Ancients never ſail'd with thoſe who were reputed impious; but initiated them before they took them on Board; that is, inſtructed them in the Myſteries of ſome Deity, to render him the more propitious to them in the Voyage.*

tious

tious or not †. He tells the Man who ſits next him a terrible Story of a diſmal Dream he dreamt laſt Night, which he takes to be an ominous Preſage; then plucks off his Cloaths to make ready for Swimming, and heartily begs the Sailors to ſet him aſhore as ſoon as poſſible. If he be in the Land-Service, getting his Fellow-Soldiers about him, he tells them it is hard to diſcern whether thoſe they diſcover afar off are the Enemy or not; but when the greatneſs of the Noiſe gives them to underſtand the Armies on both ſides are engag'd, and he ſees Men fall on each ſide him; he ſays to thoſe who are next him, That he took the Field in ſuch hurry and precipitation, that he forgot to bring his Sword along with him, and preſently runs into his Tent to fetch it, then ſends his Servant out to obſerve the Motion of the Enemy, and in the mean time hides his Sword under the Pillow, and is employ'd in looking for it till the Battle is over. When he ſees any of his Friends brought wounded into the Camp, he runs to meet him, encourages him to have a good Heart, ſtops his Blood, dreſſes his Wounds, and drives away the Flies which are troubleſome; he takes all imaginable care of him, and this or any thing elſe he'll rather do than fight. When he ſits in

† *They conſulted the Gods by Sacrifices or Auguries, (i. e.) by the flying, ſinging, and feeding of Birds, or by the Entrails of Beaſts.*

th

the Tent with a wounded Perſon, if he hear the Trumpeters ſounding a Charge, he bitterly curſes them, ſaying, Theſe Fellows continually make ſuch a horrid Noiſe, that the Poor Man cannot take one Minutes Reſt. He walks about beſmear'd all over with the Blood which proceeded from the Wounds of others, and makes thoſe who lately came from the Fight believe, that he ran a great Riſque of his own Life to ſave one of his Friends, and brings his Town-folks and Country-men to ſee the very Man, to each of whom he gives a particular Relation, how he carried him into his Tent in his own Arms.

XXVI.

Of an Oligarchical Government, *and the* Grandees *thereof.*

THE Principle which actuates theſe Men, is an Ambitious Deſire of Honour and Fame, without Regard to the Advancement of their private Eſtates. When the Citizens are met to chuſe a fit Perſon to be an Aſſiſtant to the Supreme Magiſtrate, in managing the Publick Shews and Triumphs, one of theſe Perſons immediately ſtands up and peremptorily demands the Honour of that Employment, as the moſt qualify'd in the whole World for it. Of all the Verſes in HOMER, he only remembers this:

* *It is not good to have many Rulers.*
Let the Government be in a ſingle Perſon.

His uſual Diſcourſe is, We our ſelves ought to retire and conſult what Laws are fit to be made for the Government of the Commonwealth, and take care to ſuppreſs theſe tumul-

* Οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη εἷς κοίρανος ἔστω.

tuous

tuous and popular Aſſemblies, and totally exclude the Common People from interfering with the Magiſtracy. When he has receiv'd an Affront from any one, he ſays it is impoſſible for the ſame City to contain us both. At Noon he goes Abroad new trimm'd, and his Nails cloſe par'd, having every Thing about him in moſt exact Order; and ſtrutting about, tells every One he meets, he cannot endure to live longer in the Town, but is quite tir'd, and his Spirits almoſt exhauſted in Hearing and Determining litigious Suits and Controverſies, and much aſham'd that Perſons ſhould be admitted to ſit near him, ſo meanly and ſordidly Dreſs'd. He has a mortal Averſion for Advocates who plead the Cauſe of the Common People, and blames *THESEUS for being the firſt Occaſion of theſe Miſchiefs in the Commonwealth: With ſuch ſort of Diſcourſe as this, he entertains both Strangers and the Citizens of his own Party.

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* Theſeus *laid the Foundation of the* Athenian *Commonwealth in eſtabliſhing an Equality among the Citizens.*

XXVII.

Of Thoſe who begin to Learn in Old Age.

AMongſt ſuch as ſquander and miſpend the precious Moments of their youthful and more docil Years, there are ſome who are ſtill deſirous of Improving and Cultivating the remaining Part of their Life by ſtudying Arts and Sciences, tho' with very little Succeſs. Thus when an Old Fellow of Threeſcore learns the Poets by heart, and is either to * ſing or recite them in his Turn at a Feaſt; as ſoon as he has begun, his Memory fails him, and the Dotard forgets whereabouts he was, and comes off abruptly. He gets his own Son to teach him Military Diſcipline, and to face to the Right and Left. He borrows an Horſe to Ride out of Town, and when he is mounted, affecting to be complaiſant to all who paſs by, loſes his Seat, tumbles down and bruiſes his Head. You'll find him often darting at the † Statue, and ſometimes making a Match with his Foot-boy to

* *The* Greeks *uſed to ſing or recite Verſes at their Feaſts, Turn by turn.*

† *A great Statue ſet up on purpoſe to dart at.*

ſhoo

ſhoot with Bow and Arrow. When he is taught any thing, he'll be pretending to inſtruct his Tutor, as if he were the beſt Accompliſh'd of the Two, and in the very Bath be practiſing Wreſtling, and is full of fantaſtical and ridiculous Geſticulations and Poſtures.

XXVIII.

Of SLANDER.

SLANDER is a ſecret Propenſity of Mind to think Ill of all Men, and afterwards to utter ſuch Sentiments in ſcandalous Expreſſions. If you ask the Slanderer who ſuch a one is, he preſently gives you an Account of his Pedigree from his very Original, as if he were an Herald; ſaying his Father was at firſt call'd **SOSIA*; but afterwards ſerving in the Army, he took upon him the Name of *SOSISTRATUS*, after that he was made free, and regiſter'd amongſt the Citizens. His Mother indeed was a † noble *Thracian*, becauſe thoſe Women value themſelves on account of their great Families; and yet this Man, tho' ſo nobly and honourably deſcended, is a meer Villain and Raſcal. Then (talking again of his Mother) theſe are thoſe

* *The Name of a Slave or Servant amongſt the* Greeks.

† *In deriſion, for the* Thracians *came to* Greece *to be Servants, or what was worſe.*

* Women, ſays he, who entice young Men in the Streets, and draw them into their Houſes and debauch them. If there be any Perſon in the Company who ſpeaks Ill of another that's abſent, he joyns with him, and ſays he is indeed a moſt abominable Wretch, I could never endure him in all my life; obſerve but the very Countenance of him, he looks ſo like a very Rogue, that I always hated him; but if you examine his Life and Converſation, there is nothing more lewd and infamous in the whole World; nay, this hard-hearted Wretch allows his Wife but Three-half-pence to buy her a Dinner, and makes her waſh with cold Water in the Middle of *December*. It is uſual for him to abuſe ſome-body or other in all Companies wherever he comes, ſpares neither Friend nor Relation, nor can the Grave it ſelf ſecure the Dead from his malicious Detractions.

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* *They kept Bawdy-Houſes on the Highways, where they play'd infamous Pranks.*

FINIS.

Monſr. *De La Bruyere's*

SPEECH

Upon his ADMISSION

INTO THE

French Academy,

JUNE the 15th, 1693.

Now Firſt made *Engliſh* by Mr. OZELL.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCCXIII.

Mons. D. La Bruyere.

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Upon his Admission

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French Academy.

June the 15th, 1693.

New Fifth Edition Reprinted by Mr. Ozell.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

THoſe Gentlemen, who, being ask'd their Opinion of the Speech I made to the *French* Academy when I had the Honour to be admitted one of their Society, ſuperciliouſly reply'd, That *I had drawn Characters*, thinking thereby to diſparage it, did in effect give a more advantageous Idea of it than I my ſelf could have deſir'd: For the Public having approv'd of that Way of Writing, whereto I've apply'd my ſelf for ſome Years; to make ſuch an Anſwer, was to prepoſſeſs the World in my Favour. There remain'd nothing further, but to know whether I ought not to renounce thoſe Characters complain'd of in the Speech: And this Queſtion vaniſhes, when the Reader is inform'd, That it is the conſtant Cuſtom for a New Academic to compoſe his Speech, in Praiſe of the King, Cardinal *Richlieu*, Chancellor *Seguier*, the Perſon whom he ſucceeds, and of the *French Academy*. Of theſe Five *Elogiums* there are Four Perſonal: Now I would deſire my Cenſurers, that they would lay down the

Difference between *Perſonal Elogiums*, and *Characters of Praiſe*; and to diſtinguiſh ſo well between the one and the other, that I may be ſenſible of it, and own my Fault. If, being engag'd to make any other ſort of Harangue, I ſhould relapſe into Painting, then their Criticiſm may be worth hearing, and, perhaps, I may be condemn'd: I ſay, perhaps; ſince Characters, or at leaſt the Images of Things and Perſons are ſo unavoidable in a Speech, that every Writer is a Painter, and every Excellent Writer, an Excellent Painter.

I confeſs, I added to theſe Pourtraicts which were cuſtomary, the Praiſes of Each of thoſe Illuſtrious Men who compoſe the *French* Academy; and my Criticks ought to pardon me for it, if they conſider that, as much to ſpare their Modeſty, as to avoid Characters, I forbore touching their Perſons, that I might only ſpeak of their Works, upon which I made Critical Encomiums, more or leſs extenſive, according as the Subjects on which they wrote ſeem'd to require. I prais'd Academicks ſtill living; ſay ſome: It is true, but I prais'd them All: Who among them had Reaſon to complain? It is a way of proceeding altogether New, add they, and without Preſident: I am willing to allow it; as likewiſe that I induſtriouſly quitted the common Road, and abſtain'd from Proverbial Phraſes, which have long ſince been worn out by being made uſe of in an infinite

finite Number of Speeches on the like Occaſion. Was it therefore ſo difficult for me to introduce *Rome* and *Athens*, the *Lyceum*, and the Porch, into the *Elogium* of that Learned Body? *To be at the Top of one's Wiſhes, by being an Academic: To proteſt that the Day on which we firſt enjoy ſo exquiſite an Happineſs, is the moſt glorious Day of one's whole Life: To doubt whether the Honour we have juſt now receiv'd is a real Thing, or only a Dream: To hug one's ſelf with the Pleaſure of drinking for the future, at the Fountain-head, the pureſt Streams of* French *Eloquence: Not to have accepted, not to have deſir'd ſuch a Place, for any other Reaſon, but to improve by the Sagacity of ſo many Perſons of ſuch enlighten'd Underſtandings: To promiſe, that, however unworthy a Man is of the Honour of their Choice, he will do his utmoſt to make himſelf in ſome ſort worthy of it.* Are theſe, and a hundred ſuch Compliments ſo ſcarce and ſo little known, that I could not have found them, adapted them, and gain'd Applauſe by them?

If therefore I was of Opinion, that whatever Envy or Malice may report of the *French Academy*; whatever they may ſay of its Golden Age, and Declenſion, it has never, ſince its Eſtabliſhment, been able to boaſt of ſo great a Number of Gentlemen illuſtrious in all manner of Capacities, and in all ſorts of Learning, as it may eaſily be obſerv'd to be at this Time. If, I ſay, as the Caſe now ſtands, I did not

expect that that Society could ever hereafter be in a more beautiful Condition to be painted, or taken in a more favourable Light; and if accordingly I laid hold of the Opportunity, have I done any thing which ought to draw the leaſt Reproach upon me? *Cicero* could with Impunity praiſe *Brutus*, *Cæſar*, *Pompey*, *Marcellus*, who were living, who were preſent: He prais'd them ſeveral times, he prais'd them and none other, in the Senate-Houſe, oftentimes in preſence of their Enemies, always before an Aſſembly jealous of their Merit, and which had quite different Niceties in Politicks, concerning the Virtue of Great Men, than the *French Academy* can poſſibly have: I prais'd the *Academicks*, I prais'd them All, and yet have been blam'd; What would have been done to me, if I had diſprais'd them?

I am come from hearing, ſays *Theobald*, *a confounded long Speech, which made me yawn twenty times, and has tir'd me to Death:* This is what he ſaid; and you ſhall hear what he did afterwards, he and ſome few others, who conceiv'd they ought to eſpouſe the ſame Intereſts: They ſet out for Court the next Day after the Speech was ſpoke; they went from Houſe to Houſe, they told every Body whom they had Acceſs to, that the Night before I had been chattering an Oration, which had neither Style, nor common Senſe in it, but was ſtuff'd with Extravagancies, and a true Satire. Returning to *Paris*, they

they ſcatter'd themſelves in ſeveral Parts of the Town, where they ſpit ſo much Venom againſt me, gave themſelves ſuch a Looſe in defaming this Speech, as well in Company, as in the Letters which they wrote to their Friends abroad; ſpoke ſo ill of it, and ſo ſtrenuouſly perſuaded thoſe who did not hear it, that they thought themſelves able to inſinuate to the Public, either that the Book of *Characters* done by the ſame Hand was trifling and inſipid; or that if it were good for any thing, I was not the Author of it, but that ſome Woman of my Acquaintance had furniſh'd me with what was moſt tolerable in it: They likewiſe pronounc'd that I was not capable of writing any thing of Length or Connexion, not ſo much as a Preface; ſo impracticable did they think it, even for one who has got a Habit of Thinking, and writing what he thinks, to have the Art of chaining his Thoughts together, and making Tranſitions.

They went further; violating the Laws of the *French Academy*, which forbids *Academicks* to write, or cauſe to be written, any thing againſt their own Body; they let looſe upon me Two Authors, aſſociated in one *Gazette* *, they animated them, not to publiſh againſt me a delicate and ingenious Satire, a Work too much

* *Merc. Gallant.*

beneath

beneath either of thoſe Gentlemen, *eaſy to manage, and which an ordinary Genius is capable of*; but to load me with thoſe groſs and Perſonal Invectives, ſo difficult to meet with, ſo painful to pronounce or to write, eſpecially to ſuch, who I am willing to believe have ſome Remains of Modeſty, and ſome Value for their Reputation.

And indeed I make no doubt but the Public is by this time ſtunn'd and fatigu'd with hearing, for ſo many Years paſt, a Couple of Old Ravens croaking at thoſe who with an unreſtrain'd Flight and nimble Wing have rais'd themſelves to ſome Glory by their Writings. Theſe lugubrous Birds ſeem by their continual Noiſe to be deſirous to impute to ſuch Writings the univerſal Diſeſteem which neceſſarily befals whatever they themſelves Print and Publiſh; as if others were the Cauſe of their Want of Strength and Lungs, or were reſponſible for that Mediocrity which overſpreads their Works. If there happens to be Printed a Moral Treatiſe, ſtupid enough to fall of it ſelf, and not excite their Jealouſy, they praiſe it willingly, or yet more willingly ſay nothing of it: But if it be ſuch that the World talks of it, they attack it with all their Fury; Proſe, Verſe, every thing is ſubject to their Cenſure, every thing becomes a Prey to an implacable Hatred which they have conceiv'd againſt whatever dares appear in ſome Perfection, and with the Marks of a Public

Public Approbation. No Man knows what ſort of Morality will pleaſe theſe Gentlemen; we muſt reſtore them that of *la Serre* or *Deſmarets*; and, if they themſelves are to be Judges, we muſt return to the *Chriſtian Pedagogue* and the *Holy Court*. There is publiſh'd a new * Satire written againſt Vice in General, and which in a nervous Strain of Poetry, and with a Pen of Steel, enforces its Strokes againſt Avarice, exceſs of Gaming, Chicanry, Effeminacy, Sordidneſs, and Hypocriſy, wherein no Body is either nam'd or delineated, where no Woman of Virtue either can or ought to think her ſelf ſtruck at. A BOURDALOUE in the Pulpit never drew more lively or more innocent Pourtraicts of Guilt; no matter for that, *'Tis all Slander, all Calumny*. This has been for ſome time their only Cry and all they have to ſay againſt Books of Morality, which are in any Vogue: They take every thing literally, they read them as they do a Hiſtory, they make no Allowance for Poetry, no Allowance for Figure; and accordingly condemn them; they find out ſome weak Places in them, and ſo there are in *Homer*, *Pindar*, *Virgil*, *Horace*; indeed where are there not? except, perhaps, in their own Writings. *Bernino* never manag'd the Marble, nor expreſt all Figures with equal Force; but we cannot but ob-

* M. Boileau's xth *Satire*.

ſerve,

ſerve, even in what he has been leaſt happy in, certain Strokes ſo maſterly, tho in Company with others which are leſs ſo, that they eaſily diſcover the Excellency of an Artiſt. If it be an Horſe, the Mane is turn'd with a bold Hand, it flutters and ſeems to be the Sport of the Wind; the Eye is fiery, the Noſtrils breathe Flame and Life; a Maſter's Chizzel is ſeen in a thouſand Places; it is not in his Copyers or Æmulators, to reach ſuch Faults by their Maſter-pieces; 'tis plain, it is an Error of an able Man, and a Fault of a PRAXITELES.

But who are thoſe ſo tender and ſcrupulous, as not to be able to ſee Vice declaim'd againſt, even tho inoffenſively, and without naming the Vicious? Are they *Carthuſians* or Hermits? Are they Jeſuits; thoſe pious and ingenious Men? Are they ſuch as live in Cloiſters or Abbeys? No, all theſe read ſuch Works, in private, and in public, at their Recreations; they recommend the reading of them to their Pupils and Scholars, they ſearch the Shops for them, they preſerve them in their Libraries: Were not they the firſt, who diſcover'd the Plan and Oeconomy of the Book of *Characters*? Did they not obſerve, that of Sixteen Chapters, which compoſe it, there are Fifteen totally employed in detecting the Falſity and Ridicule which are found in the Objects of Human Paſſions and Inclinations, and tending only to remove all ſuch Obſtacles as at firſt wea-

weaken and afterwards extinguish the Knowledge of God, in Mankind: That therefore those Chapters are only Preparatives to the Sixteenth and last, wherein Atheism is attack'd, and perhaps routed, wherein the Proofs of a God, such at least as weak Man is capable of receiving, are produc'd; wherein the Providence of God is defended against the Insults of Libertines? Who then are those, that dare repeat, against so serious and so useful a Work, this continual Cry, *'Tis all Slander, all Calumny*? They shall be nam'd; they are Poets; but what sort of Poets? Are they Authors of sacred Hymns, or Translators of Psalms, the *Godeaux* or the *Corneilles*? No; but Makers of Stanzas and whining Amorous Elegies, those *Beaux Esprit*, who turn a Sonnet upon a *Mistress's Absence* or her *Return*, who make an Epigram upon a *fine Neck*, or a Madrigal upon a *Night's Enjoyment*. These are they, who thro' a Scruple of Conscience cannot bear, that, (however cautious I am in sparing particular Persons,) I should endeavour in my Book of *Characters* to decry, if possible, all Vices both of the Heart and the Head, to render Mankind rational, and put them in a way to become Christian. Such are the *Theobalds*, or at least their under-pullers.

They have gone yet farther; for palliating, with a zealous Policy, their Vexation at their not being so well prais'd, nor their Praises so long

long dwelt upon, as ſome of the other *Academicks*, they have dar'd to make dangerous and nice Applications of that Part of my Speech, where, (expoſing my ſelf ſingly to eſpouſe the Cauſe of all Men of Learning, againſt their moſt irreconcileable Enemies, the Men of Money, whoſe exceſſive Pelf, or whoſe Fortunes made by Ways they dare not own, together with the Favour of the great Men, which it neceſſarily procures, inſpires them with a haughty Negligence,) that Part of my Speech, I ſay, where indeed I make a ſharp Apoſtrophe againſt all ſuch in general, but which it is by no means allowable to take off from them, to throw it upon any ſingle Man, or upon any other Body of Men.

Thus am I us'd, perhaps at the Inſtigation of the *Theobalds*, by ſuch who perſuade themſelves that an Author writes Satire only to amuſe them, and not at all to inſtruct them by a ſound Moral; inſtead of applying the Strokes thereof to themſelves, and improving the whole to their whole Amendment, they make it their Buſineſs, if poſſible, to diſcover which of their Friends or Enemies may ſeem to be ſtruck at; neglecting every thing which has the Appearance of a ſolid Remark, or ſerious Reflection, tho almoſt the whole *Book* conſiſts of ſuch, they dwell upon nothing but the *Portraicts* or *Characters*; And after having explain'd them their own Way, and believing they have found out

out the Originals, publiſh to the World long *Liſts*, and, as they call them, *Keys*, but which are indeed falſe *Keys*, and as uſeleſs to Them, as they are injurious to the Perſons whoſe Names are therein decypher'd, and to the Writer who is the Cauſe thereof, tho the innocent one.

I was ſo cautious, as to proteſt in my Preface againſt all ſuch Interpretations, which the little Knowledge I had of Mankind made me foreſee; I even heſitated ſome time, whether I ſhould make my Book Public, and waver'd between a Deſire of being uſeful to my Country by my Writings, and the Fear of furniſhing Matter to ſome People to exerciſe their Malice upon. But ſince I have been ſo weak to publiſh theſe Characters, what Bank ſhall I raiſe againſt this Deluge of Explainers, which overwhelms the Town, and will ſoon reach the Court? Shall I proteſt ſeriouſly, and bind it with horrible Oaths, that I am neither the Author of, nor Accomplice in making, thoſe *Keys* which are ſpread abroad; that I never delver'd out any of them; that my moſt familiar Friends know very well I always refuſed to let them have any ſuch thing; that the Perſons of the beſt Credit at Court have deſpair'd to get the Secret out of me? Would not this be juſt the ſame thing, as if I ſhould plague my ſelf to maintain that I am not a Villain; a Man without Shame, Morals, Conſcience: In ſhort, ſuch a one as the

Gazetteers juſt now mention'd have endeavour'd to repreſent me to the World ?

But beſide, how could I be the Diſtributer of theſe Sort of Keys, ſince, conſidering what they are, I could not poſſibly forge them my ſelf ? They being almoſt all different from each other, how could I make them ſerve for the ſame Lock, I mean, for the underſtanding my Remarks ? Naming, as I do, Courtiers and Citizens whom I never ſpoke to, nor have any knowledge of, Can ſuch Keys come from me, or be diſtributed by my Hand ? Was I likely to give out thoſe which are forg'd at *Romorentin*, *Mortagne*, and *Beleſinne*, which are differently apply'd to the Bayliff's Wife, the Aſſeſſor's Wife, the Preſident of the Election, the Provoſt of the *Marechauſſeé*, and the Provoſts of the Collegiate ? The Names are indeed very plainly ſet down, but help me never the more to know the Perſons. If I might be allow'd to be a little vain, I ſhould be apt to believe that my Characters have pretty well expreſs'd Man in general, ſince they reſemble ſo many in particular ; and ſince every one thinks he finds there his Neighbour or his Country-man. I did indeed paint after the Life, but did not always mean Mr. ſuch a one, or Mrs. ſuch a one, in my Book of *Characters*. I did not hire my ſelf out to the Publick to draw ſuch Pcurtraicts as ſhould be really true and reſembling, for fear leſt ſometimes they ſhould be know

known and not ſeem feign'd or imagin'd. Being yet more nice I went further; I took one Lineament from this Side and another from that, and from theſe ſeveral Lineaments, which might concur in one and the ſame Perſon, I have drawn a Likeneſs, ſtudying not ſo much to pleaſure the Reader by Characterizing, or as the Malecontents ſay, by Satirizing of any one, as to lay before him what Faults he ought to avoid, and what Examples to follow.

Methinks therefore I ought to be leſs blam'd than pity'd, by thoſe who may happen to ſee their Names in ſuch inſolent *Liſts*, which I diſown and condemn as much as they deſerve. I dare even expect this Juſtice from them, that without laying hold on a Moral Author, who had not the leaſt Intention to offend them by his Work, they would faſten npon the Interpreters, whoſe Villany is inexcuſable. What I ſpeak, I ſpeak plainly, and not what they would make me ſpeak. When I was inclin'd to name any Perſons I nam'd them, but always with this View to praiſe their Virtue or their Merit. I write their Names in Capitals that they may be ſeen at a diſtance, and that the Reader may run no Riſque in miſtaking them. If I had been minded to put real Names to Characters leſs obliging, I might have ſav'd my ſelf the trouble of borrowing Names from Ancient Hiſtory, of making uſe of initial Letters, which have nothing but a vain and uncertain ſignification,

of finding out a Thouſand Shifts and Subterfuges to miſlead thoſe who read me, and make them weary of Applications. Such has been the Conduct I have obſerv'd in compoſing my Book of *Characters*.

As for what concerns the *Speech*, which ſeem'd long and tedious to the chief of the Malecontents, I know not indeed how I came to attempt to give my Thanks to the Academy in a ſet Oratorial Diſcourſe. Some Zealous Academicks had indeed chalk'd out the Way for me, but they are very few; and their Zeal for the Honour and Reputation of the Academy has not had many Followers. I might have purſued the Example of thoſe, who being Candidates for a Place in this Society, without having ever written any thing, tho' they were able, declare with a lofty Mien the Evening before their Reception, *they have but Two Words, and one Moment to ſpeak them in, tho' they are capable of holding an Harangue for a long time and to the Purpoſe too.*

It was my Opinion on the contrary, that as no Artiſt is admitted into any Society, or can obtain his Letters of Freedom without producing ſome Specimen, ſo, and with much more Reaſon ought a Man, upon his being made a Member of a Body, (which only ſupports itſelf by Eloquence,) to make an Effort in this kind, which may recommend him as worthy

of the Honour they do him. I likewiſe was of Opinion, that ſince prophane Eloquence ſeems no longer to prevail at the Bar, from whence it has been baniſh'd thro' a neceſſity of Expedition, and ſince it ought no longer to be admitted into the Pulpit, where it has been but too much indulg'd, the only *Aſylum* which could remain for it was the *French Academy*? That there was nothing more Natural, or which could make that Society more famous, than if, when any New Academicks are admitted, they could ſometimes draw the Court and City to their Aſſemblies, out of curioſity to hear Pieces of Eloquence of a juſt Extent, Done by the Hands of Maſters, and whoſe Profeſſion it is to excell in the Art of Speaking.

If I have not obtain'd my Aim, which was to pronounce an Eloquent Diſcourſe, I hope at leaſt I have excus'd my ſelf for having made it too long by ſome Minutes: If moreover, the People of *Paris*, who were aſſur'd of its being good for nothing, Satyrical and Senſeleſs, have complain'd that they have been deceiv'd in their Expectations; If *Marli*, whither the Curioſity of hearing it had ſpread it ſelf, did not ring with the Applauſes given to the Criticiſm which was made on it; if it could leap over *Chantilly*, that fatal Rock of inſipid Pieces; if the *French Academy*, to whom I appeal'd as Sovereign Judge in theſe ſort of Per-

formances, did in an extraordinary Aſſembly adopt this of mine, cauſe it to be Printed by their own Bookſeller, put it among their Archives; If it was not actually compos'd in an *affected*, *harſh* and *broken* Style, nor cramm'd with inſipid extravagant Praiſes, ſuch as are to be met with in Prologues to *Operas* and *Dedicatory Epiſtles*, it ought no longer to be a Wonder why *Theobald* is diſpleaſed with it. The Time is coming, under favour I ſpeak it, when the Publick Approbation ſhall not be ſufficient to fix the Credit of a Work; but in order to put the laſt Seal to it, it ſhall be neceſſary that certain People ſhall diſapprove of it, and yawn at it. Will they, now they find this Speech has met with better Succeſs than they expected, and ſince they know that Two Bookſellers went to Law who ſhould Print it; will they, I ſay, diſown their Taſte, and the Judgment they pronounc'd of it, when it was firſt ſpoken? Will they give me Leave to publiſh or only to ſuſpect another Reaſon for the ſharp Cenſure they made of it, quite different from a Perſuaſion that it deſerv'd it. 'Tis well known, that when that very worthy Gentleman with whom I had the Honour to be admitted into the *French Academy*, was begg'd, ſollicited, teiz'd to Print his Speech, even by thoſe who would for ever have ſuppreſs'd mine, he reſolutely refus'd them, and told them, *That he neither could nor ought to approve of ſo odious a Diſtinction, which they were for making between him*

him and my ſelf: That the Preference which they gave to his Speech with ſo much Affectation and Earneſtneſs, was ſo far from obliging him, as they thought, that on the contrary it gave him a real Diſturbance: That Two Speeches, equally innocent, pronounc'd on the ſame Day, ought to be Printed at the ſame Time. He afterwards expreſs'd himſelf very obligingly, both in Public and in Private, how much it troubled him, that the Two Authors of the *Gazette* above-mention'd, had made the Praiſes they were pleas'd to beſtow on him, ſerve their Purpoſe to affront me, and abuſe my Speech, and Book of *Characters*; and thereupon made ſuch Explanations and Excuſes to me, as were far above what I deſerv'd. If therefore one ſhould infer from this Conduct of the *Theobalds*, that they falſely believ'd they ſtood in need of Compariſons, and a fooliſh diſeſteem'd Speech, to magnify that of my Colleague; they ought, in order to clear themſelves from this diſhonourable Suſpicion, to anſwer, that they are no Courtiers nor ty'd down to any Man's Favour, nor Flatterers, nor Mercenaries: That on the contrary, They are ſincere, and that they ingenuouſly ſpoke their Thoughts of the Plan, Style, and Expreſſions of my Speech to the *French Academy*. Now to tell them, That the Judgment of the Court and City, of the Grandees and the Populace, was favourable to it, would be to no manner of purpoſe; they will boldly reply, the Publick has its Taſte, and they have theirs: An An-

ſwer which ſtops my Mouth, and puts an End to all Diſputes. 'Tis true, it does more and more diſ-incline me from endeavouring to pleaſe them by any of my Writings. For if I I am bleſs'd with a moderate Share of Health, and ſome few Years of a longer Life, I ſhall have no other Ambition, but of Writing ſo as that my Works may always divide the *Theobalds* and the Public.

A SPEECH TO THE *French* Academy.

GENTLEMEN,

IT were difficult to have the Honour of appearing in the midſt of ſuch an Aſſembly, to have before one's Eyes the *French Academy*, to have read the Hiſtory of its Eſtabliſhment, and at the ſame time not to think on Him, to whom that Embelliſhment is owing; and likewiſe not to perſuade one's ſelf that there is nothing more natural and which ought to diſpleaſe you leſs, than to begin that *Elogium*, which Cuſtom and Duty require, with ſome Touches by which that great *Cardinal* may be known, and which may revive the *Memory* of him.

He

He is not a Perſon eaſy to be expreſs'd by florid Words, or rich Figures, by thoſe Speeches which are not ſo much made to heighten the Merit of him who is the Subject of them, as to diſplay the whole Fire and Vivacity of the *Orator.* Peruſe the Reign of LEWIS the Juſt; that's the Life of Cardinal RICHELIEU, that's the *Elogium* of him and of the Prince who produc'd his Merit to the World: What can I add to Facts ſtill recent and ſo memorable? Open his *Political Teſtament*, weigh that Work; 'tis the Picture of his Mind; his Soul there unfolds its ſelf in its whole Capacity: There you diſcover the Secret of his Conduct and Actions; there you find the Source and Probability of ſo many and ſuch great Events, which appear'd under his Adminiſtration; there, without Difficulty you may ſee that a Man, who *thinks* maſculinely and juſtly, could *act* ſurely and with Succeſs; and that He, who atchiev'd ſuch great Things, either never wrote at all, or ought to have written as *He* did.

His ſtrong and ſuperior *Genius* knew the whole Depth, and every Myſtery of Government; He knew the Delicacies and Sublimities of a Prime Miniſter; he reſpected the Stranger, manag'd Crown'd Heads, knew the Weight of their Alliance; to Enemies he oppos'd Allies; He watch'd all Intereſts Foreign and Domeſtic, and forgot none but his Own;

A labo-

A laborious and languiſhing Life, frequently expos'd, was the Reward of ſo High a Virtue. Truſtee of his Maſter's Treaſures, loaded with his Favours, Orderer, Diſpenſer of his Finances, yet it cannot be ſaid, he dy'd Wealthy. Would you believe it, Gentlemen, this ſerious, this auſtere Soul, formidable to the Enemies of the State, inexorable to the Factious, plung'd in Negotiation, ſometimes buſied in weakning Hereſy, ſometimes in breaking the Meaſures of a League, and ſometimes in meditating a Conqueſt, found Leiſure to be Learned, reliſh'd the *Belles Lettres* and ſuch who profeſs'd them. Compare your ſelves, if you dare, to the Great RICHELIEU, you, who are devoted to Fortune, who, by the Succeſs of your Private Affairs think your ſelves worthy to be truſted with thoſe of the Public! Who ſet up for happy Genius's and able Heads, who ſay, *you have no Learning, that you never read, nor ever will read*; either with a Deſign to reflect on the Uſefulneſs of Learning, or to ſeem as if you were not at all beholden to others, but drew all from your own Fund; know that Cardinal RICHELIEU had Learning; did read; I do not barely ſay, He had not an Averſion for Men of Letters, but that He lov'd them, careſs'd them, favour'd them; that He was tender of their Privileges, procur'd them Penſions, united them in a celebrated Aſſembly, made of them the *French Academy*.

Yes,

Yes, ye rich ambitious Men, Contemners of Virtue, and of every Aſſociation which is not founded upon Stocks and Intereſt! This was one of the Thoughts of that Great Miniſter, born a Stateſman, devoted to the State; a Wit, ſolid, eminent; capable, in all his Performances, of the moſt exalted Motives, and which tended as much to the Public Good, as the Glory of the Monarchy; incapable of conceiving the leaſt thing which was not worthy of Himſelf, the Prince he ſerv'd, and of *France*, to whom He conſecrated his Studies and Meditations.

He knew the Force and Uſefulneſs of Eloquence, the Power of Speech, which aids Reaſon and makes it valuable, which cheats Men into Juſtice and Probity, which inſpires the Soldier's Heart with Intrepidity and Boldneſs, which appeaſes popular Commotions, which excites to their Duty the ignorant and ſtubborn Multitude: He was not ignorant what were the Fruits of Hiſtory and Poetry, what the Neceſſity of *Grammar*, the Baſis and Foundation of other Sciences, and that in order to carry theſe things to ſuch a Degree of Perfection, as might make them advantageous to the Public, it was requiſite to draw a Plan of a Society, wherein Virtue only ſhould be admitted, and Merit plac'd, Wit and Learning aſſembled by Suffrages; To ſay no more, theſe, Gentlemen, are Your Principles and Your Rule, to which I am but an Exception. Re-

Recal to your Minds ('twill be no injurious Compariſon) recal that Great and Firſt of Councils, where the Fathers, who compos'd it, were remarkable for ſome mutilated Member, or the Scars they receiv'd from the Fury of Perſecution; they ſeem'd to hold from their Wounds a Right of ſitting in that General Aſſembly of the whole Church: So neither was there any of your Illuſtrious Predeceſſors, whom the People did not preſs to ſee, whom they did not point at in Public Places, who did not manifeſt himſelf by ſome famous Work, which got him a glorious Name, and which procur'd him a Seat in this growing Academy, which They were, in a manner, the Founders of: Such were thoſe great Artiſts in Speech, thoſe firſt Maſters of *French* Eloquence; ſuch are you, Gentlemen, who for Knowledge or Merit are not inferior to any of your Predeceſſors.

† One among you, as correct in his Language as if he had learnt it by Rules and Principles, as elegant in Foreign Tongues as if they were natural to him; and in whatever Idiom he writes, ſeems always to ſpeak that of his own Country: Has undertaken, has compleated a laborious Tranſlation, which the brighteſt Wit might be proud to own, and which the moſt

† The Abbot *Regnier.*

pious

pious Perſon might have wiſh'd to have done.

Another ‖ revives *Virgil* among us, transfuſes into our Tongue the Graces and Riches of the *Latin*, makes Romances which have an End, baniſhes from them Prolixity and Incredibility, to put the Probable and the Natural in their Place.

Another *, more uniform than *Marot*, and more a Poet than *Voiture*, has the Sportiveneſs, the Turn, and Simplicity of both of them; inſtructs while he laughs, perſuades Men to Virtue by the Organs of Beaſts; raiſes the meaneſt Subjects to the Sublime; a *Nonpareil* in his Way of Writing; always an Original, whether he Invents, or whether he Tranſlates; one who went beyond his Models, himſelf a Model difficult to imitate.

This Man † excels *Juvenal*, comes up to *Horace*, ſeems to create the Thoughts of another, and to make, whatever he handles, his own. He has, in what he borrows from others, all the Graces of Novelty, and all the Merit of Invention: His Verſes ſtrong and harmonious, made by Genius, but wrought by

‖ *M.* de Segrais.
* *M* de la Fontaine.
† *Monſieur* Boileau.

Art;

Art; will be read, even when the Language is obſolete, and will be the laſt Ruins of it: There is obſervable in them a Criticiſm ſure, judicious, and innocent, if it be but allowable to call Bad, Bad.

* Another Gentleman comes after a Perſon who has been prais'd, applauded, admir'd; whoſe Verſes fly into all Parts, and paſs into a Proverb; who tops the reſt, who reigns upon the Stage, who has ſeiz'd the Theatre: 'Tis true, he does not diſpoſſeſs him of it, but eſtabliſhes himſelf with him; nor does the World wonder to ſee the Compariſon made between them: Some cannot endure that the Great *Corneille* ſhould be preferr'd to him, no more than ſome others that he ſhould be equal'd to him: They appeal to another Age, they wait for the Death of ſome Old Men, who being touch'd indifferently with whatever recalls their former Years, do perhaps love nothing in *Oedipus*, but the Remembrance of their Youth.

What ſhall I ſay of that † Gentleman, who has ſo often made the envious Criticks ſpeak, and ſo often ſilenc'd them? Whom the World admires, in ſpite of himſelf; who ſuperabounds, if I may ſo ſay, in the great Number and Emi-

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* *Monſieur* Racine.
† *M.* Boſſuet, *Biſhop of* Meaux.

nence

nence of his Talents; an Orator, an Hiſtorian a Divine, a Philoſopher; of exquiſite Learning, of a more exquiſite Eloquence, whether in his Converſation, in his Writings, or in the Pulpit. A Defender of Religion, a Light of the Church, and, to anticipate the Language of Poſterity, a Father of the Church. What is he not? Name, if you can, Gentlemen, one Virtue which is not his.

Shall I likewiſe touch upon your Laſt Choice, ſo unworthy of you? What Things were ſaid to you in the Place where I now ſtand? I remember them: And after what you've heard, How dare I ſpeak? And how will you deign to hear me? Let us confeſs the Force and Aſcendency of that rare * Spirit, whether he Preaches by Genius, and without Preparation; whether he pronounces a ſtudy'd Oratorial Diſcourſe, or expreſſes his Thoughts in Converſation. Always Maſter of the Ear and Heart of thoſe who hear him, he does not permit them to envy either ſo much Sublimity, or ſo much Facility, Delicacy, Politeneſs: They are happy enough in hearing him, in feeling what he ſays, and how he ſays it: They are very well ſatisfied if they can carry away his Reflections, to improve by them. How great an Acquiſition have you made in this Illuſtrious Perſon! To whom do you aſſociate Me? Were

* *L'Abbé* Boileau.

Were I not, Gentlemen, ſo much confin'd by Time and Decency, which ſet Bounds to this Speech, I could gladly proceed to the Praiſes of every Member of this Academy, and touch upon Topics ſtill more obvious, and by more lively Expreſſions. All the different Talents which are diſpers'd among Mankind, are ſhar'd among You. Would we look for Eloquent Orators, who ſcatter from the Pulpit all the Flowers of Rhetoric; who with a ſound Morality employ all the Turns and Artifices of Language; who pleaſe their Hearers by a beautiful Choice of Words; who make them in love with Solemnities, with Temples, who make them crowd hither; let not ſuch, I ſay, be look'd for elſewhere, they are Here. Do we admire a vaſt and profound Literature which digs into the Archives of Antiquity, to draw from thence Things bury'd in Oblivion, and which have eſcap'd the moſt Sagacious Wits, and unknown to other Men, a Memoir, a Method, a Plan, uncapable of miſtaking one ſingle Year, ſometimes not ſo much as a Day in the Series of many Ages; this admirable Learning you poſſeſs, at leaſt it is in ſome of thoſe who form this Illuſtrious Aſſembly. If we are curious in the Gift of Tongues, joyn'd to the Double Talent of knowing exactly the Things of Antiquity, and of relating ſuch as are Modern with as much Plainneſs as Truth: Such rare Qualities are

not wanting among you, but are united in one and the ſame Subject: If we ſeek for able Men, full of Wit and Experience, who, by the Privilege of the Employments, make their Prince ſpeak with Dignity and Exactneſs: Others, who in the niceſt Negotiations ſucceſsfully lay out the Talents which they have for Speaking and Writing well: Others again, who lend their Pains and Vigilance to the Affairs of the Publick, after having employ'd them at the Bar, ever with an equal Reputation; All are to be met with among You, and it is a Pain to me not to name them.

If you love Learning joyn'd to Eloquence, you will not wait long, only reſerve your whole Attention for him who is to ſpeak after me. In ſhort, what is it you want? You have Writers skilful in Proſe and Verſe; Poets in all Kinds of Poetry, whether Moral, Chriſtian, Heroick, Gallant or Jocular; Imitators of the Ancients; Auſtere Critics; Spirits Fine, Delicate, Subtle, Ingenious, Proper to ſhine in Converſation, and in the Circles. Again, I ſay, to what Men, to what great Perſonages do you aſſociate me?

But with whom do you deſign this Day to receive me? After whom do I make to you this Publick Speech of Thanks? However, that praiſe-worthy and modeſt Man need not be apprehenſive leſt I ſhould praiſe him; being ſo near

near me, he would have as much Facility as Diſpoſition to interrupt me. I would rather ask you, whom it is you make me ſucceed? To a Man WHO HAD VIRTUE*.

It ſometimes happens, Gentlemen, that they who owe you the Praiſes of the Illuſtrious Dead, whoſe Places they fill, are often divided among ſeveral Things, which deſerve equally to be taken notice of. You choſe in Monſieur *L' Abbe de la Chambre*, a Man ſo pious, ſo tender, ſo charitable, ſo commendable for the Virtues of the Heart, whoſe Manners were ſo Sage and ſo Chriſtian-like, who was ſo thoroughly touch'd with Religion, ſo entirely conſtant to the Performance of his Duty, that Writing well was one of his leaſt Qualities: His Solid Vertues make his Learning and Eloquence to be lightly paſſed over; his Life and Conduct was more valuable than his Works. I would indeed chuſe to pronounce a Funeral Oration on him rather than confine my ſelf to a ſimple Elogium of his Wit. Merit in him was not an Acquiſition, but a Patrimony, an Inheritance; if at leaſt we may judge of it by the choice of him who ſurrender'd his Heart, his Confidence, his whole Perſon to that Family, and who made it as it were your Ally, ſince it may be ſaid that he adopted it and took it together with the *French* Academy under his Protection. I mean Chancel-

* *Mr.* l' Abbè de la Chambre.

lor *Seguier*. *He is often remember'd as one of the greateſt Magiſtrates which *France* ever bred ſince it was a Nation. He has left it doubtful in which he moſt excell'd, whether in Polite Learning or Buſineſs. It is true indeed, and all Men agree, that he ſurpaſs'd all of his time in both thoſe Qualifications; a Man grave and familiar, profound in his Deliberations, tho' affable and eaſy of Acceſs. He had naturally what ſo many others would but cannot acquire; what is not gain'd by Study or Induſtry, by grave Words, or Sententious Phraſes; what is ſcarcer than Learning or perhaps than Probity, I mean DIGNITY; He did not owe it to the Eminence of his Poſt; on the contrary, he ennobled That; he was great and authoritative out of the Miniſtry, nor has it appeared, that thoſe, who had the Skill to unite every Thing in their Perſons could outſhine him.

You loſt him ſome Years ago; You loſt that Great Protector; You caſt your Eyes around you; You ſurvey'd all thoſe who offer'd themſelves; but the Senſe of your Loſs was ſo great, that in the Efforts you were making to repair it, you had the Boldneſs to think of him, who alone could cauſe you to forget it and make it turn to your Glory. With what Goodneſs, with what Humanity, did our Magnanimous Monarch receive you? Be not

* *That Chancellor ſucceeded* Richlieu *in the Protectorſhip of the Academy. He was a particular Friend to M.* la Chambre (*the Abbot's Father*) *and retain'd him in his Family, as h s Phyſician, many Years.*

ſurpriz'd

ſurpriz'd at it; it is his Character, the very ſame Character, Gentlemen, which ſhines forth in all the Actions of his Illuſtrious Life. But which the ſurprizing Revolutions that have happen'd in a Neighbouring Kingdom, an Ally of *France*, have ſet in the faireſt Light it could poſſibly receive.

How eaſily do we loſe the Senſe and Memory of Things, which made the ſtrongeſt Impreſſion upon us! Let us call to Mind thoſe melancholy Days which we ſpent in Anxiety and Trouble, Inquiſitive, Uncertain what Fortune might have befall'n a great King, a great Queen, the Prince their Son, an Auguſt but Unhappy Family, who were driven by their Piety and Religion to the utmoſt Proofs of Adverſity. Alas! Whether they were loſt at Sea, or periſh'd by the Hands of their Enemies, we knew not. We ask'd one another, we promis'd each other reciprocally to communicate the firſt Tidings which ſhould arrive upon ſo lamentable an Event. It was no longer a Publick but a Family Affair; we could not ſleep; we wak'd each other to tell the News we had heard. And when thoſe Royal Perſons, for whom we had been ſo much concern'd, had at length eſcap'd the Dangers of the Sea and their own Country, was this enough? Was there not wanted a Foreign Land where to ſhelter themſelves; a King, equally kind and powerful, who both could and would receive them? I ſaw that Reception; a moving Spectacle if ever there was one! Showers

of Tears were ſhed thro' Admiration and Joy; Our Monarch never look'd more graceful, no not at the Head of his Armies, when he thunders upon a Town which reſiſts him, or when he diſſipates his Enemies Troops with the ſole Rumour of his Approach.

If he carries on this tedious War, doubt not but it is to give us a happy Peace, and to procure it upon ſuch Conditions as are reaſonable, and for the Honour of the Nation, which may for ever put it out of the Enemies Power to diſturb us by new Hoſtilities.

Let others publiſh abroad, and celebrate what this Great King has executed, either by himſelf or his Captains, during the Courſe of theſe Commotions, which have ſhaken all *Europe*: They have a vaſt Field, and a ſubject which will exerciſe them for a long time. Let others propheſy, if they can, what he means to perform this Campaign; I only ſpeak of his Heart, of the Purity and Rectitude of his Intentions; they are notorious to every Body, and yet he affects not to make a Shew of them. He is felicitated upon the Titles of Honour with which he has juſt now gratify'd ſome Grandees of his State; what ſays he to this? That he is only diſſatisfy'd they cannot all be preferr'd, and that it is impoſſible for him to do for every Perſon as He would. He knows, Gentlemen, that it is the *Fortune* of a King to take Towns,

Towns, to win Battles, to enlarge his Frontiers, to be dreaded by his Enemies ; but that the *Glory* of a Sovereign consists in being beloved by his People, in having their Hearts, and consequently all their Possessions. Ye remote, ye neighbouring Provinces, behold this Human and Beneficent Prince, whom the Painters and Statuaries disfigure to us,he reaches out his arms to you, looks upon you with Eyes of Tenderness and Sweetness ; it is his peculiar Posture. He would willingly see your Inhabitants, your Shepherds, dancing to their rural Pipe under the Willows and the Poplars, in Consort with their Rustic Voices, and chanting forth the Praises of Him, who together with Peace, and the Fruits of Peace, shall have restor'd Joy and Serenity among them.

It is for the sake of arriving at the Height of his Wishes, namely, the common Felicity, that he gives himself up to the Toils and Fatigues of a dangerous War, that he undergoes the Inclemency of Heaven and the Seasons , that he exposes his Person, that he hazards the Continuance of a happy Life. This is his Secret, these the Views upon which he acts ; they are penetrated, they are discern'd by the sole Qualities of those who are in Place, and who aid him with their Counsels. I spare their Modesty. Let them only suffer me to observe, that there is no guessing at the *Projects* of this wise Prince ; that on the contrary, the Public guesses

at, and even nominates the *Perſons* he is going to prefer, and that his Majeſty does only confirm the Voice of the People in the Choice he makes of his Miniſters. He does not entirely disburthen the Weight of Affairs upon them; Himſelf being, if I may ſo ſay, his own Prime Miniſter of State; always ſtudious to relieve his Peoples Neceſſities, he enjoys no Hours of Reſpite, no Time to unbend himſelf from his Cares; The Night already advances, the Guards are ſet in the Avenues of his Palace, the Stars are glittering in the Heavens and performing their Revolutions; whole Nature is at reſt, depriv'd of Day, buried in Shades; we too are at Reſt, while the King, retired within his Baluſtrade, watches ſingly over us and over his whole Dominions: Such, Gentlemen, is the Protector you have obtain'd, even the Protector of his People.

You have admitted me into a Society illuſtrated by ſo high a Protection; I do not diſſemble, I have eſteem'd this Diſtinction ſo much as to deſire to have it in its pure Flower and Integrity, I mean, that I might owe it to your Choice alone; and I have put ſo high a Value upon that Choice, that I did nat dare to wound or even glance at the Liberty of it by any importunate Sollicitation of my own. I had, beſide, a juſt diffidence of my ſelf. I perceiv'd a Repugnance in my ſelf to ask to be preferr'd to others, who were capable of being choſen.

I thought I perceiv'd, Gentlemen, one Thing which I ought not to have made any difficulty to believe, namely, That your Inclinations turn'd elſewhere, upon a worthy Subject, upon a Man fill'd with Virtue, Wit, and Knowledge, who was ſo before the Place of Truſt which he poſſeſſes was conferr'd upon him, and would be ſo even tho' he were to enjoy it no longer. I am very ſenſibly touch'd, not with the *Deference*, (becauſe I know how much of that I owe him) but with the *Friendſhip* he ſhew'd me, even to the forgetting Himſelf in my Behalf. A Father leads his Son to a Show; there is a great Crowd; the Door is perfectly block'd up; he is Tall and Robuſt; he makes his Way thro' the Preſs, and juſt as he is entring he puts his little Son before him, who otherwiſe muſt not have got in at all, or at leaſt very late. This Step, which my Friend took, in deſiring ſome of you to give your Votes for me which juſtly belong'd to him, is perfectly New and Singular in its Circumſtances, but yet does not at all leſſen my Obligations to You, ſince nothing but your Voices, always Free and Arbitrary, can give a Place in the *French* Academy. This you have granted me, Gentlemen, and with ſo good a Grace, with ſo unanimous a Concurrence, that I owe it, and will hold it by no other Tenure, but that of your good Pleaſure! It was not either a high Poſt, or Credit, or Riches, or Titles, or Authority, or Favour, which could warp you to make this

Choice,

Choice: I have nothing of all theſe, I want every thing. A Book * which met with ſome Succeſs for its Singularity, and whoſe Falſe, I may ſay, Falſe and Malicious Applications might have done me a Prejudice with Perſons leſs Equitable and leſs Penetrating than your ſelves, was all the Mediation I made uſe of, and which you accepted. How then can I ever repent that I have been an Author!

* *His Book of Characters.*

OF THE
Manner of LIVING
WITH
GREAT MEN.

Written after the METHOD

OF

Monſieur *De la Bruyere.*

By *N. ROWE*, Eſq;

The Second Edition.

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OF THE Manner of LIVING WITH GREAT MEN.

DIstinction of Rank is highly neceſſary for the Oeconomy of the World, and was never call'd in Queſtion but by *Barbarians* and *Enthuſiaſts*.

A juſt Conſideration for the ſeveral Degrees of Men, as the Orders of Providence have plac'd them above us, is uſeful, not only to the correcting of our Manners and keeping our Common Converſation in the Bounds of Politeneſs and Civility, but has ev'n a better Conſequence, in diſpoſing the Mind to a Religious Humility.

In obſerving Step by Step the ſeveral Degrees of Excellency above us, we arrive inſenſibly at laſt, to the Contemplation of the ſupream Perfection.

It

It has been ſaid, that Inequality of Condition is a Bar to Friendſhip; but why are not the Links of a Chain continu'd as well Perpendicularly as Horizontally?

Moſt Men are indeed rather inclin'd to live in the Terms of Civility than Friendſhip; it is ſufficient for their Intereſt to have no Enemies, and they find it for their Eaſe to have no Obligations without Doors, that is, out of themſelves.

There are ſome People that naturally love to do Good, and contribute to the happineſs of their fellow-Creatures; but, how Rare!

If there cannot be what is call'd Friendſhip between a Great and a Private Man, there may be ſomething almoſt equivalent to it, while there is Beneficence on one part, and Gratitude on the other.

CRITO muſt be a miſerable Man, who never was known to have a Friend ev'n among Men of his own Degree. He is Rich, he is Great, he has Wit; any of theſe three Qualities would have got another Man either Friends or Followers. He has not good Nature.

PAU-

PAULINUS is Affable, juſt to his Word, Generous, Serviceable: He has no Enemies, but thoſe that are ſo to Virtue and to their Country; he has Friends amongſt thoſe of his own Rank, and Followers amongſt his Inferiors, that take a Pleaſure in his Protection. He has good Nature.

A Great Man, who has a delicate Underſtanding, cannot find a ſufficient Number for his Converſation among thoſe of his own Quality.

ARISTUS is a great Genius for Politicks; and he finds amongſt the Miniſtry, Heads capable of forming the greateſt and wiſeſt Deſigns. 'Tis with them he concerts what is for the Advantage of his Prince and Country. But he has a Taſte for Muſick, Painting, and Sculpture; he is Perfectly a Maſter of all the fine Parts of Learning. He chuſes to ſpend whole Days with LYCIDAS, a Man not of his own Quality, but one to whom Nature and Induſtry have given what they could give.

LYCIDAS was born with great Advantages for Knowledge; he has improv'd thoſe Advantages; he has a Wit admirably well turn'd; a ſound and exact Judgment; he thinks, ſpeaks and writes with the utmoſt Politeneſs; and with all theſe, he has ſo much Gentleneſs in his

his Nature, and Sweetneſs in his Manners, that one ſhould love him, though it were poſſible he might be a Fool. In ſhort, it is neceſſary to a Great Man that would be compleatly happy, to have ſuch a Friend or Companion, call it which you will.

Going into the Company of Great Men is like going into the other World; you ought to ſtay till you're called.

What Impatience have ſome People to preſs into Converſations, where it is impoſſible they ſhould be eaſie!

Bupalus was never cut out for a Courtier; why will he always be making Parties to dine with great Lords?

Bupalus might have liv'd well with any ſort of People, bating Lords. He has a pleaſant Wit; he has Humour, and is very often agreeable in his Converſation; but then he is variable; he has loved and hated all his Acquaintance round. He is Violent, a great Stranger to Patience, and a Mortal Enemy to Contradiction. He would have made a notable Tyrant, and Flatterers would have had a good time of it in his Reign.

If

If I consider my own Interest, what have I to do with People who take it to be their Privilege and Birth-right to insult me?

What Slavery is it to a Ridiculous Vanity, to hunt after the Conversation of insolent Greatness! What Peace, what Ease, what Happiness does a Man forgo, who might be us'd as he pleases amongst his Equals, and yet chuses to put himself upon the Rack, to make a Lord laugh!

Great Men expect the lesser People should have that Complaisance for them to be of their Opinion, or at least that those who depend upon 'em, should submit blindly to their Notions of Right and Wrong; this is a Privilege we don't allow the Priesthood themselves, and yet they derive their Authority from the Highest.

We allow there is a true Reason of State, and a true Religion to be follow'd; but neither all Priests, nor all States-men have right Notions of them. They would have the World of the same Opinion with the Man in *Horace*.

——— *Nam te*
Scire Deos quoniam propius Contingit, oportet.

But we have an unlucky Proverb againſt 'em in *Engliſh* ;

The nearer the Church (or Court) the further from God (and it may be) the Prince's Service.

Common Decency and good Manners requires a Deference to our Superiors ; and if they have ſomething in 'em inſufferable, we may avoid coming where they are.

If one cannot bear the chattering of BABYLAS, his inſipid Gayety, his perpetual ado with his Family, his Hiſtory of their particular Honours, his Peeviſhneſs, his Intrigues, and his Raillery ; there is one eaſy Remedy, Shun him ; the World is wide enough.

The Ambition of being intimate with our Betters runs thro' the moſt weak Underſtandings of all Ranks.

Go down in a Stage-Coach with a Parſon's Wife, ſhe tells you of all the Sirs and the Ladies in her Country ; *How often ſhe goes to ſee 'em* —— *That they are continually ſending for her* —— *How* they breed their Sons ——— and what they give their Daughters : But my Lord Biſhop's Lady *does not live, if ſhe is not once a Week at* —— *And one odd thing, which you, may be, will hardly believe, He never went to the Aſſizes without her.*

So

So the He and She Citizen, with my Lord Mayor's Couſin, my Lord Mayor's Couſin's Couſin, *&c.*

Beneficence ſeems to be ſo inſeparable from true Greatneſs, that one might, not unaptly, define it, A large Power of doing Good; and if the Will is not inclin'd to the Exerciſe of that Power, it had as good not Be, as not to be put to its proper Uſe.

Why ſhould any one be called a Great Man, who is rarely ſerviceable to others, who ſeldom does good to the Unworthy? But the World impoſes upon him and themſelves too; they call him a Great Man, and he is not ſo.

Neceſſity makes ſome People bow; and Fear makes moſt People ſtand at a diſtance, and ſay nothing.

The Exceſſes and Vices of Great Men, ſet fatal and Ruinous Examples to their Inferiors, and one might wiſh upon this Occaſion, that their Acquaintance and Converſations were confin'd to one another.

CLEON is Noble, has a vaſt Eſtate, and great Employments; he builds, buys Pictures, fine Furniture; he plays deep, keeps Horſes, and lives Magnificently; he leaves a plentiful Fortune and an eaſy Family behind him.

DORILAS is a private Man, of a free and independent Condition ; he lives like CLEON, he Mortgages his Eſtate, he becomes a Slave, he depends upon others, he is undone ; his Poſterity curſe him.

Great Men have many things which attract firſt our Admiration, and then our Affections ; and ſome People live ſafely and pleaſantly with them : But thoſe who never converſe with them, are exempt from the Power of many Paſſions, and are free from the Pains of many Afflictions.

All Human Greatneſs had a Beginning, it has ſometimes been founded upon Honeſty ; if I am charm'd with it, why ſhould I not rather attempt to be one of thoſe Great Ones, whoſe Condition I ſo much admire, than be contented with a ſecond Place, a Dependance upon 'em.

There is a Virtuous as well as a Vicious Deſire of Greatneſs.

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